

DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. 0:2K52x F6·1

Ac. No. 19702 Date of release for loan

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below. An overdue charge of 5 Paise will be collected for each day the book is kept overtime.

12 OCT 1981			

THE WORKS OF
THOMAS OTWAY

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

THOMAS OTWAY

Edited by

MONTAGUE SUMMERS

THE FIRST VOLUME *containing*

¶ INTRODUCTION ¶ ALCIBIADES ¶ DON CARLOS

¶ TITUS AND BERENICE ¶ THE CHEATS

OF SCAPIN

BLOOMSBURY

THE NONESUCH PRESS

16 *Great James Street, W.C.*

MCMXXVI

This edition has been printed and made in England for the Nonesuch Press. It is limited to 1250 *sets of three volumes on machine-made paper (numbered* 91 *to* 1340), *and* 90 *sets on English hand-made paper (numbered* 1 *to* 90). *This is number* 458.

The Dedication

TO

LADY CUNARD

A GREAT PATRON OF

THE ARTS

A GREAT LOVER OF

OLD PLAYS

The Contents

Prefatory Note : P. ix.

Note as to the Text : P. xi.

Introduction : P. xiii.

Chronology of Otway's Plays : P. cv.

ALCIBIADES, a Tragedy : P. 1.

DON CARLOS, a Tragedy : P. 67.

TITUS and BERENICE, a Tragedy : P. 141.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN : P. 181.

Textual Notes : P. 213.

Explanatory Notes : P. 219.

PREFATORY NOTE

WHEN, *during the course of the nineteenth century,* Venice Preserv'd *gradually fell out of the repertory of the theatres, Otway was pretty generally forgotten until Sir Edmund Gosse in his delightful essay* Thomas Otway, *which first appeared in the* Cornhill Magazine, *December,* 1877 (*reprinted* Seventeenth Century Studies, 1883; *and in the second issue of this work*), *called attention anew to our great tragic poet.*

Now and again a few cheap and, from a scholar's point of view, worthless reprints of Venice Preserv'd *were published. But in no case that I know has there been any attempt at editing, worthy the name. Some obvious notes, some wild guesses, peppered here and there, do not make for a satisfactory result.*

It may not unfairly be claimed that this is the first time the plays and poems of Otway have been edited, collated, and annotated. To my friend Mr. G. Thorn-Drury, K.C., I owe most grateful thanks for the generous and ungrudging help he has given me throughout my work upon a most difficult and topical author. The three comedies teem with allusions to contemporary men and manners; the tragedies often satirize most intimately the intricacies of the so-called Popish Plot, which is in some ways perhaps the most puzzling page of England's history. Especially did Mr. Thorn-Drury lighten my labours by entrusting to my care his fine copies of the Otway first quartos, together with many another valuable piece from his library. If the result of my work in any way corresponds to the encouragement he has given me and the unfailing interest he has shown, I have indeed reason to be completely satisfied and content.

THE TEXT

THE *text of the pieces included in these three volumes is in every case exactly given from the original editions, with which have been collated all reprints that were issued during Otway's lifetime, particularly the second quartos of* Don Carlos, 1679; The Orphan, 1685 (*Term Catalogues, Hilary, February,* 1685); *and* The Souldiers Fortune, 1683. *The variants are marked in the Textual Notes.*

With regard to the plays the first quartos are scrupulously followed. Very early, considerable alterations, many of which appear to be purely arbitrary, began to creep into the text. The collected editions of the eighteenth century, 2 *vols.* 1712; 2 *vols.* 1728; 3 *vols.* 1736 (*with engraved plates by G. King after A. Vanhaecken*), *in which several of the plays have separate date* 1735; 3 *vols.* 1757; 3 *vols.* 1768; *and the edition* 2 *vols.* 1812; *are from a textual point of view entirely negligible, although here and there I have quoted a passage to show the grievous alterations which obtained.* Venice Preserv'd *has been so often reprinted and revised, one might in truth say remodelled, that particular attention has been devoted to this text. Thomas Thornton's reissue of Otway's work in three volumes,* 1813, *has been praised; and even acclaimed as "the best"! But the text is entirely unsatisfactory and handled in most unscholarly fashion throughout. Consciously or unconsciously omissions have been made. The Advertisement tells us: "The Editor has bestowed no inconsiderable pains upon the text, which has been collated with the quarto copies and earliest editions." If we may judge by the result this is simply untrue. What, moreover, can be said of so naïve a confession as the following: "Such notes as appear necessary to illustrate the author's meaning (without much labour of research) the editor has subjoined to the poem"!*

In the eighteenth-century (and later) editions we find that the plays have been extremely maltreated. The original stage directions are often quite wantonly expunged or rewritten, a change largely destructive of the theatrical technique of the scenes.

The poems are from the earliest issues. The Prologues to The City Heiress *and* Constantine the Great, *the Epilogue,* Upon His Royal Highness the Duke of York Coming to the Theatre, Friday, April 21, 1682, *from the broadsides.*

The following have not hitherto been collected in Otway's works: Epilogue at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, 1680, *from* Miscellaneous Works, Written by His Grace, George Late Duke of Buckingham, 1704, p. 96; The Seventh Elegy of Tibullus (p. 311); Elegy 3, Book 4th of Tibullus (p. 314); The First Elegy of Tibullus (p. 318); *from* The Works of

Petronius Arbiter, "*Translated by several Hands*," 1713; *and the Bacchanalian catch*, Health breeds care; love, hope and fear; *which was communicated to* Notes and Queries *from a manuscript source by Mr. Edward F. Rimbault in* 1852. *The text of the love-letters from Otway is from* Familiar Letters, by John, late Earl of Rochester . . . 1697, pp. 77, *sqq. It has not been considered necessary to reprint* The History of the Triumvirates, *a mere piece of hack-work, translated from the French, which appeared after Otway's death.*

True to thy Word, afford one Visit more,
Else I shall grow, from him thou lovd'st before,
A greasie Blockhead fellow in a Gown,
(Such as is, Sir, a Cousin of your own;)
With my own Hair, a Band, and ten long Nails,
And Wit that at a Quibble never fails.

Humphrey Otway, the father of the poet, was the son of Edward Otway, 1563–1616. He was born at Braughing, Herts, in 1611, and early leaving the shelter of his father's rectory, he attended school successively at Battle, Sussex; Edinburgh; and Sedbergh. On 24 May, 1627, he was admitted sizar at Christ's, his father's old college, proceeding B.A. in 1630–1, and graduating M.A. in 1634. During this period he had been ordained deacon at Norwich, and became a priest in March, 1633–4. In July, 1638, he was admitted a pensioner of S. John's College, Cambridge, and among the records of that Society is noted: "Humfry Otway, M.A. Chr. coll., admitted pensioner, surety Mr. Wombwell, 3. Oct. (1638). I am well content that the bearer hereof Mr. Otway bee admitted of any other colledge besides Christs colledge. Octob. 3. 1638. Tho. Bainbrigg." "For his carriage whilst he resided in the colledge, I know no exception against him, nor since his goeing away did I heare but that it was faire and approued, so as he was well liked and loued where soeuer he liued. Tho. Bainbrigg."*

In the same year, 1638, Humphrey Otway became Rector† of Woolbeding (cum Trotton), Sussex, but it is significant that a protestation of the inhabitants of Woolbeding, dated 1641–2, is headed Edmund Grey, Rector. Grey died Rector of Stedham in 1652. It would seem that for some time during the Commonwealth Humphrey Otway acted as minister at Everingham and Winestead, Hull. His place at Woolbeding was temporarily taken by John Maynard. From Everingham, 1660, he was one of a list of petitioners to obtain tithes and other profits from livings sequestered during the interregnum. Humphrey Otway apparently left Sussex for the North in 1654. He returned to Trotton (Woolbeding) in 1662. The parish register of Woolbeding enters under 1670: "Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, was buried, Feb. 9." He was succeeded as Rector by Thomas Musgrave.

Thomas Otway, the poet, was born on Wednesday, 3 March, 1651–2, at Trotton,‡ says Anthony à Wood, of which place his father was then resident rector.§ Trotton is a

* Mayor. *Admissions to S. John's College*, I, p. 43.

† Hearsay's List of Rectors. Valuable information on these points has been given me by the present Rector of Woolbeding, the Rev. D. R. Palley, whom I here take occasion to thank for the courtesy and kindness with which he answered my inquiries.

‡ "Thomas Otway, son of Hump. Otway, rector of Wolbeding in Sussex, was born at Trottin in that county, on the 3rd of March, 1651." Unfortunately the parish register does not commence in its present form until 1670.

§ Most of the Anglican clergy were sequestered, but here and there in remote country districts one or two had escaped molestation. 14 March, 1651–2, Evelyn notes: "I went to Lewisham, where I heard an honest sermon on 1 *Cor.* xi. 5–7, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which were filled with Independents and Fanatics."

INTRODUCTION

THOMAS OTWAY came of a good old stock, a notable north-country family, which has been fully treated by Dugdale in his *Visitation of the County of York*, where are recorded the coat-of-arms and the fame of this house and its members up till the year 1666. The line, as herein given, commences with Thomas Otway of Middleton in Westmoreland.* His three sons were: George Otway, the father of Thomas Otway, the Irish Bishop; Roger Otway, father of John Otway, Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, whose son was Charles Otway; and lastly Edward Otway, of Hocking in Herts, whose son was Humphrey Otway, the father of the poet.

George Otway became a member of Christ's, Cambridge, and proceeded B.A. from that college 1599–1600, graduating M.A. 1603. He took Orders and was instituted rector of Aldebury, Wiltshire, where his son Thomas was born on 1 November, 1616. Thomas Otway was educated at Winchester, and admitted a sizar of Christ's on 13 June, 1632, "aged 15." He graduated B.A. 1635–6, M.A. in 1639, afterwards taking the degree of D.D. at Trinity College, Dublin. His was a most distinguished career. He became chaplain to Sir Ralph (afterwards Lord) Hopton, and during the Civil War was so well known for his staunch loyalty that the Parliament obtained his arrest, and banished him to the West Indies. Hence he returned at the Restoration, when preferment awaited him in the shape of the rectorship of S. Botolph's, Bishopgate (June, 1663–June, 1664), and of Etchingham, Sussex, which latter he held from June, 1664, until the year 1670. He then crossed to Ireland. On 16 November, 1670, Lord Berkeley procured Otway's promotion to the See of Killaloe, and by a patent dated 7 February, 1679–80, he was translated to Ossory.

At the Revolution Bishop Otway remained faithful to King James II, refusing to pray officially for William and Mary in his Cathedral. William ordered his suspension, but this does not seem to have been put into effect, as he died in possession of his see on 6 March, 1692–3. He was buried in his Cathedral Church of S. Canicus,† Kilkenny.

The son of Roger Otway, John Otway of Sedbergh, Yorkshire, attended the famous boys' school of that town, whence he proceeded to Christ's. His second son, Charles, was educated at the same school,‡ and on 22 May, 1671, was admitted pensioner at S. John's, Cambridge. It is to Charles Otway that Duke in his *Epistle*§ to the poet refers, when writing from Cambridge he says:

* See further *The Genealogist*. New Series, Vol. XVI, p. 61.

† S. Canicus, or Kenny, 527–99, Abbot in Ireland. He founded the great monastery of Achadbho, which grew up into a town, and was formerly the seat of the Bishops of Ossory, who now reside at Kilkenny, a city that takes its name from the Saint, the word signifying *The Church of Kenny*. The Feast of S. Canicus is 11 October.

‡ Peile. *Biographical Register of Christ's College*.

§ *Poems*, 1717.

parish and village on the banks of the West Rother river, four miles west from Midhurst. The parish to-day is long and narrow, being nearly seven miles from north to south, and about three-quarters of a mile broad. The church, which is dedicated to S. George, is singularly rich in memorials. It was rebuilt about 1300, and it is interesting to know that in 1913 there were uncovered on the west wall some old frescoes representing the Seven Acts of Mercy and the Seven Deadly Sins, a very common subject for mural decoration. Otway was presumably born at the old Rectory House. Woolbeding* is some three miles from Trotton, and two miles north-west from Midhurst. The parish church is dedicated to All Hallows.

Little is known of Elizabeth Otway, the mother of the poet. In the parish register of Woolbeding is recorded: "Elizabeth Otway, widow of Mr. Humphrey Otway, formerly rector of this parish was buried 1703." To the church she left a flagon of silver, which is inscribed: "Ex dono Eliz. Otway relict. Humph. Otway, Eccl. de Woolbeding Rect. Nov. 13. 1703." Moreover her will† is registered, and we find a number of legacies to kinsfolk called Emes, which presumably was her maiden name. John Emes of Empshott, Hants, is appointed executor. The bulk of the estate is left to a daughter, Susanna Otway. It has generally been supposed that Thomas Otway was an only child, and he himself distinctly states as much in *The Poet's Complaint of His Muse:*

I am a Wretch of honest Race:
My Parents not obscure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Disgrace.
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyall and brave; my Mother chast and fair.
The pledge of Marriage-vows was onely I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy.

The Poet's Complaint was published in 1680,‡ and, even if a posthumous child, Susanna Otway cannot have been born later than 1670, ten years before. Some elucidation is needed, and perhaps there is a very simple solution of the difficulty. It will be noticed that Otway implies that both his parents were dead, and yet we know that his mother outlived him nearly twenty years. I would suggest that when he deliberately turned to the stage, and was leading a life of riot and license in London, he had so completely and entirely broken with his old home, that he preferred to assert poetically and that his friends should think he had no relatives. Such cases are not uncommon. It is a course often suggested and practised both by pride and shame. Gildon§ in 1699 speaks of a nephew of Otway, who then held a Captain's commission in the army. This was no doubt the son of Susanna Otway.

Thomas Otway was educated at Winchester College, and his name appears on the Long Roll of the college for 1668 as a commoner, one of five boarding in college.‖

* In Domesday Welbedlinge or Ulebeding.

† Chichester Registry. Humphrey Otway would seem to have died intestate.

‡ *Term Catalogues*, Hilary [February], 1680.

§ *Dramatick Poets*, 1699, p. 107. I understand that at the present time the Oatways claim some connexion with the poet.

‖ *Com. in Coll.* Heather, Com. Phillips, Com. Otway, Johnson, Farwell. *Winchester Long Rolls*, edited C. W. Holgate, 1899, p. 7.

The Warden was William Burt, who had been elected 9 September, 1658, and who died in 1679.

About 1739–40 a marble with the name of Thomas Otway carved upon it, and the date 1670, was put up in Sixth Chamber, in college, by two whose initials, W. C. and J. W., are also there engraved. These may almost certainly be identified with William Collins and Joseph Warton, who were scholars and prefects at that time. Yet another Wykehamist poet, now for a few years unduly neglected and forgotten, whilst the tinsel-tawdry names of those who imitated closely his rhythms and cadences, nay, who stole and marred in the stealing his very words and music, have rung loud and blatant in men's mouths, Lionel Johnson, has celebrated in exquisite verse the praise of loved Winchester and her sons,* of whom not least

Tender Otway's dear renown,
Mover of a perfect pity,
Victim of the iron city,
Thine to cherish is.

According to Otway's own account, which we may well believe, he was exceptionally quick at study and won no little reputation among his fellows. His schooldays were radiantly happy.

The Sages that instructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praise my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a Dispute,
My fellow-Pupils oft stood mute:
Yet never Envy did disjoin
Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.
Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
Nor any bitter cup did taste.

It can hardly be impertinent to quote Johnson's impassioned lines, *Winchester:*

To have lived enchaunted years
Free from sorrows, free from fears,
Where thy Tower's great shadow falls
Over those proud buttressed walls;
Whence a purpling glory pours
From high heaven's inheritors,
Throned within the arching stone!
To have wandered, hushed, alone,
Gently round thy fair, fern-grown
Chauntry of the Lilies, lying
Where the soft night winds go sighing
Round thy Cloisters, in moonlight
Branching dark, or touched with white:
Round old, chill aisles, where moon-smitten
Blanches the *Orate*, written
Under each worn, old-world face
Graven on Death's holy place!

* *Winchester*, 1888.

INTRODUCTION

The life at Winchester, it has been said,* was a hard one, even making every allowance for a more rigorous age. In the case of a Scholar it was a time of strict preparation for New College and Holy Orders, and the same ideal was instilled into as many others as had no fixed plans for their future career in the world.

Otway appears to have spent little more than a year at Winchester, whence he proceeded to Oxford, and was entered a commoner of Christ Church, being matriculated on 27 May, 1669, at the age of seventeen. The Dean of Christ Church was then the famous Dr. John Fell, who from 1666–1669 was also Vice-Chancellor of the University. A strict disciplinarian and a reformer of many abuses, Dr. Fell took a personal interest in the undergraduates of his college, and would often visit them in their rooms to inquire into their progress, encouraging the studious and painstaking, sternly admonishing the idle or licentious trifler of time. To tell the tale of Otway's University life might be to paint the career of too many an undergraduate as well, I have no doubt, before his day as since. Whilst he was a wide and cultured reader, a nice observer of men and manners, he was not a profound student in the academic sense of the term.† Logic and Philosophy were cold mistresses, when Thalia and Melpomene called. Otway's mind, too, was, it would seem, more inclined to Latin literature than to the treasures of Greek. Such a predisposition not infrequently accompanies certain temperaments. The cheerful simplicity of Herodotus and the clear-cut narrative of Thucydides afford scant interest, whilst the erotic picaresque of Petronius Arbiter and the gorgeous tapestry of words which Apuleius deftly wove, unbeloved of tutor and dons, are eagerly perused again and again. It were perhaps a little rash to judge by the authors whom Otway quotes, but it may be remarked that as well as Vergil and Horace he cites Ovid, Petronius, Martial, the comic dramatists, whilst he translated from the *Heroides* and Englished the sweet elegies of Tibullus, whose gentle genius was so like to his own. "There is not a single line in Otway or Rowe from the Greek tragedies," acutely remarked Joseph Warton,‡ and this is, I think, strictly true. Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*,§ has the following in reference to a speech of Acasto:‖

> You talk to me in Parables; *Chamont*,
> You may have known that I'm no wordy Man;
> Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Knaves
> Or Fools, that use 'em, when they want good sense;
> But honesty
> Needs no Disguise nor Ornament; be plain.

"Few of our dramatic poets, except Dryden and Congreve, seem to have had any acquaintance with the Greek tragedians: I should otherwise have suspected, that

* *Winchester Scholars*. T. F. Kirby, 1888. The Preface, *passim*.

† Dryden, himself the very quintessence of a scholar, once severely dubbed Otway "a barren illiterate man."

‡ *An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, II, p. 420.

§ London, 1784, III, pp. 193–4.

‖ *The Orphan*, IV.

Otway had, in the above lines of Acasto, imitated the following speech, of Polynices to his brother, Etiocles, in the *Phœnissae* of Euripides [471–474]:

"Ἁπλοῦς ὁ μῦθος τῆς ἀληθείας ἔφυ,
Κοὐ ποικίλων δεῖ τἀνδιχ' ἑρμενευμάτων·
Ἔχει γὰρ αὐτὰ καιρόν· ὁ δ' ἄδικος λόγος,
Νοσῶν ἐν αὐτῷ, φαρμάκων δεῖται σοφῶν."

He comments also upon the final couplet of the play:

'Tis thus that Heav'n it's Empire does maintain,
It may Afflict, but man must not Complain.

"This is but a bad moral deduced from the catastrophe of the fable, and borders on fatalism. Œdipus, in the conclusion of the *Phœnissae*, utters the same doctrine [1762–3]:

"Ἀλλὰ γὰρ τί ταῦτα θρηνῶ καὶ μάτην ὀδύρομαι;
Τὰς γὰρ ἐκ θεῶν ἀνάγκας θνητὸν ὄντα δεῖ φέρειν."

But surely the sentiments uttered in the *Phœnissae* are mere general reflections which must occur to every poet, nay, to every observer of life and destiny, and they may be paralleled from a hundred gnomic writers, both of prose as well as verse. They are the common property of the ages. One author may frame them more aptly than another, more neatly, and with a nicer turn of phrase, but nobody can claim originality, nor may plagiarism be argued in such a case.

Perhaps the most important feature of Otway's life at Oxford was that it afforded him the opportunity of mixing with persons of rank and fortune, whose example and encouragement did much to influence and shape his future. Among his intimate friends appears young Anthony Cary, fifth Viscount Falkland, who matriculated at Christ Church on 21 May, 1672. This nobleman was born at Farley Castle, Somerset, 15 February, 1657, and so had only reached fifteen years of age when he entered the University. Falkland was already keenly interested in the theatre, and probably the tale of Otway's experience upon the stage—presently to be described—first attracted him to his fellow-undergraduate, when he found this country rector's son to be no country yokel nor awkward pedant, but a young fellow of singular charm, exceptional good looks, wit and breeding, with the talent of a Patroclus or Pylades for romantic friendship.

There has been some difficulty and not a little confusion with regard to Otway's career at Oxford, but the sequence of events can by close attention be unravelled with sufficient perspicuity.

In the first place he could not have gone down before the end of 1672, inasmuch as he was an undergraduate with Lord Falkland, and we must reasonably allow at least a term for the ripening of their acquaintance into intimacy. The Epistle Dedicatory, "To the Lord Viscount Falkland," of *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, 4to, 1680, is quite conclusive: "When first it entered into my thoughts to make this Present to Your Lordship, I received not only Encouragement, but Pleasure, since upon due examination of my self, I found it was not a bare Presumption, but my Duty to the remembrance of many extraordinary Favours which I have received at Your hands.

"For heretofore having had the honour to be near You, and bred under the same Discipline with You, I cannot but own, that in a great measure I owe the small share of Letters I have to Your Lordship. For Your Lordship's Example taught me to be asham'd of Idleness; and I first grew in love with Books, and learnt to value them, by the wonderfull Progress which even in Your tender years You made in them; so that Learning and Improvement grew daily more and more lovely in my Eyes, as they shone in You."

In December, 1670, however, Otway had made one appearance upon the public stage at the Duke's Theatre in Portugal Row, Lincoln's Inn Fields.* We owe the knowledge of this to Downes, the prompter, and the episode must be related in the words of the *Roscius Anglicanus*. Having mentioned the production of *The Forc'd Marriage; or, The Jealous Bridegroom*, "wrote by Mrs. Behn, a good play and lasted six days," the chronicle continues: "Note. In this play Mr. Otway the poet having an inclination to turn actor; Mrs. Behn gave him the King in this play for a probation part, but he not being us'd to the stage, the full house put him to such a sweat and tremendous agony, being dash'd, spoilt him for an actor." It is plain from this that Otway owing to stage fright broke down utterly from the very first. The music played; an actor jauntily advanced and with easy gesture spoke the long sparring prologue:

Gallants, our Poets have of late so us'd ye,
In Play and Prologue too so much abus'd ye,
That should we beg your aids, I justly fear,
Ye're so incens'd you'd hardly lend it here. . . .

The heavy curtain drew and showed a conventional scene of a Palace, and Otway, made up with white hair and white beard, clad in rich velvet robes and ermine, wearing a jewelled crown and clasping the golden sceptre in his hand, was seated on his canopied throne as King of France with all the court about him and officers thronging the stage, with Smith, dressed as Philander, the young prince, on one side; and Betterton as Alcippus, the royal favourite, on the other; Norris in plumed helmet, wielding a mighty truncheon, as the general Orgulius; Philip Cademan, Young, and Crosby, standing at the sides; and, above all, in some absurdly elaborate costume, "that incomparable Comedian" Mr. Edward Angel, "the best of *mimiques*," who as Falatius, "a fantastick Courtier," was soon in the lighter vein to ring "Peals of Mirth, in *Gallery, Box*, and *Pit*." The King opens the play:

How shall I now divide my Gratitude,
Between a Son, and one that has oblig'd me,
Beyond the common duty of a Subject?

But Otway with parched throat and trembling limbs found himself unable to articulate the words. His glazing eyes saw as through a mist the candle-lit theatre, tier upon tier of faces, the fine ladies, brave in silk and satin, sparkling with gems, that lined the boxes, the gallants leaning over them to pay compliment and pretty speech which need not be over nice or over delicate, the young blades in the pit fooling with saucy orange-girls and their dear covey the sharp-tongued black-vizored whores. The

* The south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which now stands the Royal College of Surgeons.

sweat poured down from his forehead. He well-nigh swooned, and his failure was complete. How the actors covered up his collapse we do not know. The part was at once handed to Westwood, a professional player,* whose name is given as the King in the printed copy, quarto, 1671.†

It must indeed have been a moment of bitter disappointment and real anguish for poor Otway. So public a catastrophe seemed without any hope of redress, and he may well have thought that the door to that enchanted land for which his heart so yearned was shut fast in his face for ever. To me the mishap is incomprehensible. Nothing could be easier than the part of the King in *The Forc'd Marriage*. He opens the play, and during the first scene speaks fifty-three lines. Obviously he keeps his state the whole while, and only moves when the Court go out in grand procession. He is then free to retire to his dressing-room until towards the end of Act IV, when he appears with Orgulius to speak twenty lines. In Scene 3 of Act V he has eighteen lines with Philander, and at the end of the play he has thirty-seven lines with the final tag:

> Thus may you number out your happy years,
> *Till Love and Glory no more proofs can give*
> *Of what they can bestow, or you receive.*

In all the part consists of one hundred and thirty lines; there is no hurried action or emotion; dignity and presence alone are required. It was indeed an excellent test for a beginner, "a probation part," as old Downes has it. Possibly Westwood had understudied the King for fear of any accident, and so he would have been able to take it up in Act IV at the first performance; but even if this were not the case twenty-four hours would amply suffice for a professional actor to perfect himself therein.

Since Mrs. Behn herself assigned the rôle of the King to Otway she must already have been a friend of his and a warm friend, for there are, naturally enough, few dramatists willing to use their influence on behalf of a Thespian aspirant who has never before trod the boards, and fewer yet who are ready to risk at a venture an important, if small, part in any one of their own works. I do not suppose Mrs. Behn found it altogether easy to persuade Betterton and Smith that they might safely entrust the King to the unknown and inexperienced hands of a young Oxford undergraduate.‡ It says much, too, for her kindness of heart and affectionate nature that Otway's fatal breakdown did not injure their close relations; with some justice she might have complained resentfully of his defection and nursed her injury.

No doubt Otway was introduced or introduced himself to Mrs. Behn during one of the vacations 1669–1670 when he was in London, perhaps staying in Town for a few days on his way to Woolbeding. Unfortunately we know practically nothing

* He played such small rôles as Eumenes in the Hon. Edward Howard's *The Women's Conquest*, produced in the winter of 1670; Tom Faithfull in Edward Revet's *The Town-Shifts; or, the Suburb-Justice*, April, 1671; Battista in Crowne's *Juliana or the Princess of Poland*, August, 1671.

† *The Term Catalogues*, Hilary, (13 February), 1671.

‡ Similar mishaps have been known in recent days when undergraduates have boldly appeared as our Kembles and Garricks. True, they have not hopelessly forgotten their words, as Otway did, but their acting has of itself been a catastrophe.

concerning the details of Mrs. Behn's life and circumstances during those two years. She had just passed through a period of sore difficulty, and her literary career may be said to begin with the production of *The Forc'd Marriage*, her first play. Otway must have heard that she was engaged upon this, and begged for a part in it. To inquire further would be merest conjecture. Later, when Mrs. Behn had won an important position in the world of letters, nobody was readier to lend young tiros a helping hand, and this in spite of invidious gossip and some scandal, such as is liberally retailed in Tom Brown's pasquil "*The Virgin's** *Answer to Mrs.* Behn": "I have heard some physicians say, the sweet sin of fornication draws mightily from the brain; for which reason it is more affected with the pleasure than any other part of the body: if so, how could the spirit of poesy be otherwise than infus'd into you, since you always gain'd by what the fraternity of the muses lost in your embraces? You were the young poets *Venus;* to you they paid their devotion as a goddess, and their first adventure, when they adjourn'd from the university to the town, was to solicit your favours; and this advantage you enjoy'd above the rest of your sex, that if a young student was but once infected with a rhiming itch, you by a butter'd bun could make him an establish'd poet at any time; for the contagion, like that of a worn distemper, will run a great way and be often strangely contracted."†

That Mrs. Behn's friendship with Otway, which began thus early during his college days, was permanent and uninterrupted is obvious from her letter to Mrs. Emily Price,‡ 1676, when she writes: "My Dear, In your last, you inform'd me, that the World treated me as a *Plagiery*,§ and, I must confess, not with Injustice: But that Mr. *Otway* shou'd say, my Sex wou'd not prevent my being pull'd to Pieces by the Criticks, is something odd, since whatever Mr. *Otway* now declares, he may very well remember when last I saw him, I receiv'd more than ordinary Encomiums on my *Abdelazer*. But every one knows Mr. *Otway*'s good Nature, which will not permit him to shock any one of our Sex to their Faces. But let that pass. . . ."‖ In the Dedication to *The Souldiers Fortune*, quarto, 1681, Otway stoutly defending his comedy against some meddlesome Matty, makes much of the warm partizanship on his behalf of Mrs. Behn, "a Lady that has more modesty than any of those she Criticks, and I am sure more wit."

It is of interest to note that another famous dramatist, Otway's contemporary and friend, failed most dismally upon the stage. Nat Lee, Downes informs us, "had the same fate in acting Duncan in *Macbeth*, ruin'd him for an actor too." This would be in a Dorset Garden revival of 1672, as on 3 August that year we find him playing the small part of the Captain of the Watch in Nevil Payne's *The Fatal Jealousie*. Lee's want of success, although patent enough, was perhaps not quite so disastrous

* Mrs. Bracegirdle. † *Letters from the Dead to the Living.*

‡ Perhaps Mrs. Price, the actress, who among her many other rôles appeared as Lucretia in Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, Dorset Garden, January, 1678; Camilla in *Friendship in Fashion*, produced at Dorset Garden, April, 1678; Christina in D'Urfey's *Squire Oldsapp*, the early summer of the same year; Sylvia, *The Souldiers Fortune;* Hippolita, D'Urfey's *A Commonwealth of Women*, the summer of 1685.

§ *Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1676; 4to, 1677; is to some extent an adaptation from *Lust's Dominion; or the Lascivious Queen*, 12mo, 1657.

‖ *Familiar Letters of Love, Gallantry, etc.* Briscoe, London, 1718, I, pp. 31–2.

and sensational as Otway's collapse, but it is the more astonishing since no man could pronounce tragic verse with such sweetness and expression, so that one day at a first rehearsal when he had read aloud several pages, the great Mohun in a sort of despair flung down the script, saying, "What use is it for me to attempt this part unless I can play it as exquisitely well as you are rendering it now?"

Since Otway entered Oxford in May, 1669, and, owing to his Oxford friendship with Lord Falkland, who matriculated in May, 1672, cannot have left the University before the autumn of that year, it is obvious that he must have appeared at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, December, 1670, whilst he was yet an undergraduate.

Otway's father died in February, 1670. It seems certain that the late rector's widow continued to live in the parish, no doubt in circumstances of great privacy and practising the straitest economy, since (as has been before mentioned) All Hallows possesses among the church plate, a flagon of silver, still used (I understand) at the celebration of Holy Communion, which bears an inscription stating that it was the gift in 1703 of Mrs. Elizabeth Otway, relict of the Rev. Humphrey Otway, sometime rector. Inasmuch as Otway did not come down from Christ Church until 1672, it is plain that his father's death cannot actually have affected his career. There is a tradition that he was intended for Holy Orders, and he may now have felt free to abandon an object which he did not care to relinquish during the lifetime of an affectionate father, who had in all probability mapped out this career for him. He further took the opportunity of indulging his bent for the theatrical profession, which, we can well understand, before this he had not been able to embrace.

The difficulty as regards his public appearance upon the stage can be easily explained.* *The Forc'd Marriage* was produced during the winter vacation, and Otway was able to take advantage of that fact. When plays so quickly succeeded one another and the bill was continually being changed, a very short rehearsal, a fortnight at most, I suppose, save perhaps in the case of some elaborate production, must have sufficed. It was a perfectly simple matter for Otway to lodge in London, the College authorities need not have known, and I imagine never did know, anything of his project and his failure. Had he succeeded, doubtless he would not have returned to Oxford for the next term; as it was, he came up again in the normal way at the ordinary time. The dons would very justly have taken umbrage at his adventures had they been aware of his Thespian exploit, but there was no reason why they should discover it, nor would the true tale of the first performance of a recent tragedy have reached their academic seclusion.

I do not suppose that Otway showed himself very eager to relate his experience

* Had Otway lived at the present day no difficulty would have arisen. It seems the fashion now for undergraduates of both Universities to appear upon the public stage during their vacations, a proceeding not very grateful to professional actors. But a visit to Venice and a look at the Palazzo Contarini Fasan (often shown as Desdemona's house), or a trip to Denmark, appear to be sufficient equipment for some well-pursed pert juvenal to blaze out as Othello or Hamlet. It is an excellent thing that these youngsters should give performances at the Universities, and agreeable enough some of their productions are. That they should throng the London stage is another matter, an indecorum, indeed, to which the Authorities might well devote some particular attention. Are the Classics no longer studied? Undergraduates who are working for a degree have no time to be emulating Betterton and aping Garrick upon the London boards.

generally, although he may have unbosomed himself to intimate friends, and among these to Lord Falkland. It should be remarked that Falkland was a Wykehamist, and a contemporary of Otway. The Ld. of Falkland appears as a Com. ex Coll. 1668, when Otway was a Com. in Coll.

A love for the drama seems in some sense to have been innate in the Falkland family. Henry Cary, the father of Anthony, is the author of a tragedy *The Marriage Night*, which had been printed in 1664, and was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, probably in that year. It was seen by Pepys on Thursday, 21 March, 1667, acted by the young men and women of the Duke's House. It is, of its kind, an effective drama, considerably influenced by the greater poets. Anthony Cary himself would often bestow the garnish of a Prologue on a play. His Prologue to *The Old Batchelour* is extraordinarily witty, and the Prologue to *The Souldiers Fortune* is a clever piece of work.

An obvious question here arises: Otway's father died in 1670, but the poet did not leave Oxford until 1672; how then did he support himself and provide his college fees after his father's death? This query, be it noted, incidentally assumes that his father was able to pay for his education at Winchester and send him to Christ Church, which cannot have been the case. The rectorship of Woolbeding was worth but little, certainly not enough for the incumbent to contemplate Winchester and Oxford for his son, and we know that Thomas Otway did not win his way thither by scholarships. The only possible explanation is that some friend, perhaps a member of the family, likelier some local worthy, undertook the boy's upbringing and furnished the necessary outlay. It is, indeed, highly probable that the rector's son, an exceptionally prepossessing and comely lad, should attract attention; the rector had a great reputation for being "loyal and brave," and I have no doubt that some staunch cavalier, maybe himself without child or heirs, undertook the responsibility of settling Thomas Otway in the world. It was, I believe, this patron whom *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse* celebrates as Senander, and who died, I would suggest, in 1672, necessitating the withdrawal of Otway from the University.

> Thus my first years in Happiness I past,
> Nor any bitter cup did taste:
> But oh! a deadly Potion came at last.
> As I lay loosely on my Bed,
> A thousand pleasant Thoughts triumphing in my Head,
> And as my Sense on the rich Banquet fed,
> A Voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I
> Was with my self, I saw not who was nigh)
> Pierc'd thro' my Ears; Arise, thy good *Senander's* dead.
> It shook my Brain, and from their Feast my frighted Senses fled.*

* Apparently *Senander* signifies An old Man, and seems to be a combination of *Senex* and the Greek termination—*ander*, man. It may be Otway's own coinage. If so, this is shockingly barbarous. Both Sir Edmund Gosse and Roden Noel agree that Senander was a friend of Otway, although, perhaps, they hardly appreciate that this friend may have been Otway's patron and purse. To refer Senander to the poet's father makes blank nonsense of the whole passage, and utterly precludes any explanation of the sequence of events, confounding them in mazed inextricability.

But there have been many mistakes made concerning the date when Otway went down

That we cannot actually identify Senander does not appear to me to present any difficulty. He lived and died, no doubt, quite unknown to fame. It is a ridiculous craze which supposes that every friend of a poet or any distinguished man must himself be distinguished and the potential subject of a detailed biography.

From Oxford Otway proceeded to London, and, as he himself acknowledges, heedlessly flung himself into the wild rush of Restoration society. Christ Church had given him a taste for fashionable friends, and when he came to Town hot on the trail of wit and beauty he seems to have taken every silly, fluttering ninny for an exquisite of the first water, every Grub-Street scribbler for a literary idol, every belted bully for a court-gallant, and every tawdry *bona roba* for a lady of quality. He was ready to be gulled, and the hectors and the whores plucked him finely. He confesses that "two Years at least" were frivolled, and fornicated, and toped away in sorry fashion, until at length the Muse weaned him from his follies. I take this to be the period from the end of 1672 to the early months of 1675, somewhere about which time he would have commenced his *Alcibiades*, his first tragedy, produced probably in September, 1675. If we ask how he obtained the money to support himself during this prodigality, I suspect that he squandered any bequest his patron, the "good *Senander*," may have left him to complete his studies and pave the way to a profession, whilst hard times, no doubt, were eked out by loans from friends. At any rate, no other hypothesis—for I cannot find that Otway ever followed any occupation—will fit the outlines of the story which he himself tells:

> The World was wide, but whither should I go?
> I, whose blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
> Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
> To *Britain's* great Metropolis I stray'd,
> Where Fortune's generall Game is play'd;
> Where Honesty and Wit are often prais'd,
> But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
> My forward Spirit prompted me to find
> A Converse equal to my Mind;
> But by raw Judgement easily mis-led,
> (As giddy callow Boys
> Are very fond of Toys)

from Christ Church. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1745, whose authority is worse than worthless as he cooked up most of his reminiscences from *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse*, which he misunderstood and misinterpreted, stated: "He [Settle] ran away from Oxford with the players at an act, as Otway did the same year, 1674." This date was accepted by Oldys in his MS. notes to *Langbaine*, and by the *Biographia Dramatica*. Fresh difficulties thereupon arose owing to the misdating of Mrs. Behn's *The Forc'd Marriage*, the production of which was given as 1671–2 instead of December, 1670. Malone, however, in the annotated copy of Oldy's *Langbaine*, which passed to him and is now preserved in the Bodleian Library, says that Otway must have left the University earlier than 1674. And, indeed, even if we had no evidence to show that the correct year is 1672, it were surely strangely exceptional for an undergraduate to have been in residence five years (1669–74) without taking a degree.

I miss'd the Brave and Wise, and in their stead
On every sort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools.
Bullies of o'regrown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gamesters, Half-wits, and Spend-thrifts, (such as think
Mischievous midnight Frolicks bred by Drink
Are Gallantry and Wit,
Because to their lewd Understandings fit)
Were those wherewith two Years at least I spent,
To all their fulsome Follies most incorrigibly bent;
'Till at the last, my self more to abuse,
I grew in love with a deceitfull Muse.

It should be remarked that *Alcibiades* was actually written, not in London, but in the country; whether whilst in wise retreat at Woolbeding—possibly he sojourned there for some few months of recuperation with his widowed mother—or whether whilst on a visit to the seat of one of his noble friends, does not appear. The poet, however, tells us in the Preface to *Don Carlos:* "I must confess I had often a Tittillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country, and then like a bashful young Lover when I had her private I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc't any thing, till at last I know not how e're I was aware I found my self Father of a Dramatique birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades.*"

I have said that from Oxford Otway proceeded to London, but it is possible that first he spent a short time at S. John's College, Cambridge. Giles Jacob in his *Poetical Register*, 1719, writes: "I have heard at Cambridge that Otway went to St. John's College in that university, which seems very probable." It appears from Venn's *Alumni Cantab.* that Otway received the degree of M.A. from Cambridge in 1680. The records, however, nowhere state that he was advanced Master of Arts as a member of S. John's College, and Mr. Venn has precisely written: "His name does not appear upon the admission book (as is usually the case with those incorporated from elsewhere)."

In 1680 Thomas Otway was tutor to Charles Beauclerk,* the eldest son of Nell Gwyn by the King. Both Nell Gwyn and her steward, Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, enjoyed considerable influence at Cambridge,† and it is quite possible that at her request Charles II required the University to honour Otway with a Master's degree, for which his growing reputation as a dramatist was quite sufficient to recommend him. In much the same way Dryden, not having taken a degree at Cambridge, became a Master of Arts on 17 June, 1668, by virtue of a Dispensation from Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, granted in consequence of a royal letter of behest.‡

* Created Baron Headington and Earl of Burford, *comitatu* Oxon, 27 January, 1676; and Duke of S. Albans, 10 January, 1683–4.

† Wood under 16 October, 1678, has: "The King returned from New market to London. Some dayes before which Nell Quin with Fleetw[ood] Shepard were entertained by certaine scholars at Cambridge (either by the vice-chancellor or proctors) and had verses presented to her."

‡ See Malone's *Life of Dryden*, 1800, pp. 553–9. The document, *Dispensatio Joanni Dryden pro gradu Artium Magistri*, is there given in full.

The suggestion that Otway was for a few months a member of Cambridge University must not be seemingly reinforced by a wrongful interpretation of Richard Duke's poetical letter to Thomas Otway, written in answer to the *Epistle to Mr. Duke*, which first appeared in 1684.* Duke commences:

> Dear *Tom*, how melancholy I am grown
> Since thou hast left this learned dirty town,
> To thee by this dull letter be it known.

And later:

> True to thy word, afford one visit more.†

It is quite plain from Duke's poem that Otway had only gone to Cambridge on a short visit to his friend, and possibly this sojourn of the poet at S. John's, as also the fact that his father had been erstwhile a pensioner of that college,‡ gave rise to the story that our dramatist was once actually himself an undergraduate at S. John's, and since the only period in his life wherein such an episode could be well fitted must be immediately after he went down from Oxford, and before he wrote *Alcibiades*, an interval, moreover, concerning which nothing is very precisely recorded, five-and-thirty years after his death we find some vague rumour, in circulation concerning a term of academic residence in Cambridge.§

It is even possible approximately to date the visit to Duke. Richard Duke's letter is written in answer to Otway's *Epistle*, first published in 1684. Duke was Fellow of Trinity and took his M.A. in 1682. There can be little doubt that these lines

> The sprightly Court that wander up and down
> From gudgeons to a race, from town to town,
> All, all, are fled,

have reference to the visit to Cambridge of Catherine of Braganza, when Duke addressed some verses "Spoken to the Queen in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *Cambridge*," which commence:

> Thou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
> That mak'st a Crown sit soft on *Charles'* Head;
> In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat:
> Meekness with Power, and Piety with State;
> Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds reclaim,
> Win the Seditious, and the Savage tame. . . .‖

In his poetical letter to Otway, Duke continues:

> I have forgot whatever then I knew,
> Why men one stocking tie with ribbon blue;
> Why others medals wear, a fine-gilt thing,
> That at their breasts hang dangling by a string.

* Dryden's *Miscellany* (*Examen Poeticum*), Tonson, Vol. I, 1684.
† Entered in the Stationers' Register by Jacob Tonson, 4 February, 1683–4.
‡ And also, perhaps, there was some confusion with Bishop Thomas Otway of Christ's.
§ The records of S. John's College afford no evidence that Otway was ever admitted there.
‖ Dryden's *Miscellany*, I, 1684.

An obvious reference to the colours of the True-Blue Protestants, and also to the medal, that ridiculous trinket which when, on 24 November, 1681, the packed Grand Jury illegally returned *Ignoramus* on the bill presented against the infamous Shaftesbury, his seditious adherents employed George Bowen to engrave in commemoration of the event. These factious boutefeus with brazen impudence openly wore this idle periapt, which gave Dryden occasion for his magnificent satire, *The Medall*, the subject of which was said by a priest whom Spence often met at Mr. Pope's, to have been suggested to the laureate by King Charles himself.* These allusions, and the various relevant points which have been considered, enable us pretty certainly to name the year 1682 as the date of Otway's visit to Duke at Cambridge.

If Otway had disastrously failed the Duke's Theatre in one capacity, as an actor, he was brilliantly to support it in another, as a dramatist. *Alcibiades*, his first play, a typical heroic tragedy, was produced at Dorset Garden in 1675, probably in September.† Although *Aureng-Zebe*, Dryden's last heroic tragedy, written, that is to say, in rhyme, was to appear at Drury Lane but a few weeks later;‡ although the great master there publicly took leave on the boards "of his long-loved Mistris Rhyme," it would be a vast mistake to suppose that heroic tragedy was on the wane, or had even begun to lose its popularity. All Dryden's rhyming dramas held and for many long years continued to hold the stage. Settle, "Heroically mad," was still rhyming and rattling vigorously, making a "blund'ring kind of Melody"; Lee's *Gloriana* belongs to the opening of 1675–6; Crowne's *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, two parts, won a tremendous success in January, 1676–7; John Banks' *The Rival Kings; or, The Loves of Oroondates and Statira* was produced later in the same year.

Alcibiades has met with some severe criticism, and it is as easy as it is futile to point to passages of rant and extravagance. The faults of the play are very patent, but very pardonable. This spirited drama is an excellent example of a young poet's first flight. Otway has taken the common theme, the chivalrous conflict between love and honour, which in the case of the rakeshame Alcibiades seems singularly ludicrous. And he was the first to recognize this, which he does very frankly: "I know not how e're I was aware I found my self Father of a Dramatique birth which I call'd *Alcibiades;* but I might without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*, for my Hero to do him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the passion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same opportunities which I have given him."§ With no little skill Otway has mixed the ingredients: a fair heroine betrothed to a Sir Galahad of a hero, who is loved by an amorous Queen, "a whore, Of most hot exercise, more than a partrich," whose lustful embraces he rejects; a tame cuckold of a

* Mr. G. Thorn-Drury in his valuable *Some Notes on Dryden*, 1925 (reprinted from *The Review of English Studies*), tells us that *The Medall* was in public circulation on 16 March, 1682. For the reference to King Charles see Spence's *Anecdotes*, 1820, pp. 171–2, as also Malone's *Life of Dryden* (Vol. I, Prose Works), 1800, pp. 151–5.

† Among the Lord Chamberlain's papers is recorded "[1675] Sept. 22 King and Queene at Alcibiades and a box for the Mayds of Hon^{r} £25." Possibly this may have been the first performance.

‡ Stationers' Register, 29 November, 1675.

§ *Don Carlos*, 4to, 1676; The Preface, A2.

feeble king; a villainous statesman and his virtuous son; a rival, who is taken prisoner and thrown into prison; two contending armies; a battle; a duel in a grove; a ghost; songs; a ballet of Elysian spirits; daggers and poison; a smart epilogue spoken by the leading lady. And very good fare it is. For we must not judge *Alcibiades* by comparison with great tragedies, but rather in its true perspective, setting it side by side with Settle's *Empress of Morocco*, *Conquest of China*, and *Ibrahim*. I have no doubt at all that in the theatre *Alcibiades* was immensely effective, especially when it was played by so magnificent a cast. Betterton in the title-rôle and Henry Harris as Theramnes must have delighted their audience, just as they were wont to rouse old Pepys when he says of Orrery's *Henry V*, a far duller rhyming drama, "Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's* parts are most incomparably wrote and done."† Samuel Sandford, Tissaphernes, is highly praised by Cibber for his tragically malign genius. In *The Tatler* (158), Iago is mentioned as a rôle in which he "very highly excelled," and he was, indeed, the acknowledged representative of villains. Says Antony Aston: "Mr. *Sandford*, although not usually deem'd an Actor of the first Rank, yet the Characters allotted him were such, that none besides, then, or since, ever topp'd: for his Figure, which was diminutive and mean, (being Round-shoulder'd, Meagre-fac'd, Spindle-shank'd, Splay-footed, with a sour Countenance, and long lean Arms) render'd him a proper Person to discharge, *Iago*, *Foresight*, and *Ma'lignij*, in the VILLAIN.——This Person acted strongly with his Face,—and (as King *Charles* said) was the best *Villain* in the World."

Matthew Medbourne, to whom fell the somewhat thankless part of Agis, was always esteemed a good actor. His was a line of useful parts such as the King in *Hamlet*; Lennox in *Macbeth*; Hametalhaz in *The Empress of Morocco*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1673; Lord Drybone in Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, early in 1675–6; Captain Tilbury in D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle*; the Prince Cardinal Mendozo in Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer*; Don Ruis de Moncade in Ravenscroft's anglicized *comedia dé capa y espada*, *The Wrangling Lovers*; Montano, Priest of Diana, in Settle's baroque pastoral *Pastor Fido*, which all belong to the autumn and winter of 1676; Canidius in Sedley's tame but turgid *Antony and Cleopatra*; Don Pedro in Mrs. Behn's capital comedy *The Rover* (I,) during the following year. He has, moreover, left one play, a close if rough adaptation from Molière, *Tartuffe; or, The French Puritan*, which was produced at the Theatre Royal with great success in the spring of 1670.‡ Medbourne, who joined the Duke's company as early as 1668, was a staunch Catholic, but by no means a bigot, since he was a member of a club which met twice a week at the Pheasant Inn in Fuller's Rents, and which numbered both Catholics and Protestants, any discussion of religion or politics being prohibited under penalty of a fine.§ Nevertheless, for all his moderation, he was accused by the vile

* Mrs. Betterton. † Saturday, 13 August, 1664.

‡ 4to, 1670. *Term Catalogues*, Midsummer [June], 1670. "*Tartuffe; or, the French Puritan*. A Comedy, lately Acted at the Theatre Royal. Written in French by Molière; and rendered into English, with much additions and advantage, by M. Medbourne, Servant to His Royal Highness. In Quarto. Price 1s." "This Play," says Langbaine, "was receiv'd with universal Applause on our *English* Stage."

§ William Smith, *Intrigues of the Popish Plot*, London, 1685, p. 4. Titus Oates, *True Narrative of the Horrid Plot and Conspiracy*, London, 1679, pp. 35–6.

Oates, and snared in the meshes of that bloody fabrication the so-called Popish Plot, which was in sober truth a thumping Protestant Plot. Medbourne was arrested upon a false charge 26 November, 1678, and thrown into Newgate. Here he died 19 March, 1679, as truly murdered as if he had been poisoned or stabbed. "One whose good parts deserv'd a better fate than to die in prison," says Langbaine, who seldom comments on aught save purely literary or critical points.

Crosby, who acted Patroclus, the Friend to Alcibiades, was at this time quite a young fellow, who is said to have been remarkably good-looking and graceful. Downes records that he was "entertain'd in the Duke's House" "About the year 1670." We find his name in the printed casts to a large number of rôles, of which such as the following are typical of his line: Mr. Cleverwit, Lucia's lover, in Ravenscroft's farcical *The Citizen turn'd Gentleman*, produced at Dorset Garden in July, 1672; Alonzo in *Abdelazer*, during the winter of 1676; Leander Fancy in *Sir Patient Fancy*, January, 1677–8; Paris in John Banks' *The Destruction of Troy*, during the winter of 1678.

Of the ladies, Mrs. Mary Lee* was especially famous in majestic tragedy. Downes has the following entry: "*Note*, About the year 1670, Mrs. *Aldridge*, after Mrs. *Lee*, after Lady *Slingsby*, also Mrs. *Leigh* Wife, Mr. *John Lee*, Mr. *Crosby*, Mrs. *Johnson*, were entertain'd in the Dukes House." There is, of course, some confusion here, and there can be little doubt that the passage should read "also Mrs. *Leigh's* [*Lee's*] husband, Mr. *John Lee*." If this were not so there is no point whatsoever in Downes' mention of so minor an actor as John Lee in this connexion. Crosby and Mrs. Johnson were both performers of great merit, but John Lee never rose above the completest insignificance. He acted Alexas in Samuel Pordage's *Herod and Mariamne*, produced in October, 1673; Titiro in Settle's *Pastor Fido* and Sebastian (a part of seventeen lines) in *Abdelazer*, during the winter of 1676; Sancho, Pimp to Lucetta (four short answers, not fifty words all told), in *The Rover* (I); Noddy in *The Counterfeit Bridegroom*, a summer vacation play; and Pedro in Porter's *The French Conjurer*, 1677. John Lee disappears from the stage after this year, and his widow is first billed† as Lady Slingsby in 1681.

Mrs. Mary Lee apparently made her début as Olinda, an attendant on Princess Galatea, a small part of seven-and-twenty lines, in Mrs. Behn's *The Forc'd Marriage*, December, 1670, when she must have been a witness of poor Otway's failure. In the same winter she acted Daranthe, Chief Commandress of the Amazons, in Edward Howard's *The Women's Conquest*, and in the spring of the following year Leticia in Revet's *The Town-Shifts, or, The Suburb-Justice*. In October, 1673, she was Salome, Herod's sister, in Pordage's bombastic *Herod and Mariamne*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and during the same autumn Æmilia in Arrowsmith's amusing and critical

* Who must be carefully distinguished from Elinor Leigh, the wife of the famous comedian Antony Leigh. Mrs. Leigh's special line was "affected mothers, aunts, and modest stale maids that had missed their market."

† In the printed quarto. I use this word for convenience sake in a somewhat anticipatory sense. The names of the actors and actresses were not given on playbills until the first decade of the eighteenth century. The earlier play is merely a terse announcement of the piece. Even the author's name does not occur before 1699, when a revival of *The Double-Dealer* stated that the comedy was "written by Mr. Congreve."

The Reformation, given at Dorset Garden. A few weeks later she appeared as Mariamne in Settle's famous *The Empress of Morocco*, a rôle she acted with such excellence that it gave every token of her future greatness and advanced her to the very front rank. Her Queen Deidamia in *Alcibiades* was created in 1674, probably September; and in November she was seen in a breeches rôle, Chlotilda, disguised as Nigrello, in Settle's Merovingian tragedy *Love and Revenge*, a wholesale conveyance from William Hemminge's *The Fatal Contract*, quarto, 1653, a drama which had at its original production been warmly applauded. In May, 1675, as Amavanga, she reinforced the cast of Settle's extravagant but stagily effective *The Conquest of China, By the Tartars.* In January, 1675–6, we note her as Christina in Crowne's *The Countrey Wit*, and a few months after, probably May, she was Roxolana in Settle's *Ibrahim, The Illustrious Bassa*, which is all passion *à panaché* and the quintessence of exaggerated honour, primarily founded upon Mlle de Scudéry's *Ibrahim, ou l'Illustre Bassa*, 1641.* The main fable of Ibrahim was dramatized by Georges de Scudéry in 1643, and his tragedy *Axiane* is also drawn from this romance. Both Magret and Belin have made use of the episode of Mustapha and Geangir.

Mrs. Lee played the Queen in *Don Carlos*, produced probably in June, 1676, and at once achieved a veritable triumph. In the autumn of that year she was Madam Fickle, the "Witty False One" in D'Urfey's amusing comedy, the Queen in Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer*, and Corisca in Settle's *Pastor Fido.* With Berenice in January, 1677, Otway afforded her a strongly emotional part, which she no doubt played to the fullest advantage. It was certainly a descent to Sedley's Cleopatra, for I venture to think that not even the warmest admirer of Sir Charles can find a word to speak in favour of such chilling mediocrity as *Antony and Cleopatra*, his rhyming tragedy, produced in February, 1677. Circe, the title-rôle of Charles Davenant's gorgeously mounted opera, which was given this year, and thronged perhaps for the spectacle as much as the acting, is a sufficiently flamboyant rôle to which no doubt Mrs. Lee did justice. It is all furiously unclassical and unrestrained. The scene lies at Taurica Chersonesus, and Circe is "Queen of *Scythia.*" There are Infernal Priests, Spirits, Ghosts, Syrens who "*rise out of the Sea and sing*," an apparition of Pluto "*in a Chariot drawn by Black Horses*," an "*Inchanted Palace*" to which Orestes is conveyed, "Phancy *dances, the pleasant Dreams sing and dance an Entry to the Song*," and when Circe is about to expire, being stabbed by Orestes, "*Spirits bearing Torches fly cross the Stage. Horrid Musick. It Thunders.*" In August, 1677, Mrs. Lee was seen in a very different rôle, Astatius, in a bucolic, whose scene is Arcady, entitled *The Constant Nymph; or, The Rambling Shepherd*, "written by a Person of Quality," a sugary confection. During the autumn she played Roxana, in Pordage's grandiose *The Siege of Babylon*, which is derived from la Calprenède's famous and admir'd *Cassandra.*

In May, 1678, she acted Elvira in John Leanerd's *The Counterfeits*, a capital play, so witty, indeed, that Langbaine roundly avers "This Comedy is ascribed by some to *Leanard*; but I believe it too good for his Writing." A quarter of a century later Colley Cibber borrowed pretty freely thence for *She wou'd and She wou'd not.* During the late winter of this same year (November–December) Mrs. Lee had a very fine part

* Segrais gives 1635, but 1641 seems to be the earliest edition known to bibliographers. *Ibrahim* was republished in 1652, 1665, 1723. Translated into English by Henry Cogan, London, folio, 1652; German, by Philip Zesen, Der Färtige, 1645; Italian, Venice, 1684.

in a romantic tragedy to which the critics were unkind, when she appeared as Cassandra in John Banks' *The Destruction of Troy*. It is very un-Homeric, very un-Vergilian, but yet it has vigour and it works up to a climax which theatrically must have been extremely striking. In 1678 or 1679 John Lee died, and Mrs. Lee was left a widow.

Early in 1678–9, Mrs. Lee acted Eurydice in Dryden and Lee's *Œdipus;* in the spring Laura Lucretia in Mrs. Behn's intricate comedy of Roman intrigue *The Feign'd Curtizans*, probably produced in March; Cressida in Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found too Late;* in the autumn (October) Bellamira, the heroine of Lee's florid Renaissance tragedy *Cæsar Borgia;* and a little later Julia in Lawrence Maidwell's* *The Loving Enemies;* Arviola in Tate's *The Loyal General*. During the spring of 1680 Mrs. Lee played Queen Margaret in *The Misery of Civil-War*,† an alteration by Crowne of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI*, directly reflecting the political turmoil and unrest of the time.

During the year 1680, or at any rate early in the following year, Mrs. Lee remarried and thenceforward she appears in the printed casts as Lady Slingsby or Madam Slingsby. Her husband was probably Sir Charles Slingsby,‡ second baronet, of Bifrons, Kent, a nephew of Sir Robert Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, who had died 26 October, 1661. Sir Charles is reported to have sold Bifrons in 1677, but we know practically nothing about him. Doran, *Annals of the English Stage*, Chapter VI, mentions Lady Slingsby as "a lady whom report connects with the Yorkshire baronets of Scrivon," but he gives no authority, and his meagre account of her is erroneous in other details.

In the winter of 1680, Lady Slingsby appeared as Sempronia in Lee's fine tragedy *Lucius Junius Brutus*, and during the early spring of the following year, probably January, she played Regan in Tate's *King Lear*. In 1681, also, she was Marguerite in Lee's *The Princess of Cleve*, which, for some reason, was not printed until 1689. During the autumn of 1681 was produced Crowne's vindictive and ultra-political drama, *Henry the Sixth, the First Part*, which contained such offensive nonsense that its career was of the briefest, the thing being very justly "stifled by command." Lady Slingsby performed Queen Margaret. Early, possibly January, 1682, Lady Slingsby played Lucia in the anonymous *Mr. Turbulent; or, The Melancholicks*,§ a play with some topical satire.

There were further political troubles in 1682, owing to the production on 10 August of that year of *Romulus and Hersilia; or, The Sabine War*, an anonymous tragedy. Lady Slingsby played the traitress Tarpeia, and also spoke Mrs. Behn's famous epilogue which reflects very sharply upon the disgraced Duke of Monmouth. Strong representations were made in high quarters, and two days later a warrant was issued: "Whereas the Lady Slingsby Comoedian and Mrs. Aphaw Behen haue by acting and writeing at his Royall Highnesse Theatre comitted Severall Misdemeanors

* Whom Langbaine calls John Maidwell.

† 4to, 1680. Some confusion has been caused by the fact that the play was reissued in 1681 as *Henry the Sixth, the Second Part*.

‡ There was a Sir Arthur Slingsby, a younger son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, Bart. Both Pepys (20 July, 1664) and Evelyn, who adjudged him "a mere shark" (19 July, 1664), mention the lottery he held with the King's permission in the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

§ 4to, 1682; and reissued 4to, 1685, as *The Factious Citizen; or, The Melancholy Visioner*.

& made abusive reflections upon Persons of Quality & haue written & spoaken Scandalous Speeches without my Lycense or Approbacon of those that ought to pvse & authorize the same. These are therefore to require you to take into yo^{r} Custody the said Lady Slingsby and Mrs. Aphaw Behen and bring them before mee to answere the said Offence, And for soe doeing this shalbe yo^{r} sufficient Warr^{t}. Given und^{r} my hand and seale this 12th day of August, 1682. To Henry Legate Messenger of His Ma^{ties} Chamber, etc." But even if they were actually imprisoned, of which there is no evidence, the detention of both actress and authoress was very brief.*

The Whigs, however, although they might cause this annoyance, were losing all along the line, and for all their pother they could not prevent, although they might temporarily obstruct, the production of Dryden and Lee's *The Duke of Guise*, which appeared, probably on 1 December (or very late in November), 1682, with Lady Slingsby as Catherine de Medici. In the autumn of 1683 Lady Slingsby was Lady Noble in Ravenscroft's recantation play *Dame Dobson; or, The Cunning Woman*, an English version of *La Devineresse; ou, les faux Enchantements* (sometimes known as *Madame Jobin*), a capital comedy by Thomas Corneille and Jean Donneau de Vise, published in 1680, and the address of which "Au lecteur" commences: "Le succes de cette Comedie a esté si grand, qu'il s'en est peu veu de semblables. On y a couru, et on y court encor tous les jours en foule." The little book has a frontispiece picturing a grimalkin, a hand of glory, noxious weeds, two blazing torches, and other objects beloved of necromancy. There are, moreover, eight folding plates of great interest, representing scenes in the play. Unfortunately on the English stage *Dame Dobson* had little success, far less than it deserved.

In 1684 there was a notable revival of *Julius Cæsar* with some alterations, possibly by Davenant two decades before. The cast comprised Cardell Goodman as Cæsar; Kynaston, Antony; Betterton, Brutus; Smith, Cassius; Jevon, Cinna the Poet; Underhill, Antony Leigh, Bright, Citizens; Lady Slingsby, Calphurnia; Sarah Cook, Portia. In August–September, 1685, Lady Slingsby was Clarinda in D'Urfey's *A Common-Wealth of Women*, a plagiarism from Fletcher's *The Sea Voyage*.

Shortly after this she seems to have retired from the theatre. Dame Mary Slingsby, widow, from S. Mary's parish, was buried in old S. Pancras graveyard, 1 March, 1694.

In *A Satyr upon the Players*, 1683, unprinted, and indeed unprintable, MS., Lady Slingsby heads the list of actresses, and is very coarsely assailed:

> Imprimis Slingsby has the fatal Curse
> To have a Lady's honour with a Player's Purse,
> Though now she is so plaguy haughty grown
> Yet, Gad, my Lady, I a time have known
> When a dull Whiggish Poet wou'd go down.
> The Scene's now changed, but Prithee Dandy Beast
> Think not thy self an Actress in the least.
> For sure thy Figure ne'er was seen before,
> Such Arse-like Breasts, stiff neck, with all thy Store,
> Are certain Antidotes against a Whore.

* Curtis' *Protestant Mercury*, August 12–16, 1682, notices that both Lady Slingsby and Mrs. Behn have been ordered into custody in respect of the Epilogue to *Romulus and Hersilia*.

Scandal further accused Lady Slingsby of an intrigue with Sir Gilbert Gerrard, which is referred to when the knight is attacked, *A Satyr on Both Whigs and Tories* (unprinted MS. about 1683):

> Thou Thing made up of Buttons, Coach, and Show,
> The Beasts that draw thee have more sense than thou.
> Yet still thou mightst have fool'd behind the Scenes,
> Have Comb'd thy Wig and set thy Cravat Strings,
> Made love to Slingsby when she played the Queen,
> The Coxcomb in the Crowd had passed unseen.

Lady Slingsby was an important figure in Otway's career. It was she who created his Deidamia, Queen Elizabeth, and Berenice, his first three heroines. The great Mrs. Barry, then just at the beginning of her career, who was to create Lavinia, Monimia, and Belvidera, played, it will be noted, the small parts of Draxilla in *Alcibiades* and the confidante Phænice in *Titus and Berenice*.

For the story of *Alcibiades* Otway has gone to Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch, although truth to tell it is difficult to recognize either of these authors when they have passed through the heroic sieve. There is a French play by Philippe Quinault, *Le Feint Alcibiade*, produced at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in February, 1658. The scene lies in Sparta, and King Agis appears. Timée, his Queen, is attracted to the young stranger who calls himself Alcibiades. But very early, II, 3, there is a scene between Timée and the youth, who reveals "Auparavant sachez que je suis fille," and

> Je ne suis que la sœur, mais l'image vivante
> De l'illustre banni qu'ici je représente.

It is, in fact, Cléone, "*Sœur d'Alcibiade, deguisée sous le nom & l'habit de son frère.*"

Dr. Johnson in his *Life of Otway* writes: "In 1675, his twenty-fifth year, [he] produced *Alcibiades*, a tragedy; whether from the *Alcibiade* of *Palaprat*, I have not means to enquire. Langbaine, the great detector of plagiarism, is silent." There is no *Alcibiade* by Palaprat, and Johnson was probably thinking of the *Alcibiade* of Campistron, which was produced on Friday, 28 December, 1685, with Baron in the title-rôle. Naturally Otway owes nothing to Campistron. It may be worth remarking that Alcibiades and Timandra are characters in *Timon of Athens*, which was produced in a version by Shadwell at Dorset Garden early in 1677–8.

The success of *Alcibiades*—even if there were critics and cavillers—had been distinctly encouraging, and during the autumn of 1675 Otway set to work upon a new play. The plot, full of love, passion, intrigue, and villainy, was furnished by a new novel, recently translated from the French, "Don *Carlos*, or An Historical Relation of the unfortunate Life and Tragical Death of that Prince of *Spain*, Son to *Philip II*," a piece which was being eagerly read and discussed by the Town. And for English folk the story had a particular interest, since one hundred and twenty years before Philip had been the consort of an English Queen, and only ninety years ago he had dared to attack Britain with his invincible Armada. A man's grandfather might well have remembered those stirring days.

Otway's tragedy was ready in the spring, the actors were quick to see what brilliant

opportunities such impressive rôles afforded, and in late May or early June,* 1676, *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, was produced at Dorset Garden. It at once achieved something like a triumph, and Downes bursts into a veritable pæan of enthusiasm: "*Don Carlos*, Prince of *Spain*; the Second Play wrote by Mr. *Otway:* The King, was perform'd by Mr. *Betterton:* Prince, by Mr. *Smith:* *Don John* of *Austria* by Mr. *Harris:* *Gomez*, Mr. *Medburn:* Queen, Madam *Slingsby;* and all the Parts being admirably *Acted*, it lasted successively 10 days: it got more money than any preceding Modern Tragedy." Incidentally this heroic tragedy seems very considerably to have vexed Dryden, who had just made public confession that he was grown

[weary of his long-loved Mistress Rhyme,†

and, if we may believe his Prologue to *Aureng-Zebe*, was feeling depressed and dissatisfied even to the point of playing with the idea of retirement from the theatre. There were sound reasons for this, which was more than pique or a mere mood. His favourite actors at the Theatre Royal were quarrelling noisily among themselves; they were absenting themselves from rehearsal and throwing up their parts on the flimsiest pretexts with the old cry that such rôles were not good enough and nothing could be made of them, that they gave nobody a chance. Their disputes grew so loud and so long that the Lord Chamberlain was forced to step in, and insist that articles should be drawn up by which the whole Company must be bound. This was done, and Killigrew, Hart, Mohun, Lacy, Kynaston, Cartwright, Burt, Wintershall, and Robert Shatterel signed the document on 9 December.‡ The ladies, however, were particularly refractory; one of their constant pranks was to wear the rich dresses, the property of the theatre, off the stage, out in the streets, in Hyde Park, the Mall, the Mulbery Gardens, so that petticoats were bedraggled and torn, lace crumpled and dirty, trimmings tarnished, and when threatened that they would have to make good the damage out of their own pockets they turned sulky or defiant, and snapped their fingers at authority. In February, 1675, their contentions and differences reached such a pitch that the theatre actually closed its doors until the King himself, out of his good-humour for once, peremptorily bade them commence acting again and under no pretext to leave off their profession.§ For a while Hart was appointed as responsible manager with power plenipotentiary. Not that this had the slightest effect upon Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Hughes, who taking offence at some real or fancied slight packed off to Dorset Garden, where they found a warm welcome, and in the spring of 1676 they are acting important parts‖ in D'Urfey's *A Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters*, in the same

* The King saw *Don Carlos* on 8 June, 1676, but it would be unsafe to argue that this was the first performance.

† Prologue to *Aureng-Zebe*, his last heroic tragedy, produced at the Theatre Royal in the winter of 1675.

‡ Articles of Agreem^t for the Better Regulateing theire Ma^tes Servants the Commedians at the Royall Theatre humbly presented to yo^r Lordpp Consideracon by the Master & Company yo^r Lordpp being Our Superior Officer, December 9 : 1675.

§ His Ma^te understanding That His Company of Comoedians have left offe actinge upon private differences and disagreements betweene themselues is very much displeased thereat And hath comanded mee to require and order the said Company forthwith to act and play as formerly And that none of the said Company presume to leave off Acting.

‖ Mrs. Marshall, Maria; Mrs. Hughes, Cordelia.

cast as Smith, Nokes, Anthony Leigh, Sandford, and Mrs. Barry. It is obvious that amid such anarchy little justice could be done to any dramatist's work, and small wonder that Dryden looked grum, talked of writing no more plays, and when asked his opinion of the successful *Don Carlos* tartly replied that he did not know a line in it of which he would care to acknowledge himself the author.

In the autumn of the same year Mrs. Hughes played Octavia de Pimentell in Ravenscroft's *The Wrangling Lovers*, with Anthony Leigh as the Count de Benevent, her father; Smith, Don Diego de Stuniga, her lover; and Harris, Underhill, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Gibbs, in the cast.

Long afterward Barton Booth used to relate how Betterton had often informed him that for many years *Don Carlos* was more applauded and drew better houses than either *The Orphan* or *Venice Preserv'd*. Rochester, whose delight it ever was tenderly to nurse a poet into popularity, luring him up the Corycian slopes, and then just as the good fortune of his protégé seemed at its zenith impishly to drop him with a sudden jolt and jar, and topple the son of Apollo rous down from the heights of Parnassus hill, coarsely commented upon Otway's triumph with a snarl and a sneer in his ill-tempered *The Tryal of the Poets*:*

> *Tom Otway* came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear Zany,
> And swears for Heroicks, he writes best of any:
> *Don Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
> That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd;
> But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
> And prudently did not think fit to engage,
> The Scum of a Play-house, for the Prop of an Age.

Thus early, then, did Otway know the extremes of penury. Thus early did the satirists begin to make mocking capital of his destitution and distress.

The cast of *Don Carlos* was indeed superb. Most of the principal rôles were allotted to the same actors who had last year so brilliantly interpreted the flamboyant bravura of *Alcibiades*, and it is not difficult to appreciate with what pomp and fire they delivered the fairer harmonies and more resonant roll of heroic rhyme in this second play. William Smith, who was to do the poor poet such yeoman service as young Marius, Chamont, and above all Pierre, now for the first time spoke Otway's verse as Don Carlos, the title-part, and it must indeed have been a performance of extraordinary strength and beauty. For the Town only allowed him one superior, Betterton himself, and in the gallants of comedy it was often a question whether Betterton quite caught the same easy and elegant air, the same vigour and polite nonchalance, as Smith when he played Mrs. Behn's Willmore, Carlos, and Lodwick Knowell; Dryden's lewd Lorenzo; Ravenscroft's Mr. Ramble, "A great Designer upon Ladies"; Young Single in Sir *Salomon;* Woodly in *Epsom Wells;* Ruffle in Nevil Payne's *The Morning Ramble;* Warner in a revival of *Sir Martin Mar-all;* the romantic Mirtillo, the Faithful Shepherd in *Pastor Fido;* D'Urfey's Rashley; Beauford, "A young wild unfortunate fellow always engaging himself in Intrigues," Sir Charles Kinglove; Otway's own Truman and Courtine; and half a hundred of those amorous and dashing

* The Tryal of the Poets for the Bays, in Imitation of a Satyr in Boileau. In the Duke of Buckingham's *Works*, 1704, I, p. 41, given as *By the Duke of* Buckingham.

blades around whose love-frolic brisks and sparkles the swift intrigue of a typical Restoration comedy. It was to Smith that Sir George Etherege entrusted the creation of Sir Fopling Flutter, airy, exquisite, superfine, the rose and prince of coxcombs. On 6 February, 1668, he had created Courtall in *She wou'd if she cou'd*. Smith was a well-made, handsome fellow, whose voice is said to have been particularly musical and sweet. When he played the tragic hero the women were in tears, and in love with their favourite actor. Once he killed his man in a duel, and all the women of quality took his part. On 15 November, 1666, Mrs. Knipp told Pepys "how Smith, of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes every body sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him," she says. Smith was Dryden's Hector in *Troilus and Cressida;* Lee's Constantine, *Constantine the Great;* Marcian, *Theodosius, or, The Force of Love;* Titus, *Lucius Junius Brutus;* Edgar in Tate's *King Lear;* Prince Philip in Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer;* Muley Hamet in Settle's *The Empress of Morocco;* Quitazo in the same author's *The Conquest of China;* in fine, a great figure in those ornate scenes which are all love and honour, burning passion and quick desire. Chetwood in his *A General History of the Stage* has the following details of this actor: "This Gentleman, Mr. *Smith*, was zealously attach'd to the Interest of King *James* the Second, and served in his Army as a Volunteer, with Two Servants. After the Abdication, Mr. Smith return'd to the Theatre, by the Persuasion of many Friends, and the Desire of the Town who admir'd his Performance. The first Character he chose to appear in was that of *Wilmore* in the *Rover*, his original part in that Comedy; but, being informed that he should be maltreated on account of his Principles, he gave Orders for the Curtain to drop, if any Disturbance should come from the Audience. Accordingly the Play began in the utmost Tranquility; but when Mr. *Smith* entered in the First Act, the Storm began with the usual Noise upon such Occasions (an Uproar not unknown to all Frequenters of Theatres, and by Time mightily improved by a particular Set that delight in that agreeable Harmony, as pleasing to the Ear, as a Sow-gelder's Horn, that sets all the Village Curs to imitate the Sound); Mr. *Smith* gave the Signal, the Curtain dropp'd, and the Audience dismiss'd. No Persuasions could prevail upon him to appear upon the Stage again, till that great Poet, Mr. *Congreve*, had wrote his Comedy of *Love for Love*, which was in the year 1695, more than three Years void from the above Accident. This celebrated Author prevailed upon several Persons of the First Rank to move Mr. *Smith* to appear in the Character of *Scandal* in that excellent Comedy: But he yielded more to the Persuasions of his sincere Friends, Mr. *Betterton* and Mrs. *Barry*, and accepted the Part; and his inimitable Performance added one Grace to the Play. He took his Station in many Plays afterwards, for, I think, three Years. He died of a Cold, occasion'd by a violent Fit of the Cramp; for when he was first seiz'd, he threw himself out of Bed, and remained so long before the Cramp left him (in that naked Condition) that a Cold fell upon his Lungs, a Fever ensu'd, and Death releas'd him in three Days after." Downes notices among "The Principal new Plays that succeeded this [*Love for Love*] from *April* 1695, to the Year 1704. Were, . . . *The Grand Cyrus*, wrote by Mr. *Banks;* it was a good Play; but Mr. *Smith* having a long part in it, fell Sick upon the Fourth Day and Dy'd, upon that it lay by, and ne'er has been Acted since." Smith's rôle was *Cyaxeres*, King of *Media*.

The vitriolic *A Satyr upon the Players* of 1683 (unprinted MS.) abuses Smith in the following lines:

Then in comes *Smith* that murders every shape
The crying Lover & the Squinting Ape,
So very dull in both, that you may see
Sorrow turn'd Mirth, & Mirth turn'd Tragedy.
Passion he Ridicules so whines & cryes
That you wou'd swear he somewhat more then Dyes,
Then, by his Antic Postures men of Sence
Doe say the plays Jack Pudding not a Prince,*
Since so it is, *Will*, e'en in time be wise
Stick to y^e^ Bottle; there thy Talent lyes,
But for y^e^ Stage (Conceited Malapert)
Thou'rt worse then strowling *Coish*† or strutting *Burt*.‡

The venom of the writer is obvious and futile. These lines show plainly enough that he had no weapon with which to attack Smith, and perforce fell back upon vague assertions that he could not act, a charge few sons of Thespis have escaped.

Cyrus the Great, or, The Tragedy of Love, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, early in 1696,§ is a melodramatic medley of horrors which crowd and hustle in a helter-

* In the first Prologue (spoken by Underhill, Angel, and Nokes) to the Hon. Edward Howard's *The Women's Conquest*, 4to, 1671, "*Scaramuches* and *Jack Puddings* are" roundly condemned.

† Both of Killigrew's company. Coysh was an actor of very inferior rank. He played such small parts as Plautus in Lee's *The Tragedy of Nero*, 1674; Jeffrey in Duffett's burlesque *Psyche Debauch'd*; Aristander in *The Rival Queens*, 1676–7; the Second Physician in D'Urfey's *Trick for Trick*, 1678; Swift, a servant, in the same author's *Sir Barnaby Whigg*, early autumn of 1681. Nicholas Burt, on the other hand, was an actor of some eminence and fame, who filled many important rôles. Pepys, who has several references, saw him as Othello, 11 October, 1660.

‡ Barton Booth, when a mere lad at Westminster, encouraged by the applause which greeted his performance in the *Andria*, asked Smith to secure him an introduction to the professional stage. Smith "decently refus'd him for Fear of the Resentment of his Family," but they remained friends, and when the famous actor died Booth penned the following epitaph:

Scenicus eximius,
Regnante Carolo Secundo
Bettertono *Coætaneus & Amicus,*
Nec non propemodum Æqualis
Haud ignobile Stirpe oriundus,
Nec Literarum rudis Humaniarum.
Rem Scenicam
Per multos feliciter Annos administrauit,
Iustoque moderamine, & morum suauitate,
Omnium intra Theatrum
Obseruantiam, extra Theatrum laudem,
Ubique beneuolentiam & amorem, sibi conciliauit.

§ *Term Catalogues*. Trinity (June), 1696. The original cast was very powerful, and included Betterton, Kynaston, Mrs. Boutell, Mrs. Barry, and Mrs. Bracegirdle.

skelter nightmare upon each other's heels. The play opens with a battle-field " ruinous and almost cover'd with dead Bodies," and in the last act we have a mutilated trunk whose members when touched fall apart.* There are four Witches who sing, and a Dance of Wizards, reminiscent of *Macbeth*, or rather of the amplified witch scenes that farsed out Shakespeare in the late seventeenth century. Banks took a hint from the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, something from the Book of Daniel, from Xenophon and Herodotus, although the plot primarily comes from Madeleine de Scudéry's famous *Artamène, ou Le Grand Cyrus*,† but the measured and stately heroics of the original have been metamorphosed to a wild frenzy, a charnel bacchation.

Of the four ladies who appeared in *Don Carlos* two had had no part in *Alcibiades*—Anne Shadwell (*née* Gibbs), the wife of the dramatist, and Mrs. Gibbs, who may or may not have been a sister or some relative of Mrs. Shadwell. Of Mrs. Gibbs, whose name occurs fairly frequently between 1672 and 1680, nothing very definite is known beyond a number of rôles she filled, but we gather from Downes that she was considered a good actress and met with some share of favour and applause. In the winter of 1672 she appeared as Lucia in *Epsom Wells*‡; as Beatrix in Ravenscroft's *The Wrangling Lovers*, a play of Spanish intrigo, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1676; in the early autumn (probably September) of the same year she acted Mrs. Essence in *Tom Essence*, a vacation play; a few weeks later she was Arbella in *Madam Fickle*; Iras in Sedley's *Antony and Cleopatra*, early in 1677; in the summer of 1677, Clarina, in a vacation comedy, *The Counterfeit Bridegroom; or, The Defeated Widow*, a wholesale conveyance from Middleton's *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's*, which has been ascribed to Betterton, while Genest suggests it may be by Mrs. Behn; in January, 1678, she played Maundy, a waiting-woman, in *Sir Patient Fancy*; and during the following May, Flora in Leanerd's *The Counterfeits*. Mrs. Gibbs, in addition to her rôle of Henrietta in *Don Carlos*, was seen in two other of Otway's works; in *The Cheats of Scapin* she was Clara; in *Friendship in Fashion*, Victoria. In Shadwell's *The History of Timon of Athens*, produced at Dorset Garden early (probably January) in 1678, she acted Chloe, and Mrs. Shadwell, Melissa.

Anne Gibbs, the daughter of Thomas Gibbs of Norwich, proctor and public notary, was one of the earliest of Davenant's actresses. As Mrs. Gibbs she acted Olivia and Julia in early revivals of *Twelfth Night* and *The Dutchess of Malfy*; Mrs. Lucia in Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, December, 1661; and in Sir Robert Stapylton's *The Slighted Maid*, seen by Pepys at the same house on Monday, 1 February, 1662–3; Decio, "*The Slighted Maid*; Ericina, who (*to revenge*

* " Cyrus *taking* Abradatas' *hand, offering to put it to his mouth, it comes from the Body*; Panthea *places it back again*." In *The Dutchesse of Malfy*, IV, Ferdinand, in the dark, gives the Duchess a dead man's hand to grasp, and then : " *Here is discover'd, behind a travers, the artificiall figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead*." *Bosola*. Look you : here's the place from which 'twas ta'ne. Cyrus was played by Betterton ; Panthea, Mrs. Barry.

† Ten volumes, 8vo, Paris, 1649–53. Other editions, Paris, 1654, 1656, 1658; Leyde, 1655, 1656. An English translation, London, 1653–4, five volumes, folio. " Englished by F. G., Esq.," in ten parts, 12mo, 1690–1.

‡ The suggestion were perhaps too temerarious that this part was assigned her owing to the influence of her brother-in-law, the author of the play. Lucia, if not her first rôle, must have been one of her earliest appearances on the boards.

her refusal by Iberio) *assumes the person of her dead brother,* Decio." As Mrs. Shadwell she played Lady Cockwood in Etherege's *She wou'd if she cou'd,* produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields on Thursday, 6 February, 1667–8; Emilia in her husband's *The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents,* produced at the same theatre on Saturday, 2 May, 1668. Her name, as Mrs. Shadwell, stands to the Princess Heraclia in D'Avenant's *The Rivals,* Licensed (for printing), 19 September, 1668; 4to, 1668. But *The Rivals* was actually produced several years before that date; it was seen by Pepys on Saturday, 10 September, 1664, and there is not any indication that even this was the first performance; indeed, although no explicit statement is made, we may rather conclude the contrary. There are several difficulties in connexion with the cast of *The Rivals,* and Mrs. Shadwell may or may not have acted Heraclia before the revival in the winter of 1667.*

Amongst other of Mrs. Shadwell's rôles were Clarina in the Hon. Edward Howard's baroque tragi-comedy *The Women's Conquest,* produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the winter of 1670; Irene, confidante to Cornelia, the widowed Queen of Cyprus, in Crowne's heroic melodrama *The History of Charles the Eighth of France,* Dorset Garden, December, 1671; Caelia in Nevil Payne's *The Fatal Jealousie,* Dorset Garden, 1672; Rose in the same author's *The Morning Ramble; or, The Town-Humours,* a comedy of easy dialogue but little plot, produced in November, 1672; Lucinda in Lawrence Maidwell's *The Loving Enemies,* autumn of 1679; the Queen in a revival of *Hamlet;* and Goneril in Tate's *The History of King Lear,* which was originally given at Dorset Garden in the early spring of 1681. Anne Shadwell survived her husband, and she signed the touching Dedication to Queen Mary II, which prefaces his last play, *The Volunteers; or, The Stock Jobbers,* published posthumously, quarto, 1693.† In *A Tryal of the Poets for the Bays*‡ Shadwell is roughly satirized:

> Next into the Crowd, *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,
> And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
> That 'tis he alone best pleases the Age,
> Himself, and his Wife, have supported the Stage.

A Satyr upon the Players (1683) very sharply scarifies the lady:

> But antiquated *Shadwel* swears in Rage
> She knows not what's ye Lewdness of ye Stage,
> And I believe her, now her days are past
> Who'd tempt a Wretch that on meer force is Chast?
> Yet in her Youth, none was a greater Whore
> Her Lumpish Husband, Og, can tell you more.

* The 1668 4to gives Celania to Mrs. Davis, and Downes expressly states that it was her acting and singing in this play which attracted the King's attention. On Saturday, 11 January, 1667–8, Mrs. Knepp told Pepys "how Mrs. Davis is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600." On 10 September, 1664, Pepys had seen Mrs. Gosnell in *The Rivals,* and apparently then it was she who acted Celania. The cast must have been altered for the revival, although it is possible that Anne Gibbs (Mrs. Shadwell) acted Heraclia at the original production. † Acted at Drury Lane that year.

‡ Printed as "By the Duke of Buckingham" in Buckingham's *Miscellaneous Works,* 1704, II, p. 41. Some copies of the poem read "Punch" not "Paunch."

Dom Carlos, the French novel from which Otway took his *Don Carlos*, is the remarkable work of a very remarkable man.

Balthasard Vichard, the son of a wealthy Savoyard magistrate, and himself, owing to paternal influence, a councillor whilst yet young, living at Chambéry, married in April, 1636, Sylvie Vulliet de la Saunière, a senator's daughter, by whom he had two sons, Louis and César. Louis, the elder, became official advocate to the Senate; César,* who adopted an ecclesiastical career, is known in the world of letters as the Abbé de Saint-Réal. Little enough is known of César Vichard's boyhood, save that he concluded his studies at the Jesuits' school at Lyons, and then entered the clerical state. At the age of nineteen he wrote an epithalamium to celebrate the marriage of Charles-Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy, with Françoise, a younger daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. The bridal pair stayed at Chambéry from 21 March, 1663, until the 14 April, and perhaps it was then that Vichard's verses were recited before them. In any case the poem attracted considerable attention. About this time Vichard's father died, whereupon he determined to seek his fortune in Paris, and from the outset fortune seems to have favoured him, inasmuch there are continually recorded grants and gifts from Louis XIV to the young scholar; in 1665, six hundred livres; in 1666, twelve hundred livres; in 1667, twelve hundred livres, "au sieur de Saint-Réal, bien versé dans l'histoire." These bounties continue until 1671,† when owing to the wars the pensions of literary men were drastically curtailed and, as in the case of Saint-Réal, even revoked. Saint-Réal also worked upon manuscripts in the Royal Library, where he was for a while under the direction of the famous palæographer and archivist Antoine Varillas. In 1665 his first essay, *Reconciliation du mérite et de la fortune*,‡ Paris, Claude Barbin, burned a strong fume of grateful incense before Louis XIV, Madame de Montespan, Colbert, and the Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Péréfixe de Beaumont. However, Saint-Réal's literary reputation is not based upon this panegyric, but upon his three great works *De l'Usage de l'Histoire* (1671), *Dom Carlos* (1672), and *La Conjuration des Espagnols contre Venise* (1674), of which the two latter have been so extensively used by Otway in his famous tragedies.

De l'usage de l'histoire is a work of singular interest, although it might be impertinent to consider it in any detail. Theories upon history and the literary presentation of history were many in France of the seventeenth century. Such writers as Jean-Baptiste de Rocoles, with his *Introduction générale à l'histoire*, 2 vols., 1664; Père le Moyne, S.J., and his treatise *De l'histoire*, 1670, abounded. But there was something very fresh and clean-cut in the ideas of Saint-Réal, who vigorously protests against the mere overloading the memories of students with dates, names, and battles, and who insists upon a wider view of the philosophy of history, so that the pupils shall be led to reflect for themselves and thus to weigh and correlate the importance of events "afin que la lecture qu'ils en font pût former des hommes, et non pas des perroquets." This view

* He was presumably born in the Hôtel Vichard, No. 5 of the street formerly known as the Rue Saint-Réal. The first editor of Saint-Réal's works, 1722, frankly avowed: "M. l'Abbé de Saint-Réal est si peu connu, qu'on ignore jusqu'à son Nom de Batême, et qu'on ne sait pas même si le nom de Saint-Réal est celui de sa famille, ou bien celui du Lieu de sa Naissance, ou bien enfin celui de quelque terre ou de quelque Abbaye qu'il ait possédée."

† *Lettres, Instructions, et Mémoires de Colbert.* Published by Pierre Clément, V, p. 469.

‡ 12mo, 60 pp.

is excellent, no doubt, and yet there must be a certain groundwork, a certain basis of hard fact, of eras and epochs, or all will be nebulous, confused, indeterminate. That preliminary achieved, Saint-Réal's view of history is eminently sound: "Savoir l'Histoire, c'est connoître les hommes, qui en fournissent la matière, c'est juger de ces hommes sainement; étudier l'histoire, c'est étudier les motifs, les opinions et les passions des hommes, pour en connoître tous les ressorts, les tours et les détours, enfin toutes les illusions qu'elles savent faire aux esprits, et les surprises qu'elles font aux cœurs." In a word, the psychology of history, to use his own striking phrase, "une anatomie spirituelle des actions humaines." Saint-Réal even declared that history can teach us the secrets of the heart of man: "Il n'y a que l'histoire seule qui puisse fournir la matière de cette étude; ce n'est que dans ce grand nombre d'actions differentes qu'elle répresente . . . , que l'on peut s'exercer à reconnoître toutes les espèces des blâmables, et de celles qui sont à fuir. C'est la qu'en considérant la qualité, l'âge et l'intérêt des personnes qui ont fait ces actions, ce qui les a précédées et ce qui les a suivies, la conjoncture du tems et du lieu, et enfin toutes les autres circonstances, même les plus légères, que les bons Historiens raportent si soigneusement dans les occasions singulières; c'est à la faveur de ces diverses lumières, de tant d'avantages qui sont particuliers à l'Histoire, qu'on peut, en réfléchissant sur toutes ces choses avec ordre, pénétrer le secret des cœurs, reconnoitre dans quel esprit on a agi en ces rencontres, et en former enfin un jugement clair et certain."

That, then, is the aim of history, pénétrer le secret des cœurs. There may be, however, those who will bid you look at contemporary life rather than dissect passions which are past and faded long ago. Balzac will write you the story of a family boarding-house which stands at the foot of the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, the Maison Vauquer, a stuffy, rancid atmosphere, reeking with the smell of indifferent food, stale meals. Flaubert will tell you the tale of the silly second-rate wife of a provincial doctor, a woman who has not sufficient intelligence to save herself from boredom. Zola will narrate in pitiless detail the days of a country curé, the leaden monotony of his daily round, his prayers, his meditations, his fervours, his aridities, his aspirations, his *accidie*. Hardy will reveal the inevitable tragedy of some Wessex farm, the ruin of two insignificant lives. And Balzac or Flaubert, Zola or Hardy, have written history as poignant and as true as any the most learned chronicler and judicial compiler could ever set down upon his impartial page.

Since we have, albeit imperfectly and superficially enough, thus glanced at Saint-Réal's idea of history it will be the easier to understand the point of view from which he wrote *Dom Carlos*.

In the first place it may not be wholly inadvisable to review quite dispassionately the actual historical Don Carlos and his career. In November, 1543, Philip, who was then aged sixteen, at the instance of his father, the Emperor Charles, albeit the choice was his own, was wedded to Maria, daughter of John III of Portugal, and of Charles' sister, Catharine, itself a consanguineous match. The marriage life of Philip lasted seventeen months, when the Princess died, presumably owing to an imprudence shortly after the birth of a son, Carlos. On 30 January, 1560, Philip met at Guadalajara his third bride, Elisabeth of Valois, a timid shrinking child. Although for a while she feared her grave husband, he proved to be a most affectionate and devoted spouse, as she was a sweet and dutiful wife. At this time Philip was planning a union

between Mary, Queen o' Scots, and his son, but it soon became evident that the thing was impracticable. The condition of the Prince had been throughout a terrible grief to his father. Carlos was a lame, stunted, hydrocephalous epileptic, whose violent passions raged beyond all control. He allowed himself to be influenced alternately by his stepmother, Queen Elisabeth, who tried to bend him to his father's will, and by his aunt Juana. Philip had once hinted to the Imperial ambassador that the lad was not in his right mind, and his frenzied behaviour, which could no longer be hid, made lunacy only too palpable. He would attack inoffensive citizens in the streets of the capital; he attempted to murder with his own hand Cardinal Espinosa and the Duke of Alva; whilst his threats against his young uncle Don John of Austria at length made some confinement necessary. In 1563 the Venetian ambassador quite bluntly reported that the Prince was an imbecile. In 1567 the King as a last effort appointed him to the presidency of the Cortes. Here he openly flouted and mocked his father, for whom he conceived an insensate enmity. With the obstinacy of a lunatic he had made up his mind to visit Flanders, and when he was thwarted in this he determined to escape and take his own way. This he told to Don John of Austria, by whom it was reported to the King. It was Christmas Eve and Philip kept the Feast with all solemnity. He then summoned a private Council of his most trusted advisers together with certain Bishops and Doctors and laid the matter before them. When the strong man spoke of his mad son, he burst into a fit of weeping. None the less he felt it a duty to see that so dangerous and malicious a bedlamite must be put under some restraint. Accordingly that night the Prince was visited in his apartments, and the whole suite was carefully barred and bolted, all dangerous weapons having been removed, together with a large number of documents. These were but necessary and sensible precautions. The news flew like wild fire that Carlos had aimed at his father's life. This both Philip and his ministers indignantly repudiated. The Protestants of England and Flanders promptly circulated a rumour that Carlos was being punished for anti-Papal leanings. There is not a scrap of evidence that such was the case, but the story was eagerly swallowed by those who wished to believe it. It is known, indeed, that he would sometimes repudiate the Sacraments with hideous blasphemies and revilings, obviously the ravings of a madman, and then again he would scrupulously fulfil every precept of the Church. At intervals he became calmer, and it would seem that he was examined by a tribunal consisting of Cardinal Espinosa, Ruy Gomez, and Muñatones, but no records remain. When we consider his excesses and his wildness, the death of Carlos on 25 July, 1568, is hardly to be surprised at, more especially since for days he had refused all food. The enemies of Philip at once accused him of the murder of his son, but even the bitterly prejudiced Llorente judged that Carlos had met a natural end. That it was a terrible blow to the pride and dignity of Philip has never been questioned, but a few months later he reeled under a deeper sorrow. In August it had been announced that the Queen was pregnant, but on 3 October, 1568, she perished owing, it is said, to the unskilfulness of the physicians. The French ambassador speaks of the last farewell of Philip and his wife, "Enough to break the heart of so good a husband as the King was to her." When all was over the widower retired in deepest affliction to the monastery of San Geronimo in Madrid.

Such is the plain account of the misfortunes of Don Carlos, and it is not, of course, by any means so interesting and so romantic as the story with which Saint-Réal for

centuries imposed upon all Europe. It is not altogether easy to understand his attitude. It is not that of the historical novelist who cheerfully sacrifices fact to fiction so long as he can carry us with him on the swift stream of his narrative; Saint-Réal has chosen to cite many authorities, but he has left himself free to use them just as he chose, to expand a hint into a certainty, a mere suggestion into a long and perfervid scene. He cites, indeed, a formidable list of authors, but these he fashions just as best suits his purpose, and his sweet sentiment so appealed to his readers that they felt his narrative really must be true.

It might, indeed, be argued by not a few examples that a writer may keep exactly to hard facts and yet produce a far finer piece of work, both in interest and in art, than a novelist who maltreats and perverts history at will, who allows himself the utmost license to label his lurid figures with great historical names, and to paint actual happenings in the most amazing colour that fancy knows. Thus if we compare such a book as *The Tower of London* with Monsignor Benson's poignant psychological study *The Queen's Tragedy*, we at once see how infinitely subtle and more true is the exquisite fashioning of the latter with its keen unerring anatomy of the sad and lovely soul of Mary Tudor, and how coarse and tawdry is the former with its Wardour-Street vocabulary, midnight escapades, Mauger the headsman, conspiracies, scaffolds, and halberds, topped by the grotesque caricature of " Bloody Mary," a kind of murderous jerry-made ogress, who is never galvanized into any semblance of life, but whose joints creak rustily enough and jerk with jibbing jumps as the manipulator tugs manfully at the strings. The Mary of Hugh Benson is a living woman, whose heart is torn with emotions, who fears, loves, is anxious, doubts, believes; the Mary of Harrison Ainsworth is a sawdust marionette upon whom are hung surcoat of white tissue, stomacher of purple, gold sleeves lined with chequered tissue, diamond stars, and all the old property words and theatre paste.*

Saint-Réal has adopted a nicer course. He is not so crass, so vulgar, as to make his characters the masked mummers of a Christmas pantomime, or the scowling villains and peerless heroines of a Surrey-side drama. But taking some passage from history he has inter-reticulated therewith what might very well have happened,—but actually did not happen,—and this he has wrought with such consummate skill, plying so deft a shuttle to weave his tapestry, where no figure is disproportionate, no colour too obtrusive, that the result impressed itself upon the world's imagination, and his romance has for many a long year been accepted as prosaic fact unadorned.

Otway has, legitimately enough, drawn so closely from Saint-Réal that it were superfluous to examine the novel in detail. It is one continuous narrative, without any subdivision of parts or demarcation of chapters. Saint-Réal commences by relating the love which existed between Don Carlos and Elisabeth of France, a pure fiction. Don Carlos has become enamoured of a miniature of the Princess, a well-worn incident in romance, and she on her side is attracted by curiosity and a certain gallant renown that haloes the Spanish Prince. From sheer fantasy we pass to history. Saint-Réal

* There will always be a public, it seems, for coarsely fibred melodrama, spiced with a quasi-historical condiment. Such books as the *Crimes Célèbres* of Alexandre Dumas—of its kind, be it confessed, very well done—or *Historical Nights*, such plays as *The Tyrant*—very badly done—have a strange lure for the uneducated, and hence attract a large following.

speaks of the war which had broken out between Spain and France,* and the negotiations that were concluded in February, 1559, by the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis. Saint-Réal describes in some detail the reception of Elisabeth in Spain by Don Carlos, whose emotions on this occasion he analyses at some length. Apparently King Philip waited at Madrid to welcome his wife. As a matter of fact, it was Philip who journeyed to greet his new Queen at Guadalajara, where the marriage was solemnized on 2 February, 1560. So romance and history are chequered. Moreover, we now have some indications of the jealousy of Philip. History knows nothing of this, but the novelist is more subtle than, and has sources of information inaccessible to, the mere historian. Don John, the Duchess (or rather Princess) of Eboli, Rui-Gomez, with all the rest, intrigue and love and hate just as Otway has brought them on to the stage. Don Carlos and Elisabeth, who dare neither to speak nor write to one another, make use of the Marquis of Posa, the Prince's confidant, to carry billets and messages. The King suspects that Posa is the lover of his wife, and presently by the agency of Rui-Gomez the unfortunate young man is poignarded one night in a dark alley. This is all invention. Even Louis Mayerne de Turquet places Posa's death at a date subsequent to that of Carlos. In order to satisfy his Protestant hatred of Philip II, Mayerne is quick to write any lie, and in so many words he tells us that the King murdered his son, and poisoned his wife, whom he suspected of adultery with the Marquis of Posa.

Saint-Réal does not hesitate to recount the foolish story of the encouragement given by Carlos to the rebellious subjects of his father who were raising the standard of insurrection in the Low Countries. The night before he intends to fly from the palace and escape to the Flemish in person the bolt of his door is unscrewed, and as Don Carlos lies asleep, the King, preceded by Rui-Gomez, the Count di Lerma, with other great nobles, enters the chamber, orders his son's arrest and the seizure of all documents, papers, and effects. When these are examined the guilt of the Prince and his complicity in the Protestant plots against Spain are discovered, but what angers Philip beyond all else is a tender missive signed Elisabeth. A secret tribunal of the Inquisition condemns the unhappy young man to perpetual imprisonment. The King, however, is yet afraid, and decides that his son must die. The victim is given the choice of his death. A bath is prepared, and whilst he is immersed therein a surgeon deftly opens his veins. The Queen, who is suffering, is pressed by the Duchess of Alva to try a certain medicine of much repute at the time. The King seconds the instances of the Duchess, and Elisabeth, not without grave suspicions, drinks the confected draught. Immediately Philip, who has left her for a while, re-enters the room clad in deepest mourning. The Queen expires that evening after some hours of fearful agony. Agrippa d'Aubigné is impudent enough seriously to write that Queen Elisabeth was poisoned by order of the Holy Office. Mayerne, who is closely copied by Mézeray, furnishes the most lurid details of the crime. But Saint-Réal, like a true novelist, does not stop here. Justice must be satisfied. So Rui-Gomez, "aussi jaloux des confidences que le roy faisoit à sa femme que des faveurs qu'elle faisoit au roy," endeavours to bring his wife sharply to heel. The lady merely laughs at him. Don John loses favour with the King, who presently sends him "des bottines parfumées qui lui coûtèrent la vie." Philip himself eventually discovers the treachery of the

* During the course of this war, in the winter of 1558, Calais was captured by a *coup-de-main* by a French force under the Duke of Guise.

Duchess of Eboli, and in an access of fury dooms her to confinement in a remote castle far from the Court. The narrative ends with a horribly detailed account* of the loathsome malady to which the unhappy monarch himself succumbed.

There can be no doubt that for many years Saint-Réal's wholly imaginary figure was accepted as the true Don Carlos, an amorous, passionate, romantic, young Prince, handsome in face and gallant of spirit, instead of the malignant, epileptic, gibbous, lame cretin, whose misdemeanours and unfilial conduct were not the least sorrows of a sadly troubled reign. Nor will the man in the street care to hear the truth. He must have his heroes of history: Henry V as Shakespeare shows him; the jolly seaman Drake, in truth as arrant a pirate as ever ploughed the Spanish main; and a dozen plain bullies and ruffians beside: he must have his bogies, and these are (if possible) grosser caricatures than his heroes: Crook'd-back Dick, the villain of Shakespeare's or Cibber's play; Judge Jefferies; Alexander VI; and many more.

Saint-Réal when he wrote *Dom Carlos* may have shown scant knowledge of history, but he showed a deep insight into human nature. He won his readers by the charm of his style, his power of vivid narration,† and his divigations from fact are far more justifiable than those of the cooked-up partizan romance Macaulay impudently dubbed a *History of England*, which for accuracy is comparable with the pages of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, in whose *Clélie ou Histoire Romaine* the chaste Lucretia has become a coquette who carries on a sentimental intrigue with the modish Brutus,‡ and is courted with such pretty verses as ravished Cathos and Madelon.§

That so pathetic and sweet a story as *Dom Carlos* would at once attract the dramatists was inevitable, and I think that Otway may fairly claim to have been the first in the field, although it is true that situations which more or less resemble the relations of Philip, Carlos, and Elisabeth occur in Racine's *Mithridate*. In the same way as Carlos was supposed to love Elisabeth even before his father had met her, so Xiphares is enamoured of Monime whilst as yet Mithridate is a stranger to the lady. Monime,

* This is considerably abridged in the edition of 1691, *Histoire de Dom Carlos, fils de Philippe II, roy d'Espagne*, Amsterdam, Pierre le Brun, 1691, and in the eighteenth century reprints, 1710, 1715, 1721, 1741, 1761, 1766, and 1781. As a matter of historical fact, through all the repulsive circumstances that accompanied his last illness, the patience and serenity of Philip never failed. He met his end as a good Christian with fervid faith and supreme resignation. He died 13 September, 1598.

† Saint-Évremond called *Dom Carlos* "la nouvelle la plus agréable que nous ayions." *Défense de quelques pièces de théâtre de M. Corneille. Œuvres.* London, 1725, IV, p. 46.

‡ Boileau, *Art Poetique*, ridicules this :

> Gardez donc le donner, ainsi que dans Clélie,
> L'air et l'esprit François à l'antique Italic ;
> Et sous des noms Romains faisant notre portrait,
> Peindre Caton galant et Brutus damaset.

§ The following is a specimen :

> Quand verrai Je ce que J'adore
> Eclairer ces aimables lieux ;
> O doux moments—moments precieux,
> Ne reviendrez vous point encore—
> Hélas ! de l'une à l'autre Aurore,
> A peine ai Je fermé les yeux . . .

and so on to infinity.

however, is merely promised to Mithridate; Elisabeth is married to Philip. Xiphares has a dangerous rival, his brother Pharnace, whose denunciation imperils the lovers. To me it seems as if these coincidences are very slight, yet, although *Mithridate* was not actually produced until January, 1673, whilst *Dom Carlos* was printed in the autumn or winter of 1672, the *Mercure galant*, " 30 de juillet jusques au 6 d'aoust," 1672, after announcing the appearance in the ensuing winter of Pierre Corneille's *Pulchérie* and Thomas Corneille's *Théodat*, continues: " Ensuite de cette Pièce on verra, sur le mesme théâtre le *Mithridate* de M. Racine. Cet ouvrage réussira sans doute, puisque les pièces de cet Autheur ont toujours eu beaucoup d'amis." From a letter of the Marquis de Saint-Maurice, 21 October, 1672, it would seem that *Dom Carlos* was already being widely discussed. We know that Saint-Réal had read his work aloud in literary circles several months before it went to press, and it is quite probable that Racine, who appears to have known Saint-Réal personally, was present at such an audition. None the less, although it is not a chronological impossibility that Racine had heard *Dom Carlos* and thence derived a hint for *Mithridate*, I see no reason to suppose such was the case.

On the other hand, Jean Galbert de Campistron openly acknowledged that in his famous *Andronic** " les caractères de Colojean, d'Andronic, et d'Irène sont les mêmes que M. de Saint-Réal a donné à ceux dont il a parlé." He further states: " Comme par des raisons invincibles je ne pouvois pas mettre sur la scène les personnages de M. de Saint-Réal sous leurs véritables noms, je fus obligé de chercher ailleurs quelque événement qui ressemblât à celui qu'il avoit traité."† It must be confessed that he has not been particularly happy in his choice. He has taken extraordinary liberties with Byzantine history. The Emperor John V Palælogus had two sons, Andronicus, who revolted against him, and Manuel. Of these two the poet has made one character. Indeed, he makes no pretence at historical exactitude, and hardly seems to appreciate that there would be any differences between Byzantium in the fourteenth century and the Spain of Philip II. We can follow Saint-Réal very closely throughout the tragedy, which seems to me a frigid and frozen affair. Irene is exactly Elisabeth; Andronicus, Carlos; and the Emperor Colojean, King Philip, but without passion and without fire. When Andronicus is arrested by the Emperor in person, Irene does not appear upon the scene until the prisoner has been led out, and in consequence the dialogue between her and Colojean is insipid to a degree. The monarch retires uttering a final couplet, which is, no doubt, intended to be a fearful menace of vague horror, but which, in truth, is merest commonplace:

> Je connois votre cœur, je sçay tout ce qu'il pense.
> Allons, ne doutez point de ma reconnaissance. (III, 8.)

The fourth act is feeble; the fifth, perhaps, the weakest of all. When both Andronicus and Irene are dead the Emperor thus gives vent to his despair:

> Qu'entens-je ? Quel effroy, quelle pitié soudaine
> S'empare de mon cœur, m'épouvante et me gesne ?
> Estoient-ils innocens ou coupables tous deux,
> Je ne sçais: mais hélas! que je suis malhereux!

* An Italian tragedy, *Eudosia*, by Count Francesco Crispi of Ferrara (*circa* 1784), is founded on *Andronic*.

† *Tragédies de Monsieur Campistron*, 1715, p. vii.

A banal drama,* and yet it was extraordinarily successful. Produced on 8 February, 1685, it was acted twenty-one times, the last occasion being Thursday, 12 April. The theatre closed on Saturday, 14 April, with *Polyeucte*, to reopen Monday, 30 April. On Friday, 4 May, *Andronic* was again seen, and performed four more times.† Under the First Empire *Andronic* yet held its place in classical repertory.‡

In the spring of 1761 the Marquis de Ximénès, a writer of more than ordinary mediocrity, produced at Lyons a tragedy, *Dom Carlos*. On 27 April, the Archbishop of Lyons,§ writing to his friend D'Argental, caustically remarks: "M. de Ximénès achève de se ruiner à faire jouer son *Dom Carlos* à Lyon, et moi à bâtir une église. Comme le monde est fait!" The author tells us that his tragedy was acted at Paris in 1759, at Lyons in 1761, and at The Hague in 1763. *L'Année littéraire*‖ explains this: "La tragédie de *Dom Carlos*¶ a été jouée d'abord à Paris sur un théâtre particulier, et sur le théâtre public de Lyon le mardi 5 mai de cette année (1761)." Although he is little more than a close copyist of Campistron Ximénès at least had the sense to banish nebulous and unknown Byzantines from the boards and to label his persons Carlos, Philippe II, Elisabeth, la princesse d'Eboli, and the rest, although it seems rather wild to attribute to his hero the victory of Saint-Quentin (II, 5). Ximénès was a liberal and an anti-clerical, so from time to time we have some fine nonsense and turgid denunciation of the Holy Office. But Ximénès is a dull fellow at best.

With Alfieri's *Filippo* genius once more re-enters the scene. Originally drafted in prose, during the early spring of 1776 *Filippo* was put into verse. Another poetical transcript was made in September of the same year, and in 1780 the play was for the third time completely revised and indeed rewritten. In March, 1783, *Filippo* was published at Siena, but Alfieri still altered and remodelled his theme, no definitive edition being printed until the issue of 1783, Paris, chez Didot. Saint-Réal was acknowledged to be the ultimate source of this play, although it has been suggested that the poet knew Campistron and even Otway, which latter at any rate seems highly improbable.** As an example of Alfieri's terrible and rapid effects which leave the spectator breathless and fearful, as they sweep on with irresistible force to the climax of some dire tragedy, the conclusion of Act I of *Filippo* is famous. The dialogue is between Filippo and Gomez:

> *F.* Udisti?—*G.* Udii.—*F.* Vedesti?—*G.* Io vedi.—*F.* Oh rabbia!
> Dunque il sospetto? . . .—*G.* É omai certezza. . . .—*F.* È inulto
> Filippo è ancor?—*G.* Pensa. . . .—*F.* Pensai. Mi segui.

* Ch. Dejob, *Études sur la tragédie* (pp. 53–106), finds some striking "hardiesses" in *Andronic*, but I vow that they escape me.

† Parfait, *Histoire du théâtre français*, XII, p. 454.

‡ Dejob, *op. cit.* A. Kontz, *Les Drames de la jeunesse de Schiller*, p. 454, n., attempts to trace the influence of Otway upon Campistron. But he mistakes. The slight resemblances in certain scenes are due to their common original.

§ Antoine de Montazet (1755–88), a prelate of Jansenistic tendencies.

‖ VI, p. 348.

¶ *Dom Carlos, tragédie en cinq actes et en vers précédée et suivie de Poésies diverses.* La Haye, 1761.

** Alfieri knew no English. See his answer to a letter of Casalbigi. Alfieri, *Tragedie*, Florence, Le Monnier, 1866, II, p. 487.

The fifth act of *Filippo* shows us Carlos in prison. The Queen enters and tells him that he may escape, but as they are yet talking Philip suddenly appears. He offers his son a choice between a dagger and poison, and the Prince seizing the former stabs himself to the heart. Nor does Elisabeth (Isabella) hesitate to follow him.

Although ranking far below Alfieri's *Filippo*, the *Don Carlos** of Le Fèvre is greatly superior in movement and interest to Campistron's *Andronic*. Accepted by the Comédie-Française in 1781, and at once put into full rehearsal, *Don Carlos* was not then given in the public theatre on account of the determined opposition of the Spanish ambassador at Paris. Le Fèvre, however, held the post of Principal Reader to the Duke of Orleans,† who forthwith caused the suppressed tragedy to be performed in his private theatre, where had assembled all the members of the French Academy and a complete audience of the social and literary stars of the day. It was not until December, 1820, that *Don Carlos* was publicly given, when owing to the care of M. Andrieux, by whom it was produced at the Odéon, it achieved something like a triumph. Much of the verse is very pleasing, and of true dramatic quality. Although once or twice we may feel that the situations are a little artificial, they are managed with great skill, and the note of pathos, if here and there somewhat strained, is more often finely felt. King Philip is no mere monster nor an ogre of cruelty. He loves his wife, but every emotion is swallowed up by an insensate pride which spurs him on to the most ridiculous and fatal extravagances, at the same time stifling his tender love for his wife. He himself avows (I, 2):

> Ce cœur qui se condamne à soutenir près d'elle
> L'austère dignité d'un maître et d'un époux
> Est celui d'un amant et d'un amant jaloux.

All these dramatists, Campistron, Ximénès, Alfieri, Le Fèvre, were telling a romantic story in a classical setting; they forced their incidents to fit into a Procrustes' bed of four-and-twenty hours. We now have a drama, *Portrait de Philippe II, roi d'Espagne*, by Sébastien Mercier, which, so far from obeying the critical rules and traditional norms, is not even divided into acts, but presents an interminable sequence of fifty-two scenes, or rather episodes, since there is little connexion save the pseudo-historical panorama. The first scenes, for example, are an exposition of the love of Carlos and Elisabeth, whilst Scene 6 to Scene 19 occupy themselves with the preparations for and presentation of a solemn *auto-da-fé*, at which the whole Spanish Court is present. If preceding writers had altered incidents and even characters for the stage all their fancies and fantasies are as nothing in comparison with the phrenetical flights of Mercier's disordered imagination. We are here in the crazed company of *Maria Monk* and all those ludicrous yet lucrative legends which once tormented and alarmed ignorant fanatics and gutter pamphleteers. As to King Philip, " Depuis Tibère jamais tyran plus sombre et plus cruel ne s'est assis sur un trône; c'est sur un lac de sang (et l'image ici n'est pas outrée) qu'il a fait voguer le vaisseau de l'Église romaine."

* *Don Carlos, tragédie de* M. Le Fèvre, *lecteur et secrétaire ordinaire de S.A.S. Monseigneur le Duc d'Orléans, premier prince du sang, représentée en* 1783 *par les Acteurs de la Comédie Françoise sur le théâtre de Son Altesse Sérénissime*. Brusselles, 1784. Re-edited by Petitol, 1817, *Répertoire du théâtre françois*, VI. A new issue, 1821, when revived at the Odéon.

† Grandfather of Louis-Philippe; he died 1785.

After which exordium we are hardly surprised when Felice Peretti of Montalto, the future Sixtus V, appears on the scene—whence or how I cannot profess to divine; in fact, in reading *Portrait de Philippe II, roi d'Espagne*, I am continually reminded of Max Beerbohm's delicious "*Savonarola*" *Brown*, and I am very much inclined to believe that the tragedy hitherto ascribed to Mercier must be an early work of Ladbrooke Brown. Great play is, of course, made with the Inquisition, and the following, which opens Scene 41, can closely be paralleled by G. W. M. Reynolds at his luridest and lewdest, Reynolds of *The Bronze Statue, Pope Joan, The Necromancer:* "(Les Inquisiteurs) conduisent Don Carlos vetu d'un san-benito de toile noire, rayée de blanc. Spinola prend sa place sur un siège éléve. Les greffiers se placent à côté et se mettent en devoir d'ecrire. Les autres juges se placent successivement. L'on veut faire asseoir Don Carlos sur une petite sellette; mais il se tient debout avec opiniâtré. Tout est tendu de noir." When Carlos is questioned on his opinions, he obliges the tribunal with a medley of rationalistic deism. He has evidently studied Bayle, Voltaire, and the Encyclopædists.

It is with infinite relief that we turn from this inept gallimaufry to Schiller's famous drama.* On 9 December, 1782, Schiller wrote from Bauerbach to Reinwald, the librarian at Meiningen, asking for several books, of which one was "the Works of the Abbé Saint-Réal, particularly the volume containing *Dom Carlos*."† He received a separate issue, the Amsterdam edition of 1691. On 27 March, 1783, Schiller in a letter tells Reinwald that he is engaged upon the preliminary historical researches before commencing his drama *Don Carlos*. The writing was a long and laborious task. Various plans were drafted, and separate scenes were composed, some of which seem to belong to differing conceptions of his theme. Throughout all these Schiller keeps close to the original romance of Saint-Réal. How far Schiller was acquainted with the works of his predecessors is a moot point. A great reader, well versed in the poets of many countries, it is more than improbable that he did not glean some few hints here and there at least from the dramas of which Don Carlos was the hero. It were impertinent to track resemblances in Campistron, Alfieri, Le Fèvre. What concerns us is the more marked indebtedness of Schiller to Otway. In Act IV of the English tragedy Don Carlos is shown Posa's murdered body by his father, whom he soon knows to be the assassin of his friend. Schiller has exactly the same situation, and in both plays the Prince draws his sword by which Philip momentarily believes he is threatened. In a draft which was submitted to Bauerbach, Schiller intended to conclude his drama on precisely the same lines as Otway. There is, further, an even more particular instance of exact imitation. In Act III of *Don Carlos* the Prince cries to the King: "I came, and saw, and lov'd." So Schiller makes Posa, when avowing his friend's love to Elisabeth, declare to her: "Er kommt! Er sieht! Er liebt!"

"Qui n'a pas fait ou qui n'a pas essayé de faire un *Don Carlos?*" asked the dramatic critic of the *Débats* in 1820, when he reviewed Le Fèvre's drama. There exist, indeed, a large number of tragedies, now forgotten, which have this pathetic story as their theme. In 1820 Charles Malinas of Nantes published *Don Carlos infant d'Espagne*, which was announced as about to be produced at the Théâtre du Marais in Floréal,

* *Don Carlos Infant von Spanien, Ein dramatisches Gedicht* (1787). *Schillers Werke*, edited Boxberger, IV.

† *Schillers Briefe heraus gegeben und mit Anmerkungen versehn von* Fritz Jonas, I, p. 85.

VIII (April, 1822). The piece is worthless. A more modest effort was the tragedy founded upon Alfieri by François-Isidore Licquet, Keeper of the Public Library of Rouen, *Philippe II*, which was given at the Rouen Théâtre des Arts on 1 February, 1813.* There is also a *Don Carlos* by Jean-Baptiste Daumier, which was performed by amateurs at the theatre in the rue Chantereine, December, 1820.† An even more obscure *Don Carlos* is that composed by Doigni du Ponceau about the same date.

The *Don Carlos* of François-Juste-Marie Raynouard, poet and philologist (1761–1836), never appeared upon any stage. *Don Carlos; or, Persecution*, A Tragedy, in Five Acts, by Lord John Russell, was obviously not written for presentation, and certainly it does not deserve a hearing. It is an incredibly foolish and fanatical piece, with Valdéz, "Great Inquisitor," as the Surrey-side villain, a scene in a dungeon for Carlos and Elisabeth, a ridiculous tribunal of mopokes, and dull frothy nonsense galore.

La Gelosia snaturata ossia Don Carlos of Alessandro Pepoli, presented in 1784, and *Don Carlos*, a Belgian tragedy, by J.-J. Coomans, printed at Ghent in 1837, call for no comment.

There are several operas upon the love-myth of Don Carlos and Elisabeth. At the Opéra-Comique in Paris on 11 January, 1800, was produced *Don Carlos*, the libretto by Léger, and the music by Deshayes. At Linz in 1843 was given *Don Carlos*, an opera, the music by Eugène Nordal. Michael Costa's *Don Carlos*, produced at the Haymarket, 29 June, 1844, the libretto by Leopoldo Tarantini, did not achieve the success which was confidently prophesied. Lablache was Philip; Mario, Carlos; Fornazari, Posa; Giubilei, Gomez; Madame Grisi, the Queen; and Madame Bellini, the Duchess of Mondecar. Pietro Bona's *Don Carlo* was seen at the Scala in Milan, 1847. In 1853 the *Don Carlo* of Serafino de Ferrari was crowned with great applause at the Carbo-Felice Theatre, Genoa. Unfortunately the composer made considerable alterations, and upon its revival a few years later at the same theatre as *Filippo II* it was but coldly received. On 25 May, 1862, *Don Carlos*, an opera by Vincenzo Moscuzza, was produced at the San Carlo, Naples. The Chevalier de Ferrari's *Don Carlo*, with a libretto adapted from Alfieri by Beninzone, appeared at the Teatro Scribe, Turin, in June, 1863.

The most famous opera is, no doubt, that of Verdi, in five acts, the book being by de Mèry and Camille de Locle, which was first given at the Opéra, Paris, on 11 March, 1867. It has been said that Verdi's *Don Carlos*, although undoubtedly the work of a master, is found to be monotonous and with less melody than sweetens other operas by this great musician. The most famous passages are the cavatina for Posa, the air of the Princess d'Eboli, the scene of the third act where Carlos pleads the cause of the Flemish envoys, and Philip's

Je dormirai sous ces voûtes de pierre.

The cast was as follows: Philip II, Obin; Don Carlos, Morère; Posa, Faure; the Chief Inquisitor, Belval; a Monk, David; Elisabeth de Valois, Madame Sass; the Princess d'Eboli, Madame Gueymard; a Page, Mademoiselle Levielli. *Don Carlos* was written by request of the directors of the Opéra in the year of the Exhibition. It was given forty-three times, and has, I believe, not since been heard.

* Published at Rouen the same year.

† See *La Quotidienne*, 22 December, 1820.

Filippo, in three acts, from Alfieri, the music by Baron Crescimanno d'Albafiorita, was produced at the Pergola, Florence, 21 April, 1873.

There is even a burlesque, *Don Carlos; or, The Infante in Arms*, by Conway Edwardes, first performed at South Shields in August, 1860, and produced at the Vaudeville, London, 16 April, 1870, with Miss J. Beauclerc in the title-rôle, and Nelly Power, Kate Irwin, George Honey, and Thomas Thorne to support her.

When we turn to Marie-Joseph Chénier's *Philippe II* we are once more upon more serious and poetical ground. The play was published for the first time in the posthumous edition of Chénier's works, 1818, where it is stated that it was accepted fifteen years before at the Théâtre-Français, but for reasons "which there is no need to explain" it was never performed. The fact is that Chénier was a red-hot republican, and he used the theatre as a lay-pulpit. He has even drawn upon Mercier, and there is a good deal of ramping nonsense such as:

Partout l'esprit humain sort de la nuit profonde,
Et des tyrans sacrés rompt lentement les fers. . . .

Don Carlos threatens his father with his naked rapier:

Si tu fais un seul pas
La Belgique est vengée.

One cannot but feel that the Holy Office very justly decided that in the case of such a boutefeu:

Le poison, le secret: telle est notre sentence.

Romanticism *in excelsis* strikes the opening note of *Elisabeth de France*, a tragedy by Alexandre Soumet, produced at the Théâtre-Français, 28 April, 1828.* The curtain rises upon a mountain defile, a wooded glen, beetling crags, a torrent stream, and the cave of a holy hermit, yclept Alvarès, overshadowed by a tall black cross. Conspirators creep on stealthily, and hail Don Carlos as their leader, the noble defender of oppressed Belgium. Presently Carlos, left alone, indulges his melancholy and cooes charmingly,

Élisabeth!! contrainte amère,
Élisabeth!! elle est ma mère. . . .

The pious anchorite issues from his retreat; presently two veiled damozels mysteriously appear—to soft music, as I conceive—the fairest of whom is, of course, Elisabeth. And so the saccharine syrup slimes along until one cries out with honest Harry Bailey:

No more of this, for Goddes dignitie . . .
Myn eres aken of thy drasty speeche;
Now swiche a rym the devel I biteche

From this time, throughout the nineteenth century, Saint-Réal's work seems to have fallen into oblivion, although the fiction of the love between Don Carlos and Elisabeth, which he had so dextrously sown, persisted and was believed. It has no place, however, in Emile Verhaeren's magnificent drama *Philippe II*.† The action is very simple,

* The first edition, Paris, 8vo, 1828, says "le 2 mai," but the *Débats* of 1 May gives an account of the production. The piece is included in the collected works of Soumet under the title *Le secret de la confession*. This nomenclature has in 1827 been very properly disallowed.

† *Tragédie en 3 actes*, Paris, *Mercure de France*, 1901.

replete with a mournful loveliness. From the very moment when, as the lovers are standing on the terrace of the Escorial, a shadow falls across them, the silent King passing by—but even more still and sombre yet a monk follows the King—until the same grim figure enters the remote chamber with measured tread and falls upon his knees before the bed where lies the body of his son, the whole seems inevitable in its sadness as inevitable in its beauty.

It is certain that the only treatment in English of this theme, romantic and fictional as it may be, which has none the less entranced poet, and dramatist, of noble name and of no name at all, is the heroic tragedy of Thomas Otway. And to this I should unhesitatingly assign a very high place. I am, I confess, scarcely prepared to subscribe to the opinion of Sir Edmund Gosse that *Don Carlos* is the best of our English rhyming tragedies, for surely Dryden is the supreme master, but if we except Dryden's work there is certainly nothing in this kind superior to Otway's *Don Carlos*, and it is no small measure of praise that so distinguished a critic should accompt it the finest of all.

The success of *Don Carlos* seems considerably to have annoyed Dryden, who did not hesitate to speak his mind pretty plainly as to its merits. This reached Otway's ears, and he has tardy enough rejoined in The Preface to the printed play with a sharp bob for *The Assignation*, which had not only been a decided failure some three years before, but had supplied fresh matter for a new revision of *The Rehearsal*. No doubt the laureate felt the smart, and according to Gildon "for most part of his life time he commonly express'd a very mean, if not contemptible opinion of Otway." Theophilus Cibber relates a tradition that "Dryden was often heard to say that Otway was a barren illiterate man." There is a stupid story of no authority, hardly worth the retailing, that once Dryden and Otway lived in the same street, their houses facing each other. One night Otway chalked the following line on his rival's door:

Here Dryden lives—a poet and a wit.

The next night Dryden replied by writing on Otway's door:

Here Otway lives—exactly opposite.

The estrangement between Otway and Dryden, however, was of no very long continuance. Neither was of a nature to bear malice, and no doubt the breach between the cruelly whimsical Rochester and Otway would have helped the latter to a reconciliation with his brother dramatist. Moreover, their politics were the same; they fought gallantly in the same good cause. So when the Duke of York visited the theatre on Friday, 21 April, 1682, to witness a special performance of *Venice Preserv'd*, Dryden contributed a loyal Prologue which was spoken by Smith. Moreover, in his famous "A Parallel of Poetry and Painting," prefixed to the translation of Du Fresnoy's *De Arte graphica: The Art of Painting*, 1695, there is a magnificent compliment: "... the motions which are studied are never so natural, as those which break out in the height of a real Passion. Mr. *Otway* possess'd this part as thoroughly as any of the ancient or moderns. I will not defend every thing in his *Venice Preserv'd*, but I must bear this testimony to his memory, that the passions are truly touch'd in it, though perhaps there is somewhat to be desir'd both in the grounds of them, and in the height and elegance of expression, but Nature is there, which is the greatest beauty."

INTRODUCTION

It was natural that the exceptional success of *Don Carlos* and the continued favour with which it was followed and received should be fuel to Otway's love for the theatre. His attention, he tell us, had been attracted by Racine's *Bérénice*, which he forthwith determined to turn into heroic rhyme, compressing the original, and supplementing his version with a farce. That he knew two fellow-dramatists were at work, Crowne upon a *Destruction of Jerusalem* wherein Titus and Berenice were leading figures, whilst Ravenscroft was busily confecting an amalgam of *Les Fourberies de Scapin* with *Le Mariage Forcé*, hardly admits of any doubt. Otway, however, was first in the field, although only by a few weeks.

Titus and Berenice, with Betterton as Titus, Smith Antiochus, and Mrs. Mary Lee Berenice, was produced at the Duke's Theatre in December, 1676. *The Cheats of Scapin* followed at the same performance. Sandford, excellent as crusty old curmudgeons, Nokes, the king of farceurs, and the inimitable Anthony Leigh, kept the theatre in a roar as Thrifty, Gripe, and Scapin. Downes, who has just mentioned *Venice Preserv'd*, records: "*Titus and Berenice* Wrote by the same Author consisting of 3 *Acts:* With the *Farce* of the *Cheats of Scapin* at the end: This Play, with the Farce, being perfectly well *Acted;* had good Success."*

Early in January, 1677,† *The Destruction of Jerusalem* was given at the Theatre Royal. Up till this time Crowne had written only for the Duke's Theatre, to which he was formally engaged. By the terms of his contract he had necessarily submitted his new play to Betterton, and obviously felt far from pleased when it was refused owing to the fact that Otway's tragedy was already in rehearsal. He at once tended *The Destruction of Jerusalem* to Killigrew's company, by whom it was promptly accepted, and the performance was hurried on with all possible expedition to prevent, if might be, the *Titus and Berenice* of the rival house. This, as we know, was not accomplished, but none the less *The Destruction of Jerusalem* achieved an extraordinary success.

About a year later there was an interesting echo of this change, when Dryden was fast veering towards Dorset Garden, and Charles Killigrew, Hart, Mohun, Burt, and Goodman petitioned, pointing out that Drury Lane had a complete claim upon his services. The document runs as follows;‡

"Whereas upon Mr Dryden's binding himself to write three playes a yeare, he the said Mr Dryden was admitted and continued as a sharer in the King's Playhouse for diverse years, and received for his share and a quarter, three or four hundred pounds, communibus annis, but though he received the moneys, we received not the playes, not one in a yeare. After which, the House being burnt, the Company in building another contracted great debts, so that the Shares fell much short of what they were formerly. Thereupon Mr Dryden complaining to the Company of his want of proffit, the Company was so kind to him that they not only did not presse him for the playes which he so

* Gould, *A Satyr against the Play-House.*

I grant w'ave many worthy of that praise:
The Cheats of Scapin, one, a noble thing,
What a throng'd Audience does it always bring.

† Part I was seen by the King on 12 January (probably the first performance); Part II on 18 January.

‡ Malone. *Life of Dryden*, 1800, pp. 73–75.

engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid beforehand, but they did also, at his earnest request, give him a third day for his last new play called All for Love; and at the receipt of the money of the said third day, he acknowledged it as a guift, and a particular kindnesse of the Company. Yet notwithstanding this kind proceeding, Mr Dryden has now, jointly with Mr Lee (who was in pension with us to the last day of our playing, and shall continue) written a play called Oedipus, and given it to the Duke's Company, contrary to his said agreement, his promise, and all gratitude, to the great prejudice and almost undoing of the Company, they being the only poets remaining to us. Mr Crowne, being under the like agreement with the Duke's House, writt a play called the Destruction of Jerusalem, and being forced by their refusall of it to bring it to us, the said Company compelled us after the studying of it, and a vast expence in scenes and cloathes to buy off their clayme, by paying all the pension he had received from them; amounting to one hundred and twelve pounds paid by the King's Company, besides neere forty pounds the said Mr Crowne paid out of his owne pocket. These things considered, if, notwithstanding Mr Dryden's said agreement, promise and moneys freely given him for his said last new play, and the many titles we have to his writings, this play be judged away from us, we must submit."

When *The Destruction of Jerusalem* was published, 4to, 1677,* Crowne in his "Epistle to the Reader" took the opportunity of glancing with marked superciliousness at Otway's tragedy. He writes: "Something I intended also to say in Vindication of myself from Theft; Some Persons accus'd me of stealing the parts of *Titus* and *Berenice* from the *French play* written by Mr. *Racine* on the same subject; but a Gentleman having lately translated that Play, and expos'd it to Publique view on the Stage, has sav'd me that labour, and vindicat'd me better than I can my self. I wou'd not be asham'd to borrow, if my occasions compell'd me, from any rich Author."

The form of *The Destruction of Jerusalem* was obviously suggested by Dryden's famous *The Conquest of Granada*. It is a typical heroic drama; the story pulses with vigour and movement; if flowery, the verse is fluent withal; the action never flags. The opening picture at the Temple Gates, with the exquisite chant of the Levites; the episode of the midnight Sanhedrin visited by Herod's ghost; the scenes in the streets of starving Jerusalem; the investiture of the Pharisee John as High Priest, would all have been extraordinarily impressive on the stage; while it is difficult to imagine a catastrophe which could give greater scope for spectacular effect than the fall of Jerusalem, the blazing Temple crashing to destruction in a sea of fire, and the coronation of Titus Vespasian as victor and Emperor of Rome.

The conclusion of the play is the parting between Titus and Berenice. It is all formed on so wholly different a plan from Racine and Otway that any comparison or attempt at comparison may well be deemed vain. Such parallelisms or correspondences as might be pointed out are of little value; it were a curious meticulous searching to no advantageous end. It is obvious that Crowne was considerably influenced by Racine, although this is apparent owing to his imitations of minute features of the French tragedy rather than to any utilization of the general aspects of the theme.

Antiochus, King of Comagene, has a minor part in *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. Titus was created by Kynaston, and Berenice by Mrs. Marshall. When Part II

* *Term Catalogues*. Easter (28 May), 1677.

was revived at Drury Lane, 1 July, 1712, Booth acted Titus, and Mrs. Rogers Berenice.

Since *The Cheats of Scapin* had won such success in December, 1676, when in the spring—probably May—of the following year, *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin A School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician, A Comedy after the Italian Manner* was produced at Drury Lane there was nothing left for poor Ravenscroft to do save to commence his prologue by grumbling:

Very unfortunate this Play has bin;
A slippery trick was play'd us by Scapin.
Whilst here our Actors made a long delay,
When some were idle, others run away,
The City House comes out with half our Play.
We fear, that having heard of this so long
Your expectation now will do it wrong.
The Poet does a dang'rous trial make,
And all the common Roads of Plays forsake.
Upon the Actors it depends too much,
And who can hope ever to see two such
As the Fam'd Harlequin & Scaramouch.

Ravenscroft's *Scaramouch* is an amusing pantomime. The cast was: *Scaramouch*, a Philosopher, Griffin; *Pancrace*, a talkative Doctor, Powell; *Octavio*, son to *Scaramouch*, Clark; *Cynthio*, son to *Pancrace*, Wiltshire; *Spitzaferro*, a Coward, ignorant and bold, Cartwright; *Plautino*, a man of intrigue, Goodman; *Harlequin*, Joe Haines; *Aurelia*, belov'd by *Octavio*, Mrs. Vincent; A School-Mistris, Mrs. Corey. No actress' name stands to *Livia*, under the name of *Zerbinetta*, a suppos'd Gypsie. In Act I Cynthio and Harlequin hold the same dialogue as that between Octavian and Shift wherewith *The Cheats of Scapin* commences. Plautino enters to play the rôle of Scapin. Pancrace appears as Thrifty, and the conversation between Plautino and Pancrace is the duologue of Scapin and Thrifty. Act II of *Scaramouch* suddenly switches off to the opening scenes of *Le Mariage Forcé*, and Plautino is now Géronimo, with Spitzaferro as Sganerelle. A little later there follows an episode between Octavio and Harlequin, who, being trounced, makes a clean breast of various unsuspected misdemeanours, just as Scapin confesses his tricks to Leander. Here Ravenscroft follows Molière rather more closely than Otway, and with manifest advantage, for to contract the drinking of the vin d'Espagne, the filching of the watch, and the drubbing by the loup-garou into one and to whittle down Scapin's japeries here just to playing the Goblin or ghost—alone, however wittily it be turned, seems to impair the comicality. An amusing school-room scene, which is sheer pantomime and extravaganza, opens Act III. Plautino presently cozens Pancrace of two hundred pistoles by threats of the bully's vengeance, as Scapin chouses Thrifty. Harlequin enters "*in the habit of a* Bravo, *with a huge Sword, and a Girdle stuck round with Pistols and Daggers, which are discover'd by his Cloak falling off;—and Rosy-Cheeks with great Whiskers.*" Next Harlequin, in his own attire, tells Scaramouch the story of the pirates who have carried off Octavio and hold him to ransom. This is immediately followed by a scene between Pancrace and Spitzaferro, being Scene 6 of *Le Mariage Forcé*, the interview of the

Aristotelian doctor and Sganerelle. Later Scaramouch and Spitzaferro reproduce the subsequent scene between Marphurius and Sganerelle in the same play. The fourth act concludes with the sack scene, Harlequin hiding Scaramouch in the sack. Act V completely disintegrates into Italian farce al' improviso, when Harlequin enters "like a Magician, with a great pair of Spectacles on his Nose," and rous we are in the realms of topsy-turvy clowndom, the wonderland world.

Les Fourberies de Scapin was produced at the Palais-Royal theatre, 24 May, 1671, and ran until 19 July, 1671. In spite of the strictures of Boileau* and the anger of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in spite of crudities and manifest absurdities, this admirable farce is so vivacious that it must always be read with pleasure and seen with laughter. The scene is Naples, and all is well. The original cast was: Argante (Thrifty), Hubert; Géronte (Gripe), Du Croisy; Octave (Octavian), Baron; Léandre (Leander), La Grange; Scapin, Molière; Sylvestre (Shift), La Thorillière; Zerbinette (Lucia), Mlle Beauval; Hyacinthe (Clara), Mlle Molière. The nurse, Nérine, does not appear in the English version. The pell-mell incidents are derived from many sources, and whilst to track all these would surely be a work of supererogation a few of the more obvious may not impertinently be noted. The famous sack scene occurs in the *Farces Tabariniques* (1623–4), where we have: "Argument de la première Farce"; "Lucas se plaint des sergens qui le veulent emprisonner; Francisquine, qui se veut depestrer de luy, luy fait accroire que les sergens sont à la porte, et par ainsi [Lucas] se cache dans un sac; elle en execute la mesme à l'endroit d'un laquais [Fritelin] du capitaine Rodomont."†

In the *Piacevoli notte* of Straparola, I, v, Simplice Rossi, who seduces Giliole, is hidden by her from her husband in a sack. There is also a farce *Joguenet ou les Vieillards dupés*‡ (1640–55), with a similar intrigue.

At Molière's own theatre *Gorgibus dans le sac* was played in 1661, 1663, and 1664, and had been a favourite in the provinces. This would seem to have dealt with some such incident as was afterwards utilized in *Scapin*.

The *galère* episode§ occurs in *Il Capitano* (printed 1611) of Flaminio Scala (Flavio). Pantaleone's son has been captured by bandits, and a ransom of a hundred crowns is demanded. The Italian comedians at Paris replaced bandits by Turkish pirates.

* *Art poétique*, III:

> Estudiez la cour, et connoissez la ville :
> L'une et l'autre est toujours en modèles fertile.
> C'est par là que Molière, illustrant ses écrits
> Peut-estre de son art eust remporté le prix,
> Si, moins ami du peuple, en ses doctes peintures
> Il n'eust point fait souvent grimacer ses figures,
> Quitté pour le bouffon l'agréable et le fin,
> Et sans honte à Terence allié Tabarin.
> Dans ce sac ridicule où Scapin s'enveloppe,
> Je ne reconnois plus l'auteur du Misanthrope.

† *Œuvres Complètes de Tabarin.* Edited by G. Aventin, Paris, 1858, I, pp. 219–35.

‡ MS. discovered 15 January, 1865.

§ Mrs. Behn amusingly amplified this hint in *The False Count, or, A New Way to Play an Old Game*, acted in 1682, 4to, 1682.

Cyrano de Bergerac made good use of the incident in his farce *Le Pédant joué*, the dialogue between Génevote and the pedant Granger.

The dialogue between Octave and Sylvestre which opens the play is a replica of that between Lelie and Ergaste in Rotrou's verse comedy *La Sœur*, and later, too, Sylvestre borrows a speech from Ergaste in the same play. Scapin's trick in feigning not to see Géronte, whose ill luck he bewails (II, xi), appears in the *Emilia* of Luigi Groto, where Christoforo, a valet, pretends not to know old Polidoro is present. In Ariosto's admirable comedy *La Cassaria*,* IV, 2, Volpino, the servant, cunningly seems unconscious that Erofilo's father, the rich old merchant, Crisobolo, is at his elbow. Perhaps hence Pierre de Larivey derived a hint for his comedy *Constance*, which is mainly imitated from Girolamo Razzi.

Scapin's immediate original is, of course, the Terentian Phormio;† Chremes and Demipho are Molière's Geronte and Argante; Antipho and Phædria, Octave and Léandre; Geta, Sylvestre; Sophrona, Nérine. In some speeches Molière has actually paraphrased Torence. For example, Scapin sagely remarks: "J'ai ouï dire, il y a longtemps, une parole d'un ancien que j'ai toujours retenue. . . . Que, pour peu qu'un père de famille ait été absent de chez lui, il doit promener son esprit sur tous les facheux accidents que son retour peut rencontrer, se figurer sa maison brûlée, son argent dérobé, sa femme morte, son fils estropié, sa fille subornée; et ce qu'il trouve qui ne lui est point arrivé, l'imputer à bonne fortune" (II, viii). And in Terence's *Phormio* (II, 1), Demipho muses:

> quamobrem omnis, quom secundæ res sunt maxume, tum maxume
> meditari secum oportet, quo pacto aduorsam ærumnam ferant.
> pericla, damna, exitia, peregre rediens semper secum cogitet
> aut fili peccatum aut uxoris mortem aut morbum filiæ,
> communia esse hæc, nequid horum umquam accidat animo nouo:
> quidquid præter spem eueniat omne id deputare esse in lucro.

Scapin, again, is more properly Scapino, of the same family as Brighella, Fenocchio, Beltrame, Flautino, Gradelino, Mezzetin, Narcisin, Turlupin, Gandolin, Grattelard, Jodelet, and he is the best of the bunch. Milanese by origin nowadays, he is less of a rascal than most, and so clever a fellow that even the victims of his tricks find it easy to pardon him. He is a fine humbug, *un vero imbroglione*, and a coward to boot, whence his name, from *scappare*, to take to one's heels. Caillot, in his *Petits Danseurs*, represents the Italian Scapino of his day as dressed in ample garments with mask and beard, plumed hat, cloak and wooden sword. This was the costume that Dionis of Milan,

* The prose version was acted at the beginning of March, 1508, in the Carnival at Ferrara. The *Cassaria* was later rewritten in the *endecasillabo sdrucciolo*, and thus played at Ferrara in February, 1531.

† Terence in the prologue to the *Phormio* says:

> adporto nouam,
> Epidicazomenon quam uocant comoediam
> Graeci: Latini Phormionem nominant.

Donatus in his *Præfatio in Phormionem* has: "Hanc Comoediam, manifestum est, prius ab Apollodoro sub alio nomine, hoc est, ἐπιδικαζόμενον, Graece scriptam esse, quam Latine a Terentio Phormionem."

the director of a troupe of comedians, wore when he played the mischievous intriguing lackey in 1630. But upon his introduction to the French stage by Molière and Regnard, Scapin's dress became mixed with that of Beltrame, Turlupin, and Jodelet. The mask was discarded, the habit was striped green and white, his traditional colours, and he often merged in Gros-René with a powdered face, or Mascarille, La Violette, even Sgnarelle. The Italian Scapino who appeared in the Italian theatres of Paris in 1716, resumed the costume of Brighella with certain modifications, and he perpetuated the old-time rôles of Briguelle and Mezzetino. In the illustration given by Maurice Sand, *Masques et Bouffons*, II, p. 375 (Paris, 1860), Scapino appears as a smart fellow in white guarded with blue and a blue cloak. Mezzetin (p. 233) is a smock-faced lad in a costume striped red and white. In 1716 Giovanni Bissoni, a Bolognese, was playing Scapino. More famous was the Neapolitan Alessandro Ciavarelli, who on 2 September, 1739, made his début at the Comédie-Italienne as Scapino.

Ciavarelli met tant de grâces
Quand il répresente Scapin,
Qu'à ses lazzi, à ses grimaces
On le prendrait pour Arlequin.

It is interesting to observe the dresses in which the illustrators of the older editions of Molière have figured these characters. An engraving of Sauvé after Brissart in 1682 depicts Scapin as a merry-andrew in a plain semi-conventional doublet and cloak; an exquisite engraving of Cars after Boucher shows Scapin as a mere lad, handsome and graceful, in an elegant costume. The celebrated Monrose (1783–1843) played Scapin in this manner; Henry Gourgaud Dugazon (1746–1809) preferred the earlier method and wore the traditional striped attire. It is interesting to note that on the occasion of the tercentenary of Molière's birth (1922) *Les Fourberies de Scapin* was played at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier on entirely new lines, with new scenery, dresses, and business, all of which completely broke away from the tradition of the Comédie-Française.

The two old fathers, Argante and Géronte (Thrifty and Gripe), are the regular Pantaloon type, descendants of Euclio, Demipho, Demænetus, Callicles, Nicobulus, in Plautine comedy; in the Commedia dell' Arte Pantalone, Zanobio, Facanappa, il Bernardone, il Dottore, il Barone, Cassandro, il Biscegliose; in the Commedia Sostenuta Collofonio, Pandolfo, Diomede, Demetrio, Coccolin, Gerontio, Bartolo. So are the two lovers just Ottavio, Leandro, or Flavio, Orazio, Cinthio; the two amorosas may be Fiorinètta, Isabella, Silvia, Angela, Graziosa, Rosaura, Virginia, or any pretty name you will. But perhaps the most conventional type of all was the bravo whose swagger was assumed by Sylvestre (Shift), "a most outragious roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curses enough in a Day to serve a Garison a Week; . . . the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies." He is the Captain; in Spain el Capitano Matamoros, in France le capitaine Fracasse. His names are legion: el Capitano Escobombardon, el Capitano Rodomonte, il Capitan Spezzafer, and in Germany Horribilicribrifax. He is moustached like a grimalkin; his eyes blaze flame, and the earth shakes at the thunder of his tread. *Diga usted? Sangre y fuego! io son chi son* he bawls

in stentorian tones. Plautus knew him as Pyrgopolinices,* who had served on the Gurgustidonian plains. Nor was he even then young to the stage.

Les Fourberies de Scapin, in its English dress, *The Cheats of Scapin*, is a capital farce, and the only question seems whether by playing it immediately after so piteous a tragedy as *Titus and Berenice* the poet might not lay himself open to a charge of artistic indecorum. A writer wellnigh one hundred years later aptly says: "For my own part, I would chuse to leave the theatre impressed by that gloomy pleasure which I feel from the sublimity of Shakespeare, or the tenderness of Otway; and not to have it dissipated by farce; yet it is perhaps a dissipation necessary in this kingdom, where the temperature of the air inclines to gloom and melancholy; a disposition to which we also owe the speaking of comic epilogues after tragedies."

Notwithstanding occasional infelicities, of which unluckily the opening couplet is one, *Titus and Berenice* attains a very high level. There are some passages of tender beauty, which owe not entirely all their charm and all their loveliness to Racine. It has been well said that "In spite of its very considerable variations from the original *Titus and Berenice* may, perhaps, claim to be the most satisfactory attempt at transplanting French tragedy to the English stage. It almost attains the ideal of translation." This is very high, but not unmerited praise. We have only to compare Otway's work with that extraordinarily wooden translation of *Andromaque*,† which if it were not perpetrated by Crowne himself, he at any rate midwived into the world, to recognize Otway's genius.

There is also a translation of *Bérénice* by Mr. John Masefield, which was made for the use of the Hill Players and was produced by them on 24 November, 1921. Since the lines in the printed copy‡ are arranged as verse, I presume it is intended to be such. Otherwise I can find no clue. Act I commences thus:

> *Antiochus.* Let us stay here a moment. I can see
> That all this stately palace is unknown
> To you, Arsaces.
> This lovely room is where the Emperor comes
> To find some quiet from the cares of Court.
> Here sometimes, too, he comes to see the Queen:
> The Queen's apartments lie beyond that door.

* Quemne ego seruaui in campis Gurgustidoniis
Ubi Bombomachides Cluninstaridysarchides
Erat imperator summus, Neptuni nepos?
Miles Gloriosus, I, 1.

Pyrgopolinices (Πυργοπολινίκης) = Tower-Town-Taker.

† *Andromache*, 4to, 1675. Crowne informs the reader: "This Play was Translated by a young Gentleman, who has a great esteem of all French Playes, and particularly of this." Finding the young Gentleman's "Genius in verse" was not very fortunate, Crowne begged "leave of him to turn it into Prose." At the beginning of Act IV the dialogue gives way to a mixture of prose and heroic couplets; continuous couplets follow, and now and then a few lines of blank verse. It is the most homespun hotchpotch, and all Racine's beauty is gone. This, in truth, proves too frequently the case when he is transplanted to England. *Andromache* was produced at Dorset Garden, seemingly during the Long Vacation of 1674.

‡ Heinemann, 1922. *Berenice*, A Tragedy.

And this is:

Arrêtons un moment. La pompe de ces lieux,
Je le vois bien, Arsace, est nouvelle à tes yeux.
Souvent ce cabinet superbe et solitaire,
Des secrets de Titus est le dépositaire.
C'est ici quelquefois qu'il se cache à sa cour,
Lorsqu'il vient à la reine expliquer son amour.
De son appartement cette porte est prochaine,
Et cette autre conduit dans celui de la reine.

Act II begins:

Titus. Has no one seen the King of Comagena,
Or does he know that I await him here?
Paulinus. Sir, I have seen the Queen.
The King of Comagena had been with her,
But had gone out shortly before I came.
I have left word to warn him of your orders.
Titus. Enough. What was the Queen doing?
Paulinus. Sir, she was going out
To pray the gods for your prosperity.

The original runs:

Titus. A-t'on vu de ma part le roi de Comagène?
Sait-il que je l'attends?
Paulin. J'ai couru chez la reine;
Dans son appartement ce prince avoit paru;
Il en étoit sorti, lorsque j'y suis couru.
De vos ordres, seigneur, j'ai dit qu'on l'avertisse.
Titus. Il suffit. Et que fait la reine Bérénice?
Paulin. La reine, en ce moment, sensible à vos bontés,
Charge le ciel de vœux pour vos prospérités.
Elle sortoit, seigneur.

The concluding lines of the play are turned thus:

Good-bye. We'll be example to all time
Of the most tender and unhappy love
That ever was in dolorous history.
All is made ready. They are waiting for me.
No, follow not my steps. Good-bye!
For the last time, good-bye, Lord. [*Exit.*]
Antiochus. Woe is me!

Racine:

Adieu. Servons tous trois d'exemple à l'univers
De l'amour la plus tendre et la plus malheureuse
Dont il puisse garder l'histoire douloureuse.
Tout est prêt. On m'attend. Ne suivez point mes pas.
Pour la dernière fois, adieu, seigneur.
Antiochus. Hélas!

I also echo the sigh of Antiochus, *Hélas !* It will be noticed that I have not quoted the best known and most exquisite passages of *Bérénice* and their renderings. I feel that it were kindlier to refrain.

Racine's *Bérénice* was produced at the Hôtel de Bourgogne on Friday, 21 November, 1670, eight days before the *Tite et Bérénice*, Comédie Heroïque, of Thomas Corneille, which Molière's company gave on 28 November. Voltaire in the preface to his commentary on *Bérénice* says that Henriette d'Orléans wished both Corneille and Racine to write upon the subject of Titus and Berenice. The Marquis de Dangeau arranged the matter, and neither Corneille nor Racine was aware that a rival was working upon the same theme. Unhappily Madame died on 29 June, 1670. The Bérénice of Racine was Mademoiselle Champmesle, whose voice of silver sweetness has been celebrated by La Fontaine. Floridor acted Titus; and Champmesle,* Antiochus. Villars in his *Critique*† caustically remarked: "Le roi de Comagène n'y est introduit que pour faire le temps et pour donner un rôle ennuyeux et vide au mari de la Champmesle." Racine's tragedy at once gained an immense triumph.‡

Tite et Bérénice was acted twenty-one times. La Thorillière created Titus; Baron, Domitian; Hubert, Flavian; Du Croisy, Albin; La Grange, Philon; Mlle de Molière, Bérénice; Mlle de Beauval, Domitie; Mlle de Brie, Plautine. Baron won a great personal success:

Du même le jeune Baron
Héritier ainsi que de nom
De tous les charmes de sa mère
Et des beaux talents qu'eut son père,
Y représente, en son air doux,
Domitian, au gré de tous.

Chapelle with biting sarcasm very unkindly summed up *Tite et Bérénice*,

Marie pleure, Marie crie,
Marie veut qu'on la marie.

Comparisons between the two plays created a great noise, and in 1671 appeared, 12mo, a clever little comedy in three acts in prose, *Tite et Titus ; ou, Critique sur les Bérénices.*§ The Tite of Corneille with his Bérénice and the Titus of Racine with his Bérénice plead before Apollo, who finally sums up: "Quant au principal, à la verité il y a plus d'apparence que Titus et sa Bérénice soient les véritables, que non pas que ce soient les autres; mais pourtant, quoi qu'il en soit, et toutes choses bien considérées, les uns et les autres auroient bien mieux fait de se tenir au pays d'Histoire dont ils sont originaires que d'avoir voulu passer dans l'empire de Poesie, à quoi ils n'étoient nullement propres, et où, pour dire la verité on les a aménés à ce qu'il me semble assez mal à propos."

* Some authorities say Brecourt, but the statement of Villars seems decisive.

† *La Critique de Bérénice*, a Paris, chez Louis Bilaine, Michel le Petit, et Estienne Richault. MDCLXXI, 12mo, 41 pages.

‡ There is a *Bérénice*, a tragi-comedy in prose printed by Pierre de Royer, printed in 1645. This was known to Thomas Corneille, who in 1657 reintroduced du Royer's plays.

§ I have used the 12mo edition of 1673, *Utrecht chez Jean Ribbins.* MDCLXXIII.

INTRODUCTION

The great drama of Racine has always kept the French stage. In 1724 Adrienne Lecouvreur played Bérénice to the Titus of Quinault l'aîné and the Antiochus of du Fresne. In November, 1752, Mlle Gaussin, who was acclaimed as more tender than even la Champmesle, created a vast sensation in Bérénice, of which rôle another famous representative was Mlle des Garcins, who first played it in 1788. She died in 1797. In 1807 Talma acted Antiochus to the Titus of Damas. The supreme Rachel was seen as Bérénice in January, 1844.

Perhaps the one weakness, if weakness there be, in *Bérénice* is the vacillating character of Titus, and that is not to be laid to Racine's charge, for the matter is historical. Says Apollo in *Tite et Titus* of Titus, "Cet honnête homme que vous voyez là est un grand fourbe" (II, 1). And in truth such almost seems the case. For all his many poignant words one has a suspicion that his love for Berenice weighs lightly, after all, in the balance. Suetonius definitely says that he was cruel by nature, whilst his lewdness was notorious since he was wont to revel far into the night and was everywhere accompanied by a crowd of curly-pated pathics and essenced ingles. Indeed, people prophesied he would prove another Nero. His love for Berenice, to whom he had, they say, promised marriage, caused considerable scandal in Rome. Upon his accession, however, he instantly dismissed her, albeit as loath as she to part. "Præter sæuitiam, suspecta in eo etiam luxuria erat, quod ad mediam noctem comissationes cum profusissimo quoque familiarium extenderet. Nec minus libido, propter exoletorum et spadonum greges, propterque insignem reginæ Beronices amorem, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur. . . ." But later: "Beronicem statim ab urbe dimisit inuitus inuitam" (*Titus Flauius Uespas. Aug.* VII).

Berenice (*βερενίκη*, a Macedonic form of Pherenice, *φερενίκη*, i.e. Bringing Victory), the daughter of Agrippa I, married her uncle Herod, King of Chalcis, by whom she had two sons. After the death of Herod, A.D. 48, Berenice, then twenty years old, lived with her brother Agrippa, and was more than suspected of incestuous commerce with him, as Juvenal plainly tells*:

> adamas notissimus, et Berenices
> in digito factus pretiosior: hunc dedit olim
> barbarus incestæ, dedit hunc Agrippa sorori,
> obseruant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,
> et uetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

It was at this time that, on their way to the imperial court at Rome, Agrippa and Berenice paid a visit to Festus at Cæsarea, where S. Paul answered his accusers so eloquently before the tribunal of the governor. Berenice is said to have won the favour of Vespasian by costly gifts, "seni quoque Uespasiano magnificentia munerum grata"† she is called, and her intrigue with Titus must have commenced about this time. After the termination of the Jewish war she followed him to Rome, and had apartments in the royal palace, where she resided, "to all appearance his wife," says Xiphilinus.

When Otway published *Titus and Berenice, A Tragedy . . . With a Farce called The Cheats of Scapin*, 4to, 1677,‡ the Epistle Dedicatory was addressed in glowing

* Satira, VI, 155–9.

† Tacitus, *Historiarum*, II, 81.

‡ Licensed [for printing] *Febr.* the 19th, 167$\frac{6}{7}$. *Roger L'Estrange.*

strain "To the Right Honourable, *John* Earl of Rochester. One of the Gentlemen of his *Majesties* Bed-Chamber, &c." "*In letting the World know how Good and how Generous a Patron I have (in spight of Malice) I am sure I am honest*," says the poet, who further goes on profusely to acknowledge the kindnesses he has received at Rochester's hands. For some while Otway had been basking in the tantalizingly uncertain sunshine of that volatile and impish nobleman's favour, and the time was come for My Lord to teach this successful upstart a lesson such as he had drastically administered to Dryden, to Crowne, and other of his former protégés. It was Rochester's curious habit to cosset and pamper a dramatist, to ensure his popularity, and then in some fit of freakish jealousy to assail him in obscene pasquils with savage insolence and grossest ridicule. In Otway's case it would seem, too, that there was an even deeper personal feeling, since the young poet had fallen in love with the great tragedienne Mrs. Barry, Rochester's own mistress—for the time being, and that was an effrontery not to be tolerated. For Elizabeth Barry was Rochester's very particular property. Born in 1658, she would at this time have been a girl of some twenty years. "There was, it seems, so little hope of Mrs. Barry, at her first setting out, that she was, at the end of the first year, discharged the company, among others that were thought to be a useless expense to it."* Theatrical tradition tells us that for some reason Rochester determined to make her great, and where all others had failed he succeeded. For many months he so taught and trained her that upon her return to the company she was at once recognized as a finished actress, and before long her genius blazed out in all its glory. "Slattern Betty Barry" was not beautiful, at least, all writers agree upon that. When she is mentioned in *A Comparison between the Two Stages*† (1702), Ramble says: "I do think that person the finest Woman in the World upon the Stage, and the ugliest Woman off it." "Age and Intemperance," Sullen answers, "are the fatal enemies of Beauty, she's guilty of both, she has been a rioter in her time, but the edge of her appetite is long ago taken off." And yet there must have been some very wonderful fascination, some extraordinary charm, in the woman of whom the astute and experienced Dryden could write: "*Mrs.* Barry, *always excellent, has in this Tragedy excell'd her self, and gained a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever seen on the Theatre.*"‡ Forty years later Colley Cibber, no mean judge, averred that "the same compliment, to this hour, may be due to her excellence."§ Otway loved her with a hopeless, all-absorbing passion which was never returned, which she was most probably incapable of returning. It may seem incomprehensible that a woman who could portray the tenderest emotions of love, the finest flame of jealousy, should off the stage be absolutely cold and calculating. But that is the complete actress. Were she to feel one tithe of what she expresses it would be impossible for her to live. Her soul, her feelings, would tear her all to pieces. I have been told that one evening Coquelin, when playing Tartuffe, as a novel experiment so projected himself into the character that he felt and meant in its truest sense every word he spoke. He realized that he was acting as he had never acted before; when he made his final exit he was fainting with excess of emotion, he was bathed in sweat, trembling in every limb. As

* Colley Cibber, *Apology*, Ch. v.

† Which, incidentally, must not be attributed to Gildon.

‡ Preface to *Cleomenes, The Spartan Heroe*, 4to, 1692. Mrs. Barry played Cassandra.

§ Cibber's *Apology*, V. "This fine creature was not handsome," he adds.

he entered his dressing-room a friend, who had hurried round from the front, anxiously came forward to inquire if he were ill. Never had his interpretation seemed so weak, so uninspired. He had used himself up for himself, and given nothing out to his audience.

Mrs. Barry, I doubt not, was hard as adamant, and possibly sexless. I imagine she was the perfect whore. So the satires of the day seem to speak. *A Satyr on the Players* says:

> There's one, Heaven bless us, by her curs'd pride
> Thinks from the world her brutish lust to hide.
> But will that pass in one whose only sense
> Does lye in whoring, cheats and impudence ?
> One that is pox'd all o'er, Barry's her name;
> That mercenary prostituting dame.

"Should you lye with her all night, she would not know you next morning, unless you had another five pounds at her service," wrote Tom Brown. A Satire *On three late Marriages* is tart enough:

> At thyrty eight a very hopefull whore,
> The onely one o' th' trade that's not profuse,
> (A policy was taught her by the Jews),
> Tho' still the highest bidder shee will choose.

Such a woman whilst having no care for impoverished Otway would never release him. For he could write her parts as scarce any other contemporary dramatist save Dryden could offer. The wretched poor heart-broken poet was held in captivity, realizing the hopelessness of his love, never able to break his chain. And so in debauchery and intemperance he made shift to forget his despair. As to the famous letters, some see in them the cry of supreme anguish.* A great modern critic has said: "They might be the letters of any man to any woman." Perhaps, after all, the true love-letter is that which might be written by any man to any woman.

Having essayed his prentice hand at prose comedy in the little preliminary canter of *The Cheats of Scapin*, Otway set himself to produce a more regular work, and *Friendship in Fashion* was produced at Dorset Garden early in April, 1678.† The cast was admirably chosen, entailing the full strength of the house, and, as Langbaine tells us, the play was received with unbounded favour.‡ Betterton, Smith, and Henry Harris appeared as the three young men of the town; Cave Underhill must have been excellent as Sir Noble Clumsey, from whom two-and-twenty years later Congreve so obviously copied his Shropshire knight, Sir Wilfull Witwoud§; Anthony Leigh, whom

* Oldys says: "That language of doting, madness, and dispair, however it may succeed upon raw girls, is so seldom successful with such practitioners in the passion of love as Mrs. Barry was, that it only hardens their vanity against their consent, as it was here. For she could get bastards with other men, and 'twas a wonderful condescention in her to let Otway kiss her lips, tho he was as aimable in person and address as any of them."

† It was seen by the King on 5 April, possibly the first performance, and again on 25 April.

‡ "This is a very diverting Play, and was acted with general applause." *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 398.

§ Also created by Underhill.

King Charles dubbed "his actor," was Malagene; Tom Jevon, who had originally been a dancing-master, and was famous for his grace and agility, our first English Harlequin, Caper; and young Bowman, Saunter. Of the ladies Mrs. Barry played Mrs. Goodville; whilst the inimitable Lady Squeamish fell to Anne Quin,* an actress who has left a great tradition. She seems to have joined the Theatre Royal in 1666, where from the first she occupied a prominent position and assumed leading rôles. Early in 1667 she quarrelled with the management because some rival had endeavoured to oust her and play her parts. She left the house, urgently petitioned the Lord Chamberlain, who promptly issued an order (4 May, 1667) to Hart for her immediate reinstatement, that all her old parts should be returned to her, none daring to act these without her express consent, and directing "y^{t} you Assigne her a dressing roome with a chymney in it to be only for her vse & whom she shall admitt." Among the many characters Anne Quin created were Candiope, a Princess of the Blood, in Dryden's *Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen*, produced at the Theatre Royal in February, 1666–7; Alizia (Alice Perrers) in Orrery's heroic *The Black Prince*, first performed at the same house 19 October, 1667; Donna Aurelia in *An Evening's Love, or the Mock Astrologer* at the same theatre, June, 1668. Curiously enough, so far as our present data extend, there is a gap here of nearly ten years, and Mrs. Quin does not appear again until 1677, when at Dorset Garden she sustained Astrea in the anonymous pastoral *The Constant Nymph; or, The Rambling Shepheard*, produced in the summer of that year, and Thalestris in Pordage's *The Siege of Babylon*, which was given a few weeks later than the pastoral. January, 1677–8, saw her as The Lady Knowell, "an affected learned Woman," in Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, to which capital comedy she also delivered the racy epilogue. Her Queen Elizabeth in Banks' *The Unhappy Favourite; or, The Earl of Essex*, Drury Lane, autumn of 1681, was greatly applauded by the Town. In the spring of the following year at Drury Lane she played Sunamire in Southerne's first drama, *The Loyal Brother; or, The Persian Prince*. Mrs. Quin seems to have retired from the stage about the time of the Union of the two Companies. There exists of this lady an extremely interesting portrait which was offered for sale at Stevens' Auction Rooms, 26 February, 1901, but not reaching the reserve price, withdrawn. It is mistakenly described in the catalogue as "Miniature Portrait of Nell Gwyn on copper with original case and 30 cover dresses on talc. . . ." An illustrated article on it, entitled "Nell Gwyn's Various Guises," appeared in the *Lady's Pictorial*, 23 March of the same year, p. 470, in the course of which the writer says: "Accompanying the miniature are some thirty mica covers in different stages of preservation upon which various head-dresses and costumes are painted. The place where, in the ordinary course, the face would come is in all cases left blank, the talc being of course transparent, when it is laid upon the original miniature the countenance of

* Or Quyn, Gwin, Guin, Gwyn, as the name is indifferently spelt. This actress is often confounded with Nell Gwyn, and the mistake is the more unpardonable as both names occur in the same casts, e.g. *Secret Love* and *An Evening's Love*. Much connected with Anne Quin is extraordinarily obscure. Only a few rôles—although all these are important—which she played are at present known. For nearly ten years no mention of her seems to occur. In 1678 she is acting at Dorset Garden; in 1681 at Drury Lane. Such difficulties need elucidation.

the latter becomes visible and we are enabled to see Nell Gwyn [Anne Quin] as she would appear in various characters." The old error has been perpetuated here, but the *Lady's Pictorial* reproduced half a dozen of these painted mica covers, and the costumes for the two rôles of Queen Elizabeth and Sunamire can be distinctly recognized. Doubtless an examination of the original micas would soon yield an identification of other characters. The miniature, it may be noted, does not in the least resemble Nell Gwyn, so there is bare excuse here for the confusion.

Otway's comedies have met with some pretty severe handling, but the time has now come when the sentence, all too sweepingly and in many cases (I fear) insufficiently delivered, must be reversed. It seems to have escaped notice that *Friendship in Fashion* is a mordant social satire, and not a plain comedy of manners. Clear enough indication is given of its true bent by the quotation from Horace, *Archiloco cum rabies armauit Iambo*, and if, as critics use, we judge it from the norm of a comedy of manners and condemn it as "frankly indecent," such a verdict merely shows a crass confusion of values and a blurred outlook, neither of which are very uncommon. The scenes are hard and caustic, maybe, but brilliant with the glitter of diamond. Much of the dialogue must have been penned by Otway at moments of utter disillusionment, and I find therein something of the outlook of Wycherley. Many of the persons are debauchees or fools, but alas! in real life debauchees and fools abound. They are few, I think, who dare venture to dispute that Goodvile is a real, living character, such as may be met any and every day; Malagene, Caper, and Saunter are entirely modern; and above all Lady Squeamish, so whorish and so nice, is eternal. The standpoint of Otway is entirely different from that of such writers as Etherege and Congreve, who are both far too fine gentlemen to feel moral indignation. Otway scarifies vices which he shares, and lashes the corrupt society to which he willingly belongs. There sprung, indeed, a vein of bitter irony in his mould. He was above all a sentimentalist, and when he found his dreams shattered, his ideals degraded, his friendship betrayed, his love strumpeted and mocked, what wonder that his fair affections turned to gall in his bosom and that his mouth was filled with fierce stinging words? There is no more hot scorner of mankind than the disillusioned sentimentalist. And so he drew the men and women of his world as he truly saw them, licentious, brutal, false, hard, and above all inordinately self-centred and selfish. *Friendship in Fashion* may be unpleasant; no doubt, from one point of view it is an extraordinarily unpleasant play. But this is not to say that it is not brilliant satire. Nor need it necessarily be immoral. Immorality and unpleasantness are two entirely separate things, but they are continually being confounded by shallow busybodies who will not, perhaps cannot, think with clarity or on logical lines, such a clique, for example, as that which is now—in this present year of grace, 1925—raising a mighty dust and pother about immoral plays. Whereas these good noodle-doodles do not in truth mean immoral plays—grossly immoral and subversive plays have continually been given and will be given without comment or protest—but unpleasant plays. An unpleasant play is frequently the soundest moral lesson. Thus Hogarth is often revoltingly unpleasant—some of his pictures affect me to the point of physical nausea—but he is the sturdiest and most trenchant of moralists.

Although he had a lighter touch, the comedies of Southerne—particularly *The Wives Excuse: or, Cuckolds make themselves* and *The Maid's Last Prayer; or, Any,*

rather than Fail—perhaps afford the closest contemporary parallelism to *Friendship in Fashion*, and of Southerne, Dryden said:

> So *Terence* Plotted, but so *Terence* writ.
> Like his, thy Thoughts are true, thy Language clean;
> Ev'n Lewdness is made Moral, in thy Scene.

And to-day we have our *Friendship in Fashion* in the twentieth century, Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*.* The essential theme of the two plays is the same, although of course the details and the exposition differ broadly. *Our Betters* has been compared with Congreve's work. No judgment could be more inept. Leaving wholly on one side the question of literary quality, the modern play is in every particular as unlike the theatre of Congreve as it is like the *Friendship in Fashion* of Otway.

Friendship in Fashion remained exceedingly popular until the first quarter of the eighteenth century, but it gradually fell out of the repertory. An important revival took place at Drury Lane on 22 January, 1740, when it was stated not to have been acted at that house for thirty years. Woodward played Malagene, and Kitty Clive—who must have been truly superb in such a rôle—Lady Squeamish. Tate Wilkinson, who notices this performance, attempts the following piece of fine facetiousness:† "The Play *Friendship in Fashion* was attempted to be played in the spring of 1749. Mr. W——d and Mrs. C. were to sustain the principal characters. Be it noticed, Dame C. was not blessed with beauty—though of infinite talents; yet she unfortunately in that Comedy was ideally ravished twice or thrice before the fourth act ended which the audience very properly judged to be too much for that lady's feelings, and not knowing what might happen in the fifth, they consequently put a final and violent stop to all farther indecent proceedings. The French ambassador was at the play, and seemed to enjoy John Bull engaged in a riot: But at last violation was offered to the King's Arms over the front box, at which he seemed much alarmed at the imagined sacrilege, and precipitately retired from the theatre—What an alteration in the conduct of Frenchmen in forty years!"

The inaccuracies of Wilkinson's spiteful paragraphs are very apparent.—Although Kitty Clive was not an admired beauty, such as Peg Woffington or the "very lovely Bellamy," her features, according to the portraits, are not unpleasing, and as Lady Squeamish she must have afforded infinite entertainment. "Mrs. Clive was the best player I ever saw," Dr. Johnson asserted; and again, "What Clive did best she did better than Garrick" was his pronouncement. The caprice of the audience on the occasion of this revival is incomprehensible, and must, I suspect, be attributed to some ulterior motives which have not been explained, and now will certainly never be understood. Wilkinson even blunders sadly upon points concerning which he could have informed himself from the printed copy of the play. Lady Squeamish is not "ideally ravished twice or thrice before the fourth act" ends; in fact, she is not ravished at all in the whole course of the piece. She is as willing as the gentleman, whom she takes to be Valentine, although it proves to be Mr. Goodvile who has enjoyed her in the darkness.

That this incident, which is tactfully enough treated, should rouse an audience to

* Produced at the Globe Theatre, 12 September, 1923.

† *The Mirror, or The Actor's Tablet.* Wilkinson's *Memoirs*, York, 1790, Vol. IV, p. 142.

riot I cannot believe. Similar episodes occur in many another comedy, to name but a few—Mrs. Behn's *The Rover, The City-Heiress, Sir Patient Fancy;* Etherege's *The Man of Mode;* Shadwell's *A True Widow;* Crowne's *City Politiques;* Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds; The Country-Wife; Love for Love;* Sedley's *Bellamira;* Vanbrugh's *The Relapse;* cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est. As Steele wittily has it: "But, indeed, there is hardly a Play one can go to, but the Hero or fine Gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good Office he has put us to, or to employ our selves as we please. To be plain, a Man who frequents Plays, would have a very respectful Notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as a Pimp to ravishing Tyrants, or successful Rakes."* In Act II of *Our Betters* we are introduced to a week-end party at the country-house of Lady George Grayston. Lord George Grayston is not present, so his wife entertains the company amongst whom are her sister, Bessie Saunders, a young American girl of twenty-two; Lord Bleane, who is a suitor for Miss Saunders' hand; Fleming Harvey, an ingenuous young American; several persons of quality; Arthur Fenwick, a man of enormous wealth, some of which pays Lady George Grayston's bills, but not without a return for the money; the Duchesse de Surennes, a society Messalina; and Antony Paxton, a stout young stallion of twenty-five whom this lady keeps for her private pleasures. The Duchesse suspects an intrigue between Paxton and Lady George Grayston, who one evening have slipped out quietly after dinner into the garden, and the jealous strumpet sends Bleane to the tea-house to fetch her bag which she has just carefully concealed under a sofa-cushion in the room. He returns confusedly, and being asked for the bag avows he could not find it. She then sends Bessie Saunders to search, and he can only prevent this by acknowledging the tea-house door is locked. A light breaks on the company. Fenwick leaps to his feet bawling, "The slut. The slut." Presently Lady George Grayson enters, followed by Paxton. "Once too often, my dear, once too often," jeers the triumphant Duchesse. In a flash, realizing that everything is discovered, Lady George Grayson turns on the abashed stallion with "You damned fool, I told you it was too risky." We are not to suppose, I conceive, that the couple went into the garden to pluck nosegays, and we may fairly apply the old axiom *ut solus cum sola in loco secreto non presumitur dicere Paternoster.* The situation, in fine, is as naked as the garden episode in *Friendship in Fashion.* And so the satiric comedy of to-day runs side by side with the satiric comedy of the reign of King Charles.

In spite of the success of his plays Otway was ever in sore need. Mrs. Barry, whilst rejecting his love, just kept him dangling on, while he sought solace in drink and debauchery;† and at length, owing to the influence of his friend and patron Charles Fitz-Charles, Earl of Plymouth, he obtained a commission,‡ dated 10 February, 1678, as ensign in the Duke of Monmouth's Regiment of Foot, which served in Flanders throughout that year; so he would not actually have been in London at the time of

* *The Spectator,* No. 51, Saturday, 28 April, 1711.

† Tradition said "He [Otway] gave himself up early to drinking, and like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord *Pl—th,* and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on *Tower Hill.*" *The Gentleman's Magazine,* February, 1745.

‡ *English Army Lists,* edited C. Dalton, 1892, p. 208.

the production of *Friendship in Fashion*.* Of his military life on the Continent we have no details, save such as he himself has given us so freely in *The Souldier's Fortune*, and what may be gleaned from those other autobiographical allusions which now are by no means uncommon in his plays and poems. A good deal of idle stuff, not very complimentary to Otway, has been attached to his time of military service. Theophilus Cibber recklessly accuses him of arrant cowardice, and fatuously moralizes: "What pity is it, that he who could put such masculine strong sentiments into the mouth of such a resolute hero as his own Pierre should himself fail in personal courage, but this quality nature withheld from him, and he exchanged the chance of reaping laurels in the field of victory, for the equally uncertain, and more barren laurels of poetry."† All this is sheer fabrication, as also is Chetwood's statement to the effect that Otway sold his commission. Indeed, these silly stories are amply disproved by known facts. For on 1 November, 1678, by a commission signed at Whitehall, Otway was appointed Lieutenant to Captain William Baggott in the Duke of Monmouth's infantry Regiment.‡ In the spring of 1679 Otway had found his way back to London in circumstances of absolute penury. "He returned from Flanders scabbed and lowsie, as 'twas reported," says Antony à Wood,§ and there is no doubt bitter truth in the scurril jibe "his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd."‖

The Flemish hostilities concluded with the peace of Nymegen, the settlement of which—whereby Louis XIV reached the height of his power—lasted from August, 1678, to February, 1679. Meanwhile the English troops were treated with the most scandalous neglect. They were immediately disbanded, advised to go wherever and whensoever they could, no facilities for safe or speedy transport were provided, whilst they were paid, for the most part, not in ready money but in debentures whose credit was very low. It is to these circumstances that Otway alludes in the Epilogue to *Caius Marius*:

> *But which amongst you is there to be found,*
> *Will take his third day's Pawn for fifty Pound?*
> *Or, now he is Cashier'd, will fairly venture*
> *To give him ready Money for 's Debenture?*

So far from any imputation of cowardice there is some very pertinent evidence which shows that Otway enjoyed a considerable reputation for courage. In a letter, dated 23 June, 1679, from John Verney in London to Sir Richard Verney of Claydon House, *comitatu* Bucks, mention is made of an event which caused some contemporary noise:

* A ludicrous mistake has been made by the writer of a note upon Otway, who says the poet must have been on military service in Flanders in 1677, since in the Dedication to *Titus and Berenice* (1677) he speaks of himself as "a poor exil'd thing," "which clearly shows that he was on the Continent at the time of writing." The passage has been completely misunderstood. "How great a Hazzard then does your Lordship run, in so steadfastly protecting a poor Exil'd thing that has so many Enemies!" "The poor Exil'd thing" is the play, exiled from its French home where Racine wrote it, to England in an English dress.

† *Lives of the Poets*, II, 326.

‡ *English Army Lists*, C. Dalton, p. 222.

§ *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

‖ It is true that *The Session of the Poets* applies this to the success of *Don Carlos*, but actually it should refer to a later period.

" Churchill, for beating an orange wench in the Duke's playhouse, was challenged by Capt. Otway (the poet), and were both wounded, but Churchill most. The relation being told the King by Sir John Holmes, as Churchill thought to his prejudice, he challenged Holmes, who fighting disarmed him, Churchill."*

This is not improbably the occasion referred to Mrs. Behn in the Prologue to her rococo play *The Young King; or, The Mistake*, which was produced at the Duke's Theatre in the summer of 1679.

They're Sparks who are of Noise and Nonsense full,
At fifteen witty, and at twenty dull;
That in the Pit can huff, and talk hard Words,
And briskly draw Bamboo instead of Swords:
But never yet Rencounter cou'd compare
To our late vigorous Tartarian *War:*
Cudgel the Weapon was, the Pit the Field;
Fierce was the Hero, and too brave to yield.
But stoutest Hearts must bow; and being well can'd,
He crys, Hold, hold, you have the Victory gain'd.
All laughing call—
Turn out the Rascal, the eternal Blockhead;
—Zounds, crys Tartarian, *I am out of Pocket:*
Half Crown my Play, Sixpence my Orange cost;
Equip me that, do you the Conquest boast.
For which to be at ease a Gathering's made,
And out they turn the Brother of the Blade.

Cudgel the Weapon was seems to have particular point with regards to the scuffle described by Verney, as also *Sixpence my Orange cost. I am out of Pocket* is a very pertinent bob at Churchill's niggard stinginess.† Brawls and free fights in the pit (Tartarus) of a Restoration theatre were of frequent occurrence. There is a well-known instance in Langbaine: " At the Acting of this Tragedy [*Macbeth*] on the Stage, I saw a real one acted in the Pit: I mean the Death of Mr. *Scroop*, who received his death's wound from the late Sir *Thomas Armstrong*, and died presently after he was remov'd to a House opposite to the Theatre, in *Dorset-Garden*." This was in 1679. In April, 1682, in the pit at the Theatre Royal Charles Dering and Mr. Vaughan drew on each other, and then clambered on to the stage to finish their duel " to the greater comfort of the audience." Dering being badly wounded, Vaughan was held

* *Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, 1879, p. 473.

† He was a shameless and notorious skinflint. How he once flouted the Duchess of Cleveland to whom he owed his advancement is well known. Mrs. Manley tells the tale in her *New Atlantis:* " One night, at an assembly of the best quality where the *Count* [i.e. Marlborough] tallied to them at Bassett the *Duchess* lost all her money, and begged the favour of him, in a very civil manner, to lend her twenty pieces; which he absolutely refused, though he had a thousand upon the table before him, and told her coldly, the Bank never lent any money. Not a person upon the place but blamed him in their hearts: as to the *Duchess's* part, her resentment burst out into a bleeding at her nose, and breaking of her lace; without which aid, it is believed, her vexation had killed her upon the spot."

in custody until he recovered. In Shadwell's *A True Widow*, acted at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1679, there is a vivid picture of a general scuffle and battle-royal in the pit. Dryden in his Prologue to *The Spanish Fryar*, Dorset Garden, March, 1680, has:

> Scowring the Watch grows out of fashion wit;
> Now we set up for Tilting in the Pit
> Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, chicken-hearted
> To fright the Ladies first, and then be parted!

An affair even more widely talked of at the time, perhaps, than the duel with Churchill was Otway's challenge to Elkanah Settle, of whose pusillanimity on the occasion great capital is made by the contemporary pasquinades. In that exceedingly rare and curious attack on Settle, *A Character of the True Blue Protestant Poet: or, the Pretended Author of the Character of a Popish Successor*,* folio, 1682, we have: "But our malicious buzzard did not in these days soar so high, he only did abuse the Poets then, into whose number he would fain have crept, which because they always scorn'd, and lookt with contempt upon him, he endeavours thus to revenge himself; but it fell out most unluckily, for a discovery was soon made of our author. And Mr. O. a man of the Sword, as well as the Pen, finding himself most coursly dealt withal, immediately call'd him to an account, and required the satisfaction of a Gentleman from him: This I must confess was something unreasonable, and did by no means agree with our *Scriblers Constitution*, who had much rather *rail* than *Fight*; and being at this news as much surprized, and in little better pickle, than *Alderman Atkins* would have been upon the like occasion, beg'd he would spare his Life, and he would give him any other satisfaction he could desire: and presently taking *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper* out of his Pocket, he writ the following words, (viz.) *I confess I Writ the* Sessions of the Poets, *and am very sorry for't, and am the Son of a W—— for doing it; Witness my hand* E. S. This he delivered to Mr. O. which it seems saved his Throat for that time; but I am affraid for a worse hand."

It is true that Settle rejoined in his tract, *A Supplement to the Narrative. In Reply to the Dulness and Malice of two pretended Answers to that Pamphlet*,† where he plaintively bemoans: "a certain inveterate filthy libel against me, called the Character of a true blue Protestant Poet, where amongst the impudent lyes and detraction that fills that paper, I was accused of being the author of a scandalous copy of verses call'd the Sessions of the Poets, an ill-natured scurrilous lampoon, written some years since, and now laid as believed at the fathers door, being printed amongst the Lord Rs—— poems. Amongst the other extravagancies in that base and malicious libel against me, it was said that I gave it under my hand to Mr. O—— a gentleman highly wronged and affronted in that paper of verses, that I was the author of that Sessions of Poets, and that for which I was the son of a whore.

* *Printed for A. Banks.* Settle had written, *The Character of a Popish Successour, and what England may expect from such a one.* Folio. *Printed for T. Davies*, 1681.

† London, 1683, folio. *The Narrative* is Settle's "*A Narrative* [of the Popish Plot.]" Folio, 1683. The two answers to which reference is made were: *Remarks upon E. Settle's Narrative.* Folio. *Printed by A. Banks for the Author*, 1683. And *Reflexions upon a late Pamphlet, intituled, A Narrative written by E. Settle, with a vindication of the Proceedings of the Nation from the Aspersions cast upon them by that Libel.* Folio. *Printed by J. H. for the Author*, 1683.

"Which is so damnable a falshood, and so publickly known to be so too, that on the quite contrary I disown'd and abjured the writing so much as one syllable of it; and to vindicate my self from the scandal of such a lampoon, at that time so unjustly and so universally laid at my door, and so much to my disreputation, if to clear my self by no less a protestation then that I was the son of a whore if I wrote one word of it, when indeed I did not write one word of it, be calling a mothers honesty into question, let the world judge."

This event is alluded to in *The Tory Poets*, a satire of 1682:

> The laurel makes a wit; a brave the sword,
> And all are wise men at a council-board,
> *Settle's* a coward because fool *Otway* fought him,
> And *Mulgrave* is a wit because I taught him.

Whilst in Flanders Otway had drafted the design of a new play,* and in the autumn (probably October) of 1679 was produced at Dorset Garden *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, which at once proved immensely successful. To us it comes as something of a shock to meet Romeo as Marius junior, Mercutio as Sulpitius, and Juliet as Lavinia; to hear Lavinia's Nurse prattling "My *Lais* and she were both of an Age. Well, *Lais* is in Happiness, she was too good for me." Marius junior walks in the garden of Metellus, and Lavinia leaning forth from her balcony in the ivory moonlight whispers "O *Marius, Marius!* wherefore art thou *Marius!*" A few moments later we are in the Forum with citizens yelling "*Marius! Marius! Marius!* No *Sylla!* no *Sylla!* no *Sylla!*" A Restoration audience would not, it is safe to say, have perceived the slightest incongruity. It is probably impossible for us to appreciate Otway's *Caius Marius* as the poet intended it, and as the spectators of 1679 received it. Yet surely if we can disassociate our minds from so extraordinary a conjunction, the scenes of the strife between Marius and Sylla, the dramatic flight from Rome, the eerie apparition of the Syrian hag, the massacres, and the sudden crashing of despotism which melts as an icicle in a boy's warm hand the firmer it is grasped, all form a series of striking pictures drawn with no little power and force of imagination. Doubtless the turbulent politics of the day suggested Plutarch's life of Caius Marius to Otway, and it was truly an amazing thought to graft thereon the love romance of Romeo and Juliet. Yet, as Odell has acutely remarked: "It was, after all, a stroke of genius that detected the possibility of such union—and its adaptability to contemporary needs."†

Romeo and Juliet was, truth to tell, not a popular play upon the Restoration theatre. Among the list allotted to Davenant—"S^{r} Will. Dauenant Acting Playes"—12 December, 1660, are "Much adoe about nothinge, Rome and Juliet, Twelfe night, the Life of Kinge Henry the Eyght."

On Saturday, 1 March, 1661–2, *Romeo and Juliet* was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys, who was present, "the first time it was ever acted," thought it "a play

* Cf. the Epilogue:

> *For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,*
> *Had nought but Drums and Trumpets in his Head,*
> *H'had banish'd Poetry and all her Charms,*
> *And needs the Fool would be a Man at Arms.*

† *Shakespeare from Betterton to Irving*, I, p. 52.

of itself the worst that ever I heard in my life, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do." It is only fair to remember that just after his midday dinner the diarist had had a sharp quarrel with his uncle Thomas, "a close cunning fellow," who was giving trouble about an annuity, and the day before he had been considerably vexed by his boy whom he soundly thrashed for laziness and general insubordination. Moreover, the actors were anything but word perfect, and Downes, the prompter, was continually in request. Nevertheless, it was a very strong cast. Henry Harris, a prime favourite with the King and the Duke of York—two excellent judges of acting—and who was being "cried up" by the Town even above Betterton, played Romeo, and it is hard to believe that the graceful and handsome young fellow, whose dressing-room was the rendezvous of half the wits and gallants of the Court, could be ineffective as the ardent Italian amoroso. Mrs. Saunderson, soon to become Mrs. Betterton, was Juliet; and Betterton, Mercutio. The serving-men, Sampson and Gregory, fell to the lot of Samuel Sandford and Cave Underhill, each of whom was possessed of a fund of sardonic humour. Friar Lawrence was acted by Richards, a rôle for which, it would seem, he was singularly unsuited.

A few years later, a son of the Earl of Berkshire, the Hon. James Howard, a dramatist of some repute in his day,* turned *Romeo and Juliet* into a tragi-comedy, and at the end of the fifth act rescued both lovers, to marry, we may presume, and to live happily ever after. By a curious arrangement "when the Tragedy was reviv'd again, 'twas play'd alternately, tragically one day, and tragicomical another for several days together." Howard's alteration has not been printed, but it must have been in this version that the character of Count Paris' wife appeared. This part was acted by Mrs. Holden, concerning whom Downes tells an anecdote, which although it "put the House into such a laughter, that London-Bridge at low water was silent to it" is now unquotable.†

Although Betterton, Smith, and Mrs. Barry were considered admirable as Marius senior, Marius junior, and Lavinia,‡ the chief applause was bestowed upon the comedians, Underhill and Nokes. Nurse Nokes, in particular, kept the house in a roar of perpetual laughter. "His person was of the middle size; his voice clear, and audible; his natural countenance grave and sober; but the moment he spoke, the settled seriousness of his features was utterly discharged, and a dry, drolling, or laughing levity took such full possession of him, that I can only refer the idea of him to

* His two comedies, *The English Mounsieur* (seen by Pepys, 8 December, 1666) and *All Mistaken* (Pepys, 20 September, 1667), Theatre Royal plays, were very popular. In each of these Hart and Nell Gwyn had original parts. *The English Mounsieur*, 4to, 1674, is parodied in *The Rehearsal*. *All Mistaken*, 4to, 1672, was acted before Charles II at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1667. The comic scenes, sometimes of a Rabelaisian humour, are undeniably amusing.

† It seems impossible satisfactorily to disentangle Downes' narrative. He writes: "There being a Fight and Scuffle in this Play between the House of *Capulet*, and House of *Paris*. . . ." It is mere guess-work to suggest that Mrs. Holden acted Lady Capulet in Shakespeare's tragedy. (Query: In this case could Downes' jest refer to I, iii, l. 37 ?) One must assume that Mrs. Holden played in the Howard version, concerning which, as we know nothing beyond the above, it is idle to speculate.

‡ 10 June, 1693, there is a Lord Chamberlain's order to pay Mrs. Barry £25 for *Caius Marius*.

your imagination. In some of his low characters, that became it, he had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed that, naturally, he could have had a grain of common sense."* In petticoats Nokes seems to have been supremely ridiculous, and he was seen on several occasions in feminine attire. When he first appeared upon the stage, indeed, as a member of Rhodes' company in 1659–60 he is one of the half a dozen who "commonly Acted Womens Parts," Edward Kynaston, James Nokes, Edward Angel, William Betterton, John Moseley, and Floid. About this time he appeared as Florimel in *The Maid in the Mill.* In Sir Robert Stapylton's *The Slighted Maid*, seen by Pepys at Lincoln's Inn Field on Monday, 1 February, 1662–3, Nokes played Menanthe, "*An impudent Cheat, a* Greek *Impostress, who takes upon her to be mother to* Leandra," the younger daughter of the Prince of Bulgarie.† In after years when he had established his fame as a leading comedian he played the Nurse in Nevil Payne's tragedy *The Fatal Jealousie*, produced at Dorset Garden in August, 1672, and it is from this character that he is said to have obtained his nickname of Nurse Nokes. Doubtless this suggested to Otway the idea that he should also play Lavinia's Nurse in *Caius Marius.* In the autumn of 1679 at Dorset Garden Nokes appeared in D'Urfey's *The Virtuous Wife; or, Good Luck at last*, when he sustained Lady Beardly, "An amorous impertinent old Woman, one that has buried three Husbands, yet still very desirous to be courted." During the spring of 1685–6, D'Urfey's *The Banditti, or A Ladies Distress* was given at Drury Lane, with Nokes as Megæra, wife to Leon, the Captain of the Banditti; Gremia, the procuring aunt of the courtezan Levia, in Shadwell's *The Amorous Bigotte*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1689–90, was perhaps Nokes' last female rôle.

Caius Marius kept the stage for wellnigh half a century until 1726–7, and during the whole of that time seldom a season passed when it was not given twice or thrice at the least to the great satisfaction of the Town. The chief successor of Betterton as Marius senior was Barton Booth; Wilks was immensely admired as Marius junior;‡ Johnson was excellent in Sulpitius; Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Porter acted Lavinia; whilst Christopher Bullock and Dicky Norris wore the ample *justacorps* of the Nurse.

On 11 September, 1744, however, Theophilus Cibber, temporarily manager of the little Theatre in the Haymarket, revived *Romeo and Juliet*, "not acted these hundred years," as he sweepingly announced. But Cibber had little hesitation in appropriating several of Otway's most important ideas and helping himself to the very phrases and speeches of *Caius Marius* at will. The opening scene where Capulet and Paris appear and the latter suggests that Romeo may be Juliet's favoured is neither Shakespeare nor Otway. But a little later we have a long episode conveyed almost *uerbatim* from Otway, Romeo's protestations that his father had formerly selected Juliet as his bride and is now unjust in forbidding their union, since they have learned to love. When we come to the scene where Romeo is banished it is somewhat astonishing to meet with a number of lines from the utterances of Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* upon a similar occasion. In another scene from Otway Lady Capulet filches the expression of her anger from Metellus. During the tomb scene we have a long

* Cibber, *Apology*, V.

† In this play Joan, "a fat merry Hostess," was acted by Robert Turner.

‡ Booth retired from the stage in 1727, and died six years later. Wilks died in 1732.

excerpt from Otway; the awakening of Juliet before Romeo dies is word for word from *Caius Marius*.

Garrick's revision of *Romeo and Juliet*, first produced at Drury Lane, 29 November, 1748, was chiefly notable for the great alteration of the awakening of Juliet in her tomb ere Romeo expires, an episode which he re-wrote not ineffectively and not without a vein of pathos. This idea, originally Otway's, persisted upon the stage until the winter of 1845, when under Webster's management at the Haymarket, on 29 December, Charlotte and Susan Cushman appeared as Romeo and Juliet using nothing save the Shakespearean text. On 16 September, 1846, Phelps also refused to deviate from the original when he acted Mercutio to the lovers of Creswick and Laura Addison and the Nurse of Mrs. H. Marston. A tradition which was so long maintained upon the stage cannot—from the practical dramatic point of view, at all events —be altogether mistaken and misapplied.

So much has been ignorantly written about the contempt felt by the Restoration dramatists for Shakespeare that it may not be impertinent to draw attention to the generous compliments and homage Otway pays the older poet. Having made due allowances, it is still possible, I think, to regard *Caius Marius* as an excellent play, and one which (as its history proves) upon the stage was bound to hold an audience.

It seems that shortly after his return from Flanders Otway was befriended by Nell Gwyn, and probably 1680–3 were the years of his greatest prosperity, although this, in truth, is not saying much. It would appear that he was entrusted with some share in the tutelage of Charles Beauclerk, the future Duke of S. Albans,* presumably as an assistant to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, the well-known litterateur and wit,† who after the birth of Nell's son acted as her steward and managed her financial affairs. A MS. pasquil, *An Essay of Scandal*, 1681,‡ jibes thus:

> Then for that Cubb her Son and Heire
> Lett him remaine in Otway's care
> To make him (if that's possible to be)
> A viler Poet, and more dull then he.

Tho. Otway and Jhon Poieteuin are witnesses to a power of attorney, dated 1 June, 1680, from Nell Gwyn to James Fraizer of Westminster to receive her pension of £5000 per annum.§ Potvin was an upholsterer. In his *Farewel* Rochester, speaking of the young extravagants of the time, writes:

> To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*
> One flies from's Creditors, t'other from *Frazier*.

These years when Otway seems to have been in comparatively easy circumstances,

* Charles Beauclerk was born 8 May, 1670. 27 December, 1676, he was created Baron Headington and Earl of Burford, *comitatu* Oxon. 10 January, 1683–4, Duke of S. Albans. Evelyn in 1684 called him a "pretty boy." He died 10 May, 1726, and was buried on the 20th in Westminster Abbey.

† Died in 1698, aged sixty-four. He was the first to recognize the genius of Matthew Prior, who in 1689 addressed to him two verse Epistles.

‡ Harleian MSS. 6913, 6914, and 7319, fol. 135.

§ Printed in 1868 by William Henry Hart, F.S.A., with the title of *A Memorial of Nell Gwynne, the actress, and Thomas Otway, the dramatist.*

or at least not so hard pressed as usual, were the time of his greatest literary production.

Early in 1680, probably February, *The Orphan; or, The Unhappy Marriage* was produced at Dorset Garden. "This is a very moving Tragedy," says Langbaine, and its supreme merit at once placed Otway in the front rank of English dramatists. Until now his serious plays, excellent of their kind, had followed rather too closely upon conventional models to give the poet's genius full scope, but here we are aware of a conscious power and the thrill of real life, whilst the passions and sorrows of living men and women are set before us as only genius can. The exquisite tenderness and wistful beauty of the diction, the poignancy of the situations, so true and so inevitable when the one sad mistake has been made with fatal security, the pathos and the pain, are almost unendurable in their simplicity and directness. All this misery arises from a lack of moral courage shown by Castalio, who is passionate and deeply stirred but wayward and weak, emotional and easily overwhelmed by ill circumstance or frown of fate, a nature which will sorely wound the hearts of those who love him best. Such is Jaffier, and such was Otway too.

The Orphan is emphatically a "quiet" play. Tranquillity lies softly over old Acasto's retreat far away in the Bohemian countryside. The buzzing intrigues of the court and the martial hubbub of war are but heard as at a great distance, afar off and disregarded. The only shadow of trouble is the echo which the surge and turmoil of the world find in the hearts of the two young brothers, that, and the loveliness of their father's fair ward, Monimia. Then relentless destiny closes upon them, and though they move not amid thrones and gilded sceptres and the crash of kingdoms, they dree their weird in most piteous agony and despair.

The Orphan is a domestic tragedy, and it is easy to understand why its tender sentimentality should have made it so great a favourite throughout the eighteenth century. In many ways Monimia cannot fail to remind us of Richardson's heroine, the "divine Clarissa."

The central episode of the play has been somewhat adversely and somewhat shallowly criticized. It has been said that when Polydore forestalls Castalio and enters first, albeit in perfect silence, the darkened room Monimia must have discovered the substitution. Indeed, this were not necessarily the case. No word was breathed; no candle, however faint, was lit; and we must imagine the huge four-post bed, plumed and canopied, with curtains heavily drawn, shrouded in gloom. The cheat was perfectly possible.*

The plot of the play, as Langbaine pointed out, is taken from "*English Adventures.* By a Person of Honour,"† 8vo, 1676. Here Castalio's experiences are ascribed to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a piece which is, of course, merest romance.‡

* Voltaire's condemnation of "le tendre et élégant Otway" for his treatment of this situation is nugatory. *Du Théâtre Anglais. Œuvres Complètes* (1837), IX, 60. It will be remembered that in *Measure for Measure* Angelo enjoys Mariana whilst thinking in the dark that it is Isabella whom he possesses.

† Licensed 12 May, 1676, Roger L'Estrange. *Term Catalogues,* Michaelmas (22 November), 1676. This romance is in three parts in prose. *The History of Brandon* falls in the first part. The book is often attributed to Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, apparently first in a MS. note by Bindley.

‡ A full excerpt from the novel will be found as Appendix A.

Henry VIII is supposed to be travelling *incognito* among his subjects, something very like a Western Haroun al-Rashid, with Brandon as his companion. Naturally he meets with many experiences, which give rise to the relation of various narratives.

A similar story is told of the brothers Edward and Francis Russell, sons of Francis Russell, second Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585. Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montagu, 8 October, 1751, writes: "I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a week. . . . They showed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polidore—they were sons to the second Earl of Bedford, and the elder, if not both, died before their father. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears a maze, with these words, Fata uiam inuenient. The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her." Forty years later in a letter, 30 September, 1791, to the Countess of Upper Ossary, Walpole says: "I remember two curious pictures . . . which the first time I was at Woburn the Duchess of Bedford told me were two sons of the second Earl, and that from their story the subject of 'The Orphan' was taken. . . . Did you ever hear of that anecdote, Madam, and can you tell me more of it?" In a note to the ballad *Glasgerion* in Percy's *Reliques* (Series the Third, Book I, No. 7) the editor remarks: "An ingenious friend thinks that the following old ditty . . . may possibly have given birth to the tragedy of 'The Orphan' in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio." The "ingenious friend" was Walpole, who, in a letter to Percy, 5 February, 1765, has pointed out ". . . the ditty of Glasgerion seems evidently to have given birth to the tragedy of 'The Orphan' in which Polidore profits of Monimia's intended favours to Castalio."

It is, I think, superfluous to seek analogies to the sad tale of Monimia and the brothers' jealousy. One might refer to episodes in the Arthur-saga,* to the famous *Love Letters between a Nobleman and his Sister* supposed to have passed between Forde, Lord Grey, and his sister-in-law, Lady Henrietta Berkeley, or to the tale founded upon this intrigue, "*The Illegal Lovers; a True Secret History.* Being an Amour Between a Person of Condition and his Sister. Written by One who did reside in the Family," 8vo, 1728.

Smollett in his *Ferdinand, Count Fathom* (1753), has not only taken for his own the name Monimia, but in this strange romance, half Gothic adventure and half frank comedy, he has made deliberate use of such parts of *The Orphan* tragedy as availed his purpose.

Although it is certain that *English Adventures* was the source of Otway's tragedy, some portion of the plot of Robert Tailor's *The Hogge Hath Lost His Pearle*† is analogous. *A Fatal Secret; or, The Rival Brothers,* an anonymous drama produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1704, is obviously modelled upon *The Orphan.* Theodor and Horatio, the two sons of Alithea, both love Victoria, the daughter of Lord Honorius, who is their mother's half-brother. Victoria is enamoured of Theodor, but is pursued by Lord Belmont, who had come to seek Alithea's hand. The intrigue is

* *Merlin.* Roman en Prose du XIII Siècle, publié par Gaston, Paris, et Jacob Ulrich, Paris, 1886 (p. 98 *sqq.*).

† "A Comedy. Divers Times. Publikely acted by certaine London Prentices," 4to, 1614. Concerning the performance of this play, see Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Sir Edmund Bacon, printed in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*

further complicated by Belinda, Lord Belmont's daughter, who loves Horatio. The catastrophe is developed much as in Otway, and in the end Theodor stabs himself whilst Victoria dies.* Giles Jacob in *The Poetical Register* (p. 248) with shrewd discernment points out that Filmer's *The Unnatural Brother*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the spring of 1697, is written on the plan of *The Orphan*.

There are, it is true, some minor faults in *The Orphan*, but these are very negligible, and in no way impair the beauties. Voltaire, when discussing English tragedy, writes scornfully enough: "Si celle d'Hamlet commence par deux sentinelles, celle de l'Orpheline commence par deux valets de chambre: car il faut bien imiter les grands hommes." And contemporary criticism noticed: "*Otway*, in the first scene of his *Orphan*, has endeavour'd to avoid this fault of soliloquy, by introducing Ernesto and Paulino, but it is done so awkwardly, that it is evident that they only repeat to one another things known to them both, merely to tell them us; for that scene has nothing to do with the rest of the play, and has many years been cut out in the representation without the least maim to the action."† This dialogue, which in truth recalls the conventional opening in the earlier nineteenth-century French drama, the conversation of the valet and the lady's maid, l'exposition de la pièce selon les procédés de M. Scribe, is judiciously excised from all the prompt-books. It is but a eulogy of the character of Acasto, who is traditionally said to represent the good old Duke of Ormonde,‡ and however it may interest and please in the closet it is not well suited for the stage. Davies writes: "Cibber has told us that the Castalio of Betterton was superior to all the performances he had ever seen of the character. . . . Mountfort, a younger man, who succeeded him, being endowed by nature with a handsome person, a most melodious voice, and pleasing address, was, at least to the female part of the audience, which I think best qualified to distinguish, rather nearer to the idea of an accomplished and

* Even separate lines and phrases may be compared, e.g.:

Orphan. Distrust and heaviness sits round my heart
And apprehension shocks my timorous soul.

Fatal Secret. A heavy dread sits close about my heart,
Which checks my perfect satisfaction.

And again:

Orphan. He left his Daughter to our Master's care
To such a care as she scarce lost a Father.

Fatal Secret. My sons have scarce perceiv'd they have no Father,
So generously have you discharg'd the care.

And Castalio's last words:

Now all I beg is, lay me in one Grave,
Thus with my Love. Farewell! I now am—nothing.

Fatal Secret. Madam, Farewel, and you my Lord adieu—
Let one Grave hold us both—

† *The Laws of Poetry, as laid down by the Duke of Buckinghamshire.* . . . London, 1721.

‡ "Of all the noblemen who, in the reign of Charles II, distinguished themselves for work and attachment to their royal master, James Duke of Ormond stands the foremost; and I cannot avoid conjecturing that his character is here shadowed, at least part of it, under Acasto." Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, London, 1784, III, p. 186.

successful lover. Williams was an actor of merit, but courted the bottle with more vigour than the profession of acting. Polydore was formerly so great a favourite with the audience, that, when Powel and he were cast into the two brothers, they contended who should act this approved libertine; and he, who obtained the favour, paid for it, as I have been told, with a fine for a sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus."* The *Biographia Dramatica* has some pertinent criticism upon these characters: "Nor can we avoid remarking, that the compassion of the audience has commonly appeared misplaced, it lighting in general on the whining, irresolute Castalio, instead of falling, where it ought to do, on the more spirited and open-hearted Polydore, who, in consequence of concealments on the side of his brother, which he could not have any reason to expect, and by which he is really injured, is tempted in his love and resentment to an act which involves him in greater horror and distress than any of the other characters can undergo, from the more bloody effects it produces."

There is no critic but suggests that Mrs. Barry in Monimia attained perfection. "In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive," are Cibber's words.† Charlotte Butler, who created Serina, "was a capital and admired performer. In speaking, too, she had a sweet-toned voice, which, with her naturally genteel air and sensible pronunciation, rendered her wholly mistress of the amiable, in many serious characters."‡ Curll's absurd canard, that Mrs. Bracegirdle, then six years old, acted the Page is still repeated by irresponsible writers. Since Mrs. Bracegirdle died in 1748 aged eighty-five, at the time of the production of *The Orphan* she was seventeen years old, and most certainly did not act Cordelio. It is probable that the original representative of this rôle was "little Mrs. Ariell" who spoke the epilogue to Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazar, or The Moor's Revenge*, acted at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1676, and no doubt played Fanny, "a Child of seven Years old, Daughter to Sir Patient Fancy," in *Sir Patient Fancy*, January, 1679.

Colley Cibber in his *Apology* tells us: "The first part, therefore, in which I appeared with any glimpse of success, was the *Chaplain*, in the 'Orphan' of Otway. There is in the character (of one scene only) a decent pleasantry, and sense enough to show an audience whether the actor has any himself. Here was the first applause I ever received, which, you may be sure, made my heart leap with a higher joy, than may be necessary to describe; and yet my transport was not then half so high, as at what Goodman (who had now left the stage) said of me, the next day, in my hearing. Goodman often came to a rehearsal for amusement, and having sat out the 'Orphan,' the day before, in a conversation with some of the principal actors, inquired what new young fellow that was, whom he had seen in the *Chaplain?* Upon which, Mountfort replied, 'That's he, behind you.' Goodman then turning about, looked earnestly at me, and, after, some pause, clapping me on the shoulder, rejoined, 'If he does not make a good actor I'll be d——'d!' The surprise of being commended by one who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than I could support; in a word it almost took away my breath, and (laugh, if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes."

Jeremy Collier, *A Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*,

* *Ibid*, pp. 195–6. † *Apology*, V. ‡ *Ibid.*, V.

III, "The Clergy Abused by the Stage," has some pretty severe strictures upon the scene between Chamont and the Chaplain which he calls "down-right Porter's Rhetorick." "In the *Orphan*, The Young Soldier *Chamont* calls the Chaplain Sr. *Gravity*, and treats him with the Language of *Thee*, and *Thou*. The Chaplain instead of returning the Contempt; Flatters *Chamont* in his Folly, and pays a Respect to his Pride. The Cavalier encouraged I suppose by this Sneaking, proceeds to all the Excesses of Rudeness."*

For a century and a half the most famous tragic actresses of the English stage played Monimia and moved packed houses to the homage of welling tears. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Yates, George Anne Bellamy, the exquisite Miss O'Neill, Fanny Kemble, and many others sustained this rôle, which exhibits such pathos, such agony, such true and tender beauty. Perhaps in order that we may fully appreciate *The Orphan* Monimia must be interpreted for us upon the stage by some great actress. And this has not yet fallen to the lot of the present generation. It is true that two performances were essayed in May, 1925, but unluckily the play was miscast, and so far from being helped to a clearer understanding of Otway's scenes, the audience was heavily weighted with a sense of depression and failure. Much, consciously or unconsciously, trembled on the verge of burlesque; the loveliness was marred and spoiled, just as a wanton child will break and smash a toy. The actors were clearly unable to cope with their parts. It was obvious, too, from the outset that the producer had misapprehended the whole spirit and meaning of Otway's tragedy. It is regrettable indeed to chronicle a mere lamentable fiasco.

What proved extremely significant upon this occasion was the attitude of many of the critics who showed themselves incapable of distinguishing between bad acting and a bad play. The whole thing became hopelessly jumbled in their minds. Consequently we read that "*The Orphan* is heartless hack-work by a second-rate man." Even more preposterous rubbish might be heard: "The play, being one of the worst ever written. . . ."! One might have imagined that a moment's thought, the knowledge that *The Orphan* kept possession of the stage and pleased for one hundred and fifty years—but probably he had not that knowledge—would have preserved a man from committing himself to such reckless ineptitudes.

In 1680 Otway, who by this time was on good terms with the laureate, had contributed a rendering of *Epistola IV, Phædra Hippolyto*, to the translation of Ovid's *Heroides*,† which Dryden with a Preface ushered into the world, himself undertaking, and turning as only he could turn, Canace to Macareus, Helen to Paris, and Dido to Æneas. Otway's lines are both fluent and graceful, the Latin elegiacs often being neatly enough versed and Englished. *The Poet's Complaint of his Muse, or a Satire against Libels*, 4to, 1680,‡ is a poem of considerable interest, and especially valuable from an autobiographical point of view. The numbers, if occasionally harsh, are vigorous, and the political invective is eminently proper and just. There seem, at this late date, to be certain obscurities, very plain and pointed, no doubt, to a contemporary. *Windsor Castle, In a Monument to K. Charles II*,§ which owes something to its imitation of

* *Editio princeps*, 1698, p. 100.
† Ovid's *Epistles*. Translated by several hands. 1680.
‡ "Quarto. Price 6d." *Term Catalogues*, Hilary [February], 1680.
§ *Term Catalogues*. Easter [May], 1685.

Denham, is a pleasing, if not a very distinguished, ode. The occasional songs will be found not to want grace; the prologues and epilogues have considerable force and wit. The translations from Tibullus, although meritorious and careful, hardly give us the fair charm of that author, for whom his true lovers feel an intimate and fond affection as for a dear personal friend; "tersus atque elegans," Quintilian calls him, surely words of no slight praise.*

Early in 1679–80 was produced at Dorset Garden *The Souldiers Fortune*,† Otway's second comedy, which according to Downes "took extraordinary well, and being perfectly *Acted*, got the Company great Reputation and Profit." With Betterton, Smith, Nokes, Leigh, and Mrs. Barry in the leading parts it would, indeed, at any period in the history of the English theatre be impossible to imagine a finer cast. Moreover, *The Souldiers Fortune* is an excellent comedy; and any trained reader who is accustomed to visualize a play from a practical, that is to say an acting, point of view will at once appreciate that the intricate, yet clearly defined, intrigue is handled by a master of comic craft; the characters are developed so as to afford the artists golden opportunities in the playing; the dialogue is easy and natural, nimble with wit; the technique tops the acme of consummate skill; in fine, in the theatre these scenes could not but afford infinite entertainment to an audience.

Tradition, which amply records Otway's triumph, especially praises the performances of Nokes and Leigh. Of the latter Cibber writes: "In humour, he loved to take a full career. . . . In *Sir Jolly* he was all life, and laughing humour; and when Nokes acted with him in the same play, they returned the ball so dexterously upon one another, that every scene between them seemed but one continued rest of excellence. But, alas! when those actors were gone, that comedy and many others, for the same reason, were rarely known to stand upon their own legs; by seeing no more of Leigh or Nokes in them, the characters were quite sunk, and altered."‡ Nokes "in some of his low characters, that became it, had a shuffling shamble in his gait, with so contented an ignorance in his aspect, and an awkward absurdity in his gesture, that had you not known him, you could not have believed that, naturally, he could have a grain of common sense." We may picture him as Sir Davy Dunce, "sunk into such a mixture of piteous pusillanimity, and a consternation so ruefully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shaken you to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot point, whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and roll his full eye into such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance of what to think of it, that his silent perplexity, which would sometimes hold him several minutes, gave your imagination as full content, as the most absurd thing he could say upon it."§

The incidents which Otway has so deftly woven in the witty warp of this excellent comedy are adroitly garnered from several sources. It has been hazarded that Otway

* "Elegia quoque Græcos prouocamus, cuius mihi tersus atque elegans maxime uidetur auctor Tibullus." M. Fab. Quintiliani, *De Institutione Oratoria*, X, i. 93.

† The King was present on 1 March, possibly the occasion of the first performance.

‡ *Apology*, V. That the audiences would tolerate no successors to Nokes and Leigh in Sir Davy and Sir Jolly, and hence the comedy was rarely seen, is impertinent to the merits of the play.

§ *Ibid.*, V.

took the hint for his old reprobate, Sir Jolly Jumble, from Dryden's Pandarus* in *Troilus and Cressida, or Truth Found too Late*, produced at Dorset Garden in the spring of 1679. But it seems far more probable that Sir Jolly was suggested by Aldo, "an honest, good-natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town," in Dryden's *The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham*, produced at Dorset Garden, 11 March, 1677–8. In fact, there are verbal resemblances in their talk which can hardly be mere coincidence.

"The Plot of My Lady *Dunce*, making her Husband the Agent in the Intrigue between *Beaugard* and her, to convey the Ring and Letter," is to be found in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, giornata terza, novella 111, the rubric of which runs: "*Sotto spezie di confessione e di purissima conscienza una donna innamorata d'un giovane induce un solenne frate, senza avvedersene egli, a dar modo che'l piacer di lei avesso intero effetto.*" Much the same story is related by Henry Estienne in his introduction to the *Apologie d'Herodote* (XV, 30); as also in Hagen's *Gesammtabenteuer*, I, xiv; Masuccio's *Il Novellino*, xxx; Bonaventure des Periers, Nouvelle 114; and by Du Meril *Histoire de la Poesie Scandinave* (p. 347). In Marston's *Parasitaster, Or The Fawne*, 4to, 1606, Dulcimel employs the same device: "I will so stalke on the blind side of my all knowing fathers wit, that do what his wisdome can, hee shall bee my onely mediator, my onely messenger, my onely honourable spokesman, hee shall carrie my fauours, hee shall amplifie my affection, nay he shal direct the Prince the meanes the very way to my bed, hee and onely he. . . ." In Richard Rhodes' *Flora's Vagaries* (4to, 1670, but acted several years earlier), Otrante similarly makes use of the Friar to carry on her intrigue with Ludovico; and in Sir Francis Fane's *Love in the Dark, or The Man of Bus'ness*, acted at Drury Lane in the spring of 1675 (4to, 1675), Bellinganna in like fashion sends Scrutinio to Trivultio, who is to be checked for making love to her. But probably Otway conveyed directly from *L'Ecole des Maris*,† II, when Sganarelle, Isabelle, and Valère are exactly Sir Davy, Lady Dunce, and Beaugard.

Sir Davy Dunce's sudden appearance from the closet, when he surprises his wife and Beaugard embracing and the lady's conduct upon the occasion, are very closely imitated from "The Novel of Millamant, or the Rampant Lady, as read by Ragotin," which may be found in "Scarron's Comical Romance, or A facetious History of a company of Stage players, interwoven with divers choice Novels, rare Adventures, and Amorous Intrigues. Written originally in French by that famous Wit, Monsieur *Scarron*."‡ However, as Langbaine remarks,§ "by the way, that Story is not in the *French* Copy,‖ and I suppose was not writ by *Scarron*; but was rather translated from *Les Amours des Dames Illustres de nôtre Siècle*."¶ The episode relates how Millamant gave Cleander an assignation:

* Created by Leigh.

† Produced 24 June, 1661. Sganarelle, Molière; Isabelle, Mlle de Brie; Valère, La Grange.

‡ 1676, pp. 228–50.

§ *English Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 399.

‖ 1649–57.

¶ In the edition of 1680 (*Cologne*) this novel is called *Alosie. Ou les Amours de Madame de M.T.P.* In the original Millamant is Lupanie.

" One day that Cleander was come to see Millamant, she carried him into a parlour, in one end of which was her husband's closet: she knockt two or three times at the door, to know if he was in it or no; and having called him as often, and he not answering, she took it for granted that he was abroad. . . ." But the husband unexpectedly appears. " Millamant strangely surprised at the sight of her husband, and seeing Cleander's sword, she seised it; and having drawn it forth, presented it to Schelicon upon her knees, accompanying her actions with these words: Pierce, without more delay, this innocent body of mine, which another's crime hath endeavoured to defile, and spare not a miserable creature, whom the indignation of Heaven hath chosen to be the object of the most infamous brutality that ever man was guilty of. I deserve a thousand deaths, since my fatal beauty and my looks, though full of innocency, have been capable of inspiring any one with so unworthy a design; and my blood is not enough to wash away that vile man's crime. But if before I dye, I may have liberty to say something in my own justification; know that if your wife be unfortunate yet she is innocent. . . . I ran to your door and knocked at it, and called you too. . . ."*

The scene of Courtine beneath his mistress' balcony owes a trifling hint, perhaps, to the serenading of Mary by Monsieur Thomas in Fletcher's comedy† of that name. As *Father's Own Son*,‡ *Monsieur Thomas* had been very popular in the earlier Restoration theatre, and D'Urfey's adaptation *Trick for Trick; or, The Debauch'd Hypocrite*§ was received with applause when produced at Drury Lane early in 1678 (probably February–March), with Hart as Monsieur Thomas and Mrs. Boutell, Cellida (Mary). D'Urfey has retained the episode where Thomas climbs a rope-ladder to Cellida's window and is saluted with a scuttle on his head as he mounts.

Langbaine's idea that " The Behaviour of *Bloody-bones*, is like that of the *Bravo*, in the *Antiquary* " is possibly correct, but this scouring for cognate matter may surely grow somewhat too meticulous. In *The Cheats of Scapin*‖ we have already had Shift "*disguis'd like a Bully.*" The Bravo in Shackerly Marmion's capital comedy proves to be Aurelia's father, who has assumed the habit of a matamoros effectually to carry out his own design.

Yet for all these borrowings, which in sum do not amount to much, *The Souldiers Fortune* is Otway's own work. His are the variety and quick succession of the incidents, the vivid pictures of contemporary life, the cut and thrust of the dialogue, the laughter and the fun. It will not escape notice that he has introduced his own

* pp. 235, *sqq.* R. S. Forsythe, *A Study of the Plays of Thomas D'Urfey*, 1916, suggests that Otway for this episode in *The Souldiers Fortune* was indebted to a scene in Act IV of *A Fond Husband; or, The Plotting Sisters*, produced in 1676, 4to, 1677, when Emilia pretends she has been attacked by Ranger. But this is very far-fetched and impertinent. In truth the monograph is unsatisfactory as a whole, and in particular finical to a degree in its idle attempts to trace plagiaries and parallels.

† The date is very uncertain. 1610–14 is usually suggested. First printed, 4to, 1639.

‡ " Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the theatre, and there saw ' Father's Own Son,' a very good play." Pepys, 28 September, 1661. Also 13 November, 1661: " To the theatre, and there saw ' Father's Own Son ' again." 19 April, 1662, Sir Henry Herbert records " Fathers owne son " at Vere Street, Clare Market.

§ Licensed (for printing) 30 April, 1678, and 4to, 1678.

‖ 4to, 1641.

experiences as a campaigner in Flanders, and as a disbanded officer into this comedy, matter extremely pertinent at the present day and eternally true.

The objections of the lady, who cried, "Fogh! oh *Sherru*, 'tis so filthy," are amusing, and it would seem that these morbid nuisances are changeless and irksomely unoriginal.

The prologue written by Lord Falkland is a clever piece, and the allusion to *Pope Joan* is particularly interesting. It is not to be wondered at that during the intense political agitation which was fomented by the evil myth of the so-called Popish Plot, the Whigs and their poetasters should have eagerly seized upon every lying legend which they could use as a weapon against their opponents. It would seem that Shaftesbury himself suggested the wild fable of Pope Joan to Elkanah Settle,* whose tragedy *The Female Prelate: Being The History of the Life and Death of Pope Joan* was produced at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1679. There have been some gross errors made with reference to the date of this play,† which was published quarto, prefaced by an Epistle Dedicatory "To The Right Honourable The Earl of Shaftsbury" in 1680 (*Term Catalogues*. Michaelmas, November, 1680). But it must have been acted more than a twelvemonth before, and in such a case delay in publication is not surprising; indeed, Settle avows that it was only owing to Shaftesbury's influence it could be issued at all. The performances caused great scandal, which is alluded to in the epilogue to Lee's *Cæsar Borgia: the Son of Pope Alexander the Sixth*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, probably in November:‡

More could not have been said, nor more been done,
To damn this Play about the Court and Town:
Not if he 'ad shown their Philters, Charms, and Rage,
Nay conjur'd up Pope Joan *to please the Age,*
And had her Breeches search'd upon the Stage.

The lines are obviously a sharp bob at the last scene in Settle's drama. In *Domestick Intelligence*, "Fryday Decemb. 19. 1679" there is mention of some young Scholars

* The Epistle Dedicatory to Shaftesbury: "And if amidst your more serious Affairs; so mean a Trifle as a Play may intrude under your Lordship's Roof, this, of all Poems, may most presume; for 'tis your Creature, and owes its very being to your Lordship: for as Plays and Poetry should make the discountenancing of the greatest Vices their chiefest Theme, 'tis your Lordship's unmasking of *Rome* that gave me the Light to chuse my Story: And 'tis by your Lordship's influence too that it now appears in publick."

† September, 1680, has been given, but this is mere guess-work. *The Female Prelate* was reissued 1689 as by "A Person of Quality," the Epistle Dedicatory to Shaftesbury being suppressed.

‡ Farmer's music for the Epithalamiun in Act IV was published in *Choice Ayres*, III, 10, which appeared just about this time. The following lines in the Epilogue to *The Rover II*, produced at Dorset Garden early in 1680, are a hit at *The Female Prelate* and *Cæsar Borgia*:

Pleas'd your sick Palates with Fantastick Wit,
Such as was ne'er a treat before to th' Pit;
Giants, fat Cardinals, Pope Joans *and Fryers*
To entertain Right Worshipfuls and Squires.

The "*fat Cardinals*" alludes to Ascanio Sforza in *Cæsar Borgia*, a rôle created by Anthony Leigh.

of a Latin School in Cannon-street having acted "upon Wednesday night last the History of Pope Joan, or a Discovery of the Debaucheries and Villainies of the Popish Faction: many Hundred Spectators attended and applauded." The chief characters in Settle's play, which has a head title "Pope John VIII, etc.," are John, *Lord Cardinal of* Rhemes, *originally a German Lady, named* Joanna Anglica; *afterwards disguis'd in the habit of a Priest of the Benedictine Order, next a Cardinal, and lastly created Pope.* Lorenzo, *a Courtier of mean Extract, preferr'd by the lust of Cardinal* John, *and privately her Inamorato.* Amiran, *a woman in the habit of a Page, a sworn Confident to the Intrigue of* Lorenzo *and* Rhemes. *The Duke of* Saxony, *at present a Guest in* Rome, *brought thither for the love of a beautiful Roman Lady called* Angeline, *to whom he is newly married.* Angeline, *his Dutchess.** There are also Priests, Hereticks, Romans, The old Duke of Saxony's Ghost, The Consistory of Cardinals. The story is one of melodramatic revenge and lust. Saxony and Angeline are, of course, persecuted and imprisoned. We have: *The Scene the Prison, which opening, discovers variety of Hereticks in several Tortures.* There are groans and screams: "Savage Tormentors, hold! oh!" "Barbarian Devils, oh!" "Tyrant Monsters," and the whole gamut of Protestant nonsense and calumny. Yet amid all the rancour of this rubbish we feel that there is something in the play far more vigorous than Settle's wont; in fact, these lewd and lurid episodes attain a crude force which elsewhere he cannot touch. It has been suggested, and indeed the idea is not improbable,† that Settle's *Pope Joan* is the reworking of some red-hot Elizabethan drama, now lost, whereof we have extant one flamboyant specimen in Barnaby Barnes' *The Devils Charter: A Tragœdie Conteining the Life and Death of Pope* Alexander *the Sixt.* 4to, 1607.

The myth about a female pope is first noticed in the thirteenth century. The Dominican chronicler Jean de Mailly is the earliest writer who had cognizance of it, and from him another Dominican, Étienne de Bourbon (d. 1251), adopted the fable into his work on the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost (Quétif-Echard, *Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum*, I, Paris, 1719). A different version is to be found in the third recension of the chronicle of Martin of Troppau (Martinus Polonus). The date is alleged to be that of the successor of Leo IV, 847–55. But Leo IV died 17 July, 855, and immediately Benedict III was elected by the clergy and people of Rome, although, owing to the setting up of an antipope in the person of the deposed Cardinal Anastasius, the Holy Father was not actually consecrated until 29 September of that year. It is even more impossible that a woman Pope could be inserted in the list of Pontiffs about 1100, between Victor III (1087) and Urban II (1088–99) or Paschal II (1099–1110). Döllinger's explanation of this idle legend has met with general approval,‡ whilst earlier writers, Aventinus, Blondel, Panvinio (notæ ad Platinam, *De uitis Rom. Pon.*), are inclined to suppose it a satire, which ignorance and malice translated into actual fact. In any case "It need hardly be stated that the whole story of Pope Joan is fabulous, and rests not on a single historical foundation. . . . A paper war was waged on the subject, and finally the whole story was proved conclusively to be utterly

* Unfortunately, the cast is not preserved.

† *Notes and Queries*, I Series, 17 January, 1852, Vol. VI, p. 52.

‡ *Papstfabeln*, Munich, 1863, pp. 7–45. See also Leo Allatius, *Dissertatio de Ioanna Papissa*, Romæ, 1630; Blondel, *Ioanna Papissa*, 1657; Leibniz *Flores sparsæ in tumulum Papissæ*, *Bibliotheca historica* (Göttingen, 1758), pp. 267 *sqq.*

destitute of historical truth."* As one might imagine the great champions of the myth were the Protestants of the sixteenth century, who were thoroughly unscrupulous in distorting history and in suppressing facts or inventing fictions.

Lord Falkland's Prologue to *The Souldiers Fortune* is thus alluded to in a contemporary satire, *The Lovers Session*, "In Imitation of Sir John Suckling's Session of Poets":

> She [Venus] perceiv'd little *Falkland* sneaking away,
> And vow'd she admir'd how that frivolous chit
> Ever came to pass on the town for a wit. . . .
> A mimick he is, tho' a bad one at best,
> Still plagu'd with an impotent itch to a jest;
> In appurtenant action he spares no expence,
> He has all the ingredients of wit but the sense. . . .
> Or if French memoirs read from *Broad*-street to *Bow*
> Can make a man wise, then *Falkland* is so.
> And for full confirmation of all she did say,
> She produc'd his damn'd Prologue to *Otway's* last play.

The great success of *The Souldiers Fortune* must have brought Otway in certain monies, at all events, and the latter half of the year 1681 he was busy with his great tragic masterpiece *Venice Preserv'd; or, A Plot Discover'd*, which was produced at Dorset Garden on 9 February, 1681–2.† For the incidents of his play he turned once more to the Abbé de Saint-Réal, whose *La Conjuration des Espagnols contre la République de Venise en l'année MDCXVIII*‡ had been published at Paris in 1674, and of which the English version, *A Conspiracie of the Spaniards against the State of Venice*, appeared in 1675.§ Saint-Réal's history of this extraordinary conspiracy is certainly far more exact and particular than his novel of *Dom Carlos;* no doubt he has added some details, and, of course, furnished the conspirators with speeches and conversations, but in these dark schemes he had romance ready made to his hand, and there was no need for him to draw upon his imagination. His characters live; Alfonso de la Cueva, Marquis de Bedmar, that subtle and tortuous spirit, the very genius of crooked intrigue; old Renault, glib of speech, a born organizer, but humoursome and testy, devoured with jealousy and burning ambition; Jacques-Pierre, the corsair, an enthusiast and an idealist, always wrapped in dreams of impossible altruism, ready to engage in the most quixotic extravagances; Antoine Jaffier, a Provençal, honest, weak,

* Baring-Gould, *Myths of the Middle Ages*. There is a transpontine novel by G. W. M. Reynolds, *Pope Joan*, although in truth the title is a catchpenny and the tale has little to do with the imaginary Popess.

† Seen by the King 11 February.

‡ A Paris, chez Claude Barbin, 12mo, 327 pages. Licensed 21 December, 1673.

§ *Term Catalogues*. Easter [10 May], 1675, 8vo. Price, bound 1s. The Second Edition was issued in 1679. (*Term Catalogues*, Hilary, 18 February.) Saint-Réal wrote a *Vie de Jésus-Christ*, "pieuse, solide, élégante, et agréable," which was published in 1678; various theoretical dialogues under the title *Césarion ou Entretiens Divers*, 1684; and a number of literary pieces of less importance. On 6 October, 1692, Racine writes to Boileau: "J'appris hier la mort du pauvre abbé de Saint-Réal."

vacillating, a tender heart, bruised and broken amid this secret gang of headstrong, unscrupulous, bloody men.*

It seems that Saint-Réal invented the story of the Greek courtezan at whose house the plotters held their rendezvous. Born in an island of the Archipelago, she was seduced at an early age by the Venetian governor, who, when her father cried out for justice and proclaimed her wrongs, rid himself of an importunate accuser by assassination. The young Greek came to Venice to plead her cause and demand vengeance, but the tribunals refused to admit her plaints. Reduced to poverty, she sold her beauty at a high price, and although she had become wealthy she always entertained the most implacable hatred to the Republic, for which reason she rendered the conspirators every aid in her power. In his *Vic du duc d'Ossone*† Gregorio Leti gives her name as Menandra, but as Leti seems exactly to have followed Saint-Réal it is more probable that he invented the name rather than derived it from any common source utilized by both authors.

It is not impossible that some similar narrative occurs in the Venetian annals. It is, however, certain that, so far as they have been examined, none of the documents which detail this conspiracy have any mention of a Greek courtezan. Probably Saint-Réal wished to create a character like the Sempronia of Sallust or the Epicharis of Tacitus. It is almost a literary tradition that a beautiful cyprian must be concerned with every conspiracy; plots are not complete without a prostitute. No doubt Saint-Réal also intended a touch of local colour, for the courtezans of Venice were world famous. Ruskin has said somewhere that the decline of Venice was due to fornication. This is ridiculous. Mutinelli in his *Diari Urbani di Venezia*‡ supplies a chronicle of Venetian fornication in 1340, at the time when the Doge's Palace was being enriched with its sculpture. The public prostitutes were then reckoned at 11,654. Two centuries later was printed *Tariffa delle puttane overo ragionamento del forestiere e de' gentil'huomo: nel quale si dinota il prezzo e la qualita di tutte le Cortegiane di Venezia col nome delle Ruffiane; ed alcune novelle piacevoli da ridere fatte da alcune di queste famose signore a gli suoi amorosi. Stampato nel nostro hemisphero l'anno* 1535, *mese di Agosto.*§ *La Tariffa* has been attributed to Aretino and to Lorenzo Veniero, and is possibly the work of both. For Venetian morality in the eighteenth century one may consult the pages of Casanova, and also the poems of the patrician Giorgio Baffo (1694–1768).‖

Otway has reproduced parts of Saint-Réal's narrative almost verbatim in the play, although he makes many changes in his treatment of the event. The real leader in the conspiracy was the Marquis de Bedmar, the Spanish ambassador. He gathered

* As full excerpts are given, Appendix B, it were superfluous to recount the details of the conspiracy here.

† Amsterdam, 1699.

‡ p. 157.

§ This edition is of the last rarity. There are reprints, Paris, Isidore Liseux, 1883. A similar compilation is *Piacevol Ragionamento del Zoppino*, which deals with the courtezans of Rome. The earliest edition I have seen is 1584, but it was printed half a century before this. It is often found with Aretino's works. Guillaume Apollinaire attributes the authorship to Francisco Delicado, whose novel *La Lazana Andaluza* is famous.

‖ *Raccolta universale delle opere di Giorgio Baffo*, 4 vols., Cosmopoli, 1789. Also the reprint of Liseux, 4 vols., Paris, 1884. The poems are written in the Venetian dialect.

around him a number of French adventurers, such as Pierre, Jaffier, Renault, who seem to have joined his plots for purposes of private revenge in order more surely to accomplish the downfall of Venice. This historical episode supplies the setting of Otway's tragedy, and allowed him to exhibit a close parallel between the dangers which threatened the Venetian Republic and that anarchy which had been fomented by Shaftesbury and his adherents at home. As Genest says: "He evidently meant to insinuate that the persons at this time in opposition to the Court were as unprincipled as the conspirators in his Tragedy." The villain Shaftesbury is accordingly satirized under two aspects. His treasons and busy factiousness are shown in the character of Renault*; the foulness of his private vices is scarified in the lechery of the old senator Antonio.

That the scenes between Antonio and Aquilina should have been so long omitted from the representation, and that critics should not appreciate how essential they are to the action of the tragedy,† is surely a most astonishing and incomprehensible puzzle.‡ It was necessary that Otway should paint the corruption of Venice, her stews not only nurseries of lust but dens of murder; the old senator, with his itching priapism, creeping at midnight to his whore, whose house is the very rendezvous of cut-throats sworn to pull the Republic about his ears, to slit his weasand and pillage his goods; the fine speaker in the council-house mowing and gibbering lewd baby-talk, slobbering and mewling, as he is lashed to desire by the termagant strumpet. The reverse of the medal must needs be shown.§

The masochism of these episodes is so true that it has been copied by the great realist Zola, who in psychological study of the passivism of Count Mouffat in *Nana* has borrowed from Otway. This aberration is said to have entered into the poet's

* It has been ridiculously suggested that by Renault Rochester is intended! Save that the two names begin with the letter R, there is no resemblance, in fact no two characters could be more widely different.

† The naïve critickin who penned such a banality as "The comic parts [of *Venice Preserv'd*] mainly centring around the character of Antonio, which is in all probability a satiric portrait of Shaftesbury, are the only marring features in it, not because these are badly written but because they do not harmonise well with the general theme of the play" has subscribed himself a complete ass.

‡ "When Leigh and Mrs. Currer performed the parts of doting cully and rampant courtezan, the applause was as loud as the triumphant Tories, for so they were at that time, could bestow." Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, III, 215–6.

§ In the satires of the day there are constant allusions to Shaftesbury's masochism. Mrs. Cresswell, whose bagnio in Moorfields this lewd nobleman frequented, seems to have rivalled the famous Mrs. Berkeley as an expert at erotic flagellation. Cf. *A Song at the Loyal Feast at Westminster Hall; A Choice Collection of* 180 *Loyal Songs* (p. 344):

> No more can *Sedition* and *Church-Reformation*
> Come from flogging at *Creswels* to saving the Nation.

Also *A Collection of* 80 *Loyal Poems*, 1685 (p. 86):

"That's worse than Mother *Creswel's* flogging is," in allusion to the punishments Shaftesbury deserved. *The Observator*, Monday, 2 June, 1684, has: "What an *Encouragement* and matter of *Edification*, would it be to *Youth*, to see a *Grave Senator* doing his *Gamboles* in *Moor-Fields* at the *Vaulting School* of *Mother Cresswell* of *Famous Memory*."

life. "It was very well known in the incontinent reign of Charles the Second, and, in a comedy of Shadwell's called *The Virtuoso*, there is a courtezan with a rod going to castigate a gentleman of this order before the audience, but is happily prevented by the introduction of another person. It was supposed, in many of the writings of that day, that Otway was the very person thus satirized, and in one of the many thousand political squibs published at that time in which this great writer flourished the following distich appears:

Tom Otway loves birch in his heart, and *Nat Lee*
With a rod and his *Chloris* will ever agree.

If the strain of Otway's writings, and Lee's in particular when woman is the subject, did not strengthen this assertion it would be right to place a doubt upon the matter."* *The Virtuoso* was produced at Dorset Garden in May, 1676,† and the episode (Act IV) to which allusion is here made, the flagellation scene in *German-street*, between Snarl, "An old pettish Fellow, a great Admirer of the last Age, and a Declaimer against the Vices of this; and privately very vicious himself," and Mrs. Figgup, his convenient. "Where are the Instruments of our Pleasure?" asks the dotard. "I wonder," replies the lady, "that should please you so much, that pleases me so little?" "I was so us'd to't at *Westminster* School,‡ I could never leave it off since," he frankly avows. Lee, also, in the epilogue (spoken by Joe Haines) to *Gloriana; or, The Court of Augustus Cæsar*, produced at Drury Lane early in 1675–6, makes allusion to this morbidity:

We'll deal with you, Gallants, in your own way,
And treat you like those Punks that love for pay;
Cartwright *and I, dress'd like two thundring Whores,*
With Rods will stand behind the Play-house Doors,
And firk ye up each Day to Pleasures duly,
As Jenny Cromwell *does, or* Betty Buly.§

* *Fashionable Lectures*, pp. 18, 19. London. Printed for G. Peacock, No. 66 Drury Lane, *circa* 1785.

† 4to, 1676. Shadwell signs the Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, London, 26 June, 1676. Shadwell was an intimate friend of Otway, and it is more than doubtful if Snarl satirizes the poet of *Venice Preserv'd*.

‡ Perhaps a bob for Busby.

§ Mrs. Cromwell and Mrs. Buly were two notorious procuresses to whom there are constant references. It would seem as if some notorious flagellation scandal had taken place about this date, 1676. There is no doubt some hit in the Introduction to Duffett's *The Mock-Tempest*, acted at Drury Lane in the winter of 1674. Joe Haines and Betty Mackarel, a well-known bona-roba of the day, to whom there are many contemporary allusions, are the speakers. Haines says:

Speak to 'em, *Betty*—ha! asham'd, alas, poor Girl,
Whisper me!—Oh I'le tell 'em—Gentlemen! she says,
Y'are grown so wild she could not stay among ye,
And yet her tender heart is loath to wrong ye.
Spare 'em not,
Whom kindness cannot stir, but stripes may move.
Betty. O Mr. *Hains!* I've often felt their Love.

As Aquilina, Betty Currer won an immense reputation, but subsequent decades crassly eliminated the amours between Nicky-Nacky and the fumbling old senator. During the eighteenth century they seem to have been played in their entirety for the last time* at the express command of George II, then Prince of Wales, with Pinketham as Antonio and pretty Mrs. Horton the Greek light o' love. It is said that the house, in spite of the high patronage, thought fit to demonstrate their modesty in a very audible manner.†

When *Venice Preserv'd* was revived under my direction for two performances in November, 1920, the rôles of Antonio and Aquilina were played by Stanley Lathbury and Edith Evans, and there could be no question as to the strange power and dark significance of these covert episodes of social decadence and senile depravity. Otway's comic and satiric genius has too long been thoroughly underrated and ignored. Taine, at any rate, once boldly confessed that Otway "like Shakespeare . . . found at least once the grand bitter buffoonery, the harsh sentiment of human baseness," and he demonstrates that, however odious and painful the episodes of senator and whore may be, they are true to the uttermost, eternally true.

By common consent *Venice Preserv'd* takes its place amongst the world's greatest tragedies. All our sympathies are with the weak, affectionate, impulsive Jaffier who so loves his adored Belvidera, and who is tied by such fateful bonds to his dear comrade Pierre. In a moment of frenzy and despair, to which he has been goaded by the implacable resentment of Priuli—that fine old aristocrat most deeply wounded in his pride, his heart broken and bleeding beneath a serene face and austere port—Jaffier, not counting the cost, enrols himself in the hideous conspiracy against the State, over-persuaded by Pierre, a man of sterner stuff, himself woefully injured in his love, treated scurvily by the Republic of which he had deserved right well, rapped over the knuckles and reprimanded by the Senate as a naughty school-boy might be firked for idleness. For the moment vengeance to Jaffier seems noble, an attribute of God Himself. Venice seethes and bubbles o'er with luxury and injustice; the poor are ground to the dust that wealthy knaves may eat kickshaws off golden plate and loll in the laps of lovely concubines. On one side beggary and oppression; on the other profuseness and tyranny. Let her burn to ashes with her cruelty and pomp and wantonness. And Pierre is ever at his ear to fill his inflamed mind with the memory of injuries and

* There is some difficulty in tracing this occasion. There was a notable production of *Venice Preserv'd* at Drury Lane, 19 November, 1721, which may, perhaps, have been this command performance; but, as Genest says, after Mrs. Currer the rôle of Aquilina is seldom to be found in the play bills. 2 December, 1721, Spiller acted Antonio at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Davies, writing in 1784, says: "The strange mixture of absurd and obscene interviews, between the old doting senator and his mistress, with the main plot, has now deprived the play of its proper connection of business. The fable is too much hurried on, the scenes broken. . . . I remember that, about fifty years since, when I saw *Venice Preserv'd* at Covent Garden, so much of Antonio's character was retained, as gave time to carry out the plot with some probability, and Hippisley in a soliloquy (Act V), where he displays the ridiculous eloquence of the character, entertained the audience long enough for preserving the continuity of the scenes."

† Yet see Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, III. There is an enormous mass of clandestine "flagellation literature" belonging to the eighteenth century.

wrong; with pictures of the doom of Venice; Pierre who meditates with calm enjoyment and sucks sweetness from the words:

> How lovely the Adriatique Whore
> Drest in her Flames, will shine! devouring Flames!
> Such as shall burn her to the watery bottom,
> And hiss in her Foundation.

What wonder the poor wretch allies himself with the midnight band. And a little later he hears the grey-haired letcher, Renault—Renault, who has a few hours since attempted Belvidera's honour—give precise instructions to his ruffian crew, as coldly as the master of a house may dispose his servants to their several offices:

> You *Durand* with your thousand, must possess
> St. *Marks;* You, Captain, know your charge already;
> 'Tis to secure the Ducal Palace: You
> *Brabe* with a hundred more must gain the *Secque.*
> With the like Number *Brainveil* to the *Procuralle.*
> Be all this done with the least tumult possible,
> 'Till in each place you post sufficient guards:
> Then sheath your Swords in every breast you meet.

He rushes out into the midnight streets, distracted with horror and the vision of blood. Belvidera, who realizes the hideous ruin of the Republic, the massacre of her father, the senators, man, woman, and child alike, clings to him beseeching him to spare Venice this anarchy, when the red fiends of hell break loose upon earth, to spare her, his loving bride, and as in a dream he reveals the whole fatal pact to the Senate, with the names of the plotters, amongst whom is his dearest friend. The catastrophe is inevitable. In spite of promises the traitors are adjudged to die. Pierre, manacled and condemned, has struck him in the face with vile words, which must ever rankle more than the blow. Anon he takes leave of his comrade upon the scaffold whilst the grim preparations are making for a shameful and piteous death upon the wheel. And then, just as the executioner handles his heavy club which is to break and mash the limbs of the writhing victim in exquisite tortures, Jaffier, at his friend's request, stabs him to the heart, the next moment to drive the reeking steel deep into his own breast.

Upon the stage the pathos and agony of these last scenes become almost intolerable.* The conflict of emotions throughout the play, love, revenge, friendship, jealousy, despair, which all surge and swirl around the tender, weakly impulsive, loving Jaffier, and overwhelm him in their depths, shows the keenest psychological analysis, and what is especially interesting in the case of Otway, it would seem to be the dissection of his own heart.

In Saint-Réal's narrative Pierre and Jaffier are something more than mere shadows, although they do not approach within measure of Otway's creation, but the character of Belvidera is due to the English poet alone, and it is the addition of this exquisite figure which gives the motive of the whole drama, that sets the tragedy among the masterpieces of literature. Belvidera is so lovely and so fair, so chaste and sweet, so

* The fine performances of Mr. Ion Swinley as Jaffier and Mr. Baliol Holloway as Pierre will long be remembered.

loving and tender, that she would seem to stand apart from the world as some wondrous vision of a poet's heavenly dream, twin-sister to that

donna soletta, che si gia
cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.

Or to her, already emparadised, who cried:

Guardarmi ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice,

whilst the Angels sang *In te, Domine, speraui*,

Ma oltre *pedes meos* non passaro.

The sunny and joyful hours of her love which even malignant poverty cannot mar —poverty malignant in that it throws her as a prey to the greasy minions of the law who with coarse jests and lewd leers were appraising the very bed, the scene of her bridal bliss—that spring-tide of her virgin heart, those lyric hours, are told with sweetest poetic passion, as yet untouched with pity but informed by tenderest pathos. Belvidera is patient and true, gentle almost beyond belief, submissive almost beyond sympathy, until this fresh and matchless fragrance is thrown into a house of ill-fame, committed by the hands of her adored husband himself to the safeguard of desperados and assassins, of whom one, a hoary ruffian, who had sworn to protect her honour, at once attempts to violate her sheets. She stands in the midst of plots and counterplots, an infinitely pathetic figure, fearing for the life of her father, who has disowned her but whom she yet loves, trembling for the safety of her husband whose feet are meshed in some dark scheme of bloodshed and revenge. The awful suspense of the situation cannot endure; and yet there is no path but leads to a terrible and sudden catastrophe. Amid this dark mist of error her life is weary and ended; her soul is touched to the quick; fate has laid upon her more than human heart can bear; with a piercing cry she falls back into the arms of those who have come to lead her home, and unresistingly is borne away by them, smiling, and babbling vague incoherent words. The creation of Belvidera alone would have placed Otway in the first rank of poets.*

Mrs. Barry's Belvidera was one of those parts which obtained for her, as Downes says, the name of *famous Madam Barry*. In it she seems to have attained a perfection which was acknowledged as unrivalled and unapproached. Early in the eighteenth century the beautiful Mrs. Jane Rogers played Belvidera to the Jaffier of Wilks. But the true successor of Mrs. Barry was Mrs. Porter. "From the time this great actress [Elizabeth Barry] quitted the stage," says Davies, "till the year 1732, Mrs. Porter, as far as I can learn, represented the part of Belvidera, and never failed deeply to affect every audience. Booth was no admirer of Oldfield's tragedy, but was in raptures with Porter in the scenes of Belvidera. Every situation of this amiable character this actress filled with all the fine passion which the tenderest writer could inspire. She exceeded particularly in her agony, when forced from Jaffier, in the second act, and in the mad-

* There is, I think, only one dissentient voice—Byron. Much as he admired Otway, by whom he was, as in *Marino Faliero*, greatly influenced, he declared Belvidera to be utterly detestable. He hated her "blubbering curiosity." Byron, *Works*, edited by Moore, III, p. 371.

ness of the last. In begging another embrace from Jaffier, when he is about to leave her for ever, her distress and anguish of mind were not to be described."

The Belvidera of Mrs. Seymour was highly praised. She "felt all the passions, and expressed them agreeably to their various powers, and in conformity to the action of the drama." Ryan, a copier of Powel, was her Jaffier, and Quin Pierre.

Mrs. Cibber was the Belvidera of Barry and Garrick. "Every situation of Belvidera seemed to be formed on purpose to call forth the great skill in awakening the passions Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Crawford were no mean competitors of Mrs. Cibber in this, as well as many other parts which require equal abilities."

"Mrs. Siddons," continues Davies,* "has, in Belvidera, as well as many other parts, not only attracted the attention, but absolutely fixed the favour, of the town in her behalf. This actress, like a resistless torrent, has borne down all before her. Her merit, which is certainly very extensive, in tragic characters, seems to have swallowed up in all rememberance of present and past performers; but, as I would not sacrifice the living to the dead, neither would I break down the statutes of the honourable deceased to place their successors on their pedestals. The fervour of the public is laudable; I wish it may be lasting, but I hope without that ingratitude to their old servants which will make their passion for Mrs. Siddons less valuable, as it will convey a warning to her, that a new face may possibly erase the impression which she has so anxiously studied to form and so happily made. The person of Mrs. Siddons is greatly in her favour: just rising above the middle stature, she looks, walks, and moves, like a woman of a superior rank. Her countenance is expressive; her eye is full of information, that the passion is told from her look before she speaks. Her voice, though not so harmonious as Mrs. Cibber's, is strong and pleasing; nor is a word lost for want of due articulation, which the comedian should always consider as his first duty, and esteem the finest conception of passion of no value without it. She excels all persons in paying attention to the business of the scene, her eye never wanders from the person she speaks to, or should look at when she is silent. Her modulation of grief, in her plaintive pronunciation of the interjection, oh! is sweetly moving and reaches the heart. Her madness, in Belvidera, is terribly affecting. The many accidents of spectators falling into fainting fits in the time of her acting, bear testimony to the effects of her exertions."

Miss O'Neill, who owed "everything to extreme sensibility," says Boaden; the beautiful Mrs. Litchfield; and Fanny Kemble, who, according to Sir Walter Scott, "had much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, her aunt," were all loudly applauded as Belvidera in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century.

Pierre was a favourite part with Macready. "His *Pierre*," Talfourd thought, "was occasionally too familiar, and now and then too loud; but it had beauties of the highest order, of which I chiefly remember his passionate taunt of the gang of conspirators, and his silent reproach to *Jaffier* by holding up his manacled hands, and looking upon the poor traitor with steadfast sorrow."

On Saturday, 18 January, 1698, at the Comédie Française was represented *Manlius Capitolinus* by Antoine de La Fosse. This tragedy was played for seventeen successive

* *Dramatic Miscellanies*, III, pp. 248–9.

nights,* and proved a veritable triumph. In the preface to the third edition† La Fosse ingenuously says: "*Le sujet de cette Tragédie se trouve dans le sixième Livre de la première Décade de Tite-Live. J'ai pris de cet excellent Original tout ce qui m'a paru propre à soutenir mon Ouvrage, & j'ai laissé ce que je n'ai pas cru pouvoir traiter assez heureusement. Je me suis encore appuyé de la lecture de plusiers fameuses Conjurations anciennes & modernes, et j'avoue que j'ai beaucoup emprunté, sur tout de celle qui a été écrite en notre Langue par un savant Abbé, assez connu par la mérite des Ecrits qu'il a mis au jour.*" It is true that La Fosse takes his names from Livy: Manilius Capitolinus; Servilius, *son Ami;* Valérie; Valerius, *Consul, Père de Valérie;* Rutile, *un des Chefs de la Conjuration de Manlius;* Albin, *Confident de Manlius;* Tullie, *Confidente de Valérie;* Proculus, *un des Domestiques de Manlius.* Although La Fosse makes no mention of Otway, *Manlius Capitolinus* is largely founded upon—in some instances little more than a translation of—*Venice Preserv'd.* Scene 4 of Act I of the French play, for example, exactly recalls the opening of Otway's masterpiece, and very many times as we read *Manlius Capitolinus* we recognize speeches, lines, phrasing, thought, words which are from *Venice Preserv'd.* Jaffier's

> Can there be a sin
> In merciful repentance?

becomes:

Valérie. Un juste repentir n'est-il donc plus permis?

Belvidera's appeal:

> Hast thou a friend more dear then Belvidera?

is literally rendered:

Valérie. Avez-vous quelque ami plus cher que Valérie?

Again:

Jaffier. How long is it since the miserable day
We wedd'd first?
Belvidera. But was't a miserable day?

In the French:

Servilius. Ressouviens-toi de ce malheureux jour.
Valérie. Malheureux, juste ciel!

There can be no doubt that La Fosse knew *Venice Preserv'd* intimately and had most carefully studied every scene, every speech. La Harpe, the French critic, candidly avows: "La pièce n'est autre chose que la *Conjuration de Venise* sous des noms romains. Elle est tirée d'une pièce anglaise d'Otway." He then absurdly continues:

* Ozell, who published a translation, 12mo, in 1715, says: "When the late Earl of *Portland* was Ambassador at the *French* Court, this Play of Manlius Capitolinus was the Play then in greatest Vogue in *France*, and was acted threescore Nights running, as I was inform'd by some English Gentlemen in that Lord's Retinue." But Ozell is often grossly inaccurate.

† Amsterdam, 1745 (p. 133).

" Mais très supérieure à l'original." This is the judgment of one who would deem Shakespeare *barbare*, for all that is good in *Manlius Capitolinus* is owing to *Venice Preserv'd.**

In *Le Théâtre Anglois*, Vol. V, 1746, is included a translation of *Venice Preserv'd* by Pierre-Antoine de la Place, a prolific but mediocre writer of the eighteenth century (1707–93), who also put into French *The Fatal Marriage*, Mrs. Behn's *Oroonoko*, *Tom Jones*, and other English masterpieces. On 5 December, 1746, at the Comédie Française was produced *La Venise sauvée*, an acting version prepared by de la Place, when a prologue spoken by le sieur Roseli contrasted the refined French stage with the English roughness and disregard of classical rules. Delanoue played Jaffier; Grandval, Pedre (Pierre); and Mlle Gauffin, Belvidera. *La Venise sauvée* was published in 1747. In *Chefs-d'œuvre des théâtres étrangers*, Vols. II and IV, Paris, 1822, are translations of *Don Carlos*, *The Orphan*, and *Venice Preserv'd* by Baron A. G. B. Brugière de la Barante. A translation by M. Marcel, made in 1886, has been kept strictly private. In 1755 at Utrecht was issued *Het Gered Venetie*, *Treurspel*, *Naar't Fransch gevolgt*, a Dutch version made from the French by Gerard Muyser. A more modern Dutch version, *Venetie Gered*, by Socra Rasa (J. Esson), was published at Utrecht in 1882. A German translation appeared in the mid-eighteenth century, and there are several subsequent adaptations in the same tongue, such as *Venedig's Rettung*, by S. Gatschenberger, 1874; *Die Verschwörung gegen Venedig* of P. Hagen, 1898. Nor must Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Das Gerettate Venedig* (1905) be forgotten, although it is by no means wholly satisfactory. In its German garb the play reached S. Petersburg, where a Russian rendering by Ia. Kozelski was published in 1764. *Venezia Salvata*, *ossia Una Congiura Scoperta*, by Michele Leoni, the first Italian translation, is dated Florence, 1817.

Balzac greatly admired Otway, and in *Melmoth reconcilié à l'Eglise* (1835)† Madame de la Garde, the lorette, who claimed to be a Piedmontese, " adopted for a *nom de guerre* Aquilina, the name of one of the characters in *Venice Preserv'd*, an English tragedy which she had read by chance. She fancied that she resembled that courtezan, it may be in the precocious sentiments that she felt in her heart, or in her face, or in the general effect of her person."

A snarling ill-natured Satire, printed‡ with the motto *Quem Natura neget dabit Indignatio Uersum*,§ incidentally attests the tremendous popularity of *Venice Preserv'd.*

* Antoine de La Fosse was born at Paris, 1658. He died 2 November, 1708. He is the author of several plays which are esteemed. For an elaborate, but pedantic rather than scholarly, disquisition on the whole subject see Alfred Johnson, *Lafosse*, *Otway*, *Saint-Réal.*

† *Études Philosophiques*, 20 vols., Paris, 1835–40, 12mo. *Livraison* II, tom. XI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, XXV, contains *Maître Cornelius*, *Jésus Christ en Flandre*, *Melmoth reconcilié à l'Eglise*, *Histoire intellectuale de Louis Lambert* (4th edition). *L'Interdiction.* Aquilina also appears in *La Peau de Chagrin* (1831).

‡ *Poems on State-Affairs*, Vol. III. The Second Edition, 1716, p. 110. Also MS. Harl. 7317, folio 6b.

§ *Si natura neget, facit indignatio uersum.* Juvenal. *Satura I*, 79.

SATIRE.

Quem Natura neget dabit Indignatio Versum.
I Who from drinking ne'er could spare an hour,
But what I gave to some obedient Whore,
Who hate all Satire, whether sharp or dull,
From *Dryden* to the Governour of *Hull;*
Provok'd at length to a Poetick Rage,
Resolve to share at Railing at the Age.
I cannot Poet turn with worse Success,
Than thousand Fools who now infest the Press;
Whose senseless Works proclaim'd in every Street,
Like fancy Beggars, worry all they meet.
At ev'ry Shop, while *Shakespear*'s lofty Stile
Neglected lies, to Mice and Worms a Spoil;
Gilt in the Back, just smoaking from the Press,
Th' Apprentice shews you *Durfey*'s *Hudibras,*
Crown's Mask, bound up with *Settle*'s choicest Labours,
And promises some new Essay of *Babor*'s
If you go off, as who the Devil would stay,
He cries, Sir, Mr. *Otway*'s last new Play,
With th' Epilogue, which for the Duke he writ,
So lik'd at Court by all the Men of Wit:
I heard an Ensign of the Guards declare,
That with him *Shadwell* was not to compare;
He lik'd that Scene of *Nicky Nacky* more,
Than all that *Shadwell* ever writ before.
Was't not enough, that at his tedious Play
I lavish'd half a Crown, and half a Day;
But must I find, patch'd up at ev'ry Wall,
Such Stuff that none can bear, who starves not at *Whitehall?*
As Rascals changing Rags for Scarlet-Coats,
Cudgel'd before set up to cut Whigs Throats;
So ev'ry Blockhead, that can please the Court,
Plucks up a Spirit, and turns Poet for't.

The death of his patron, Charles Fitz-Charles, Earl of Plymouth, in 1680 must have been a heavy loss to Otway, who in spite of the success of *Venice Preserv'd* seems continually to have been beset with pecuniary embarrassments. Nor did publishers and managers neglect to take every advantage of his invidious situation. Thus he is said to have received one hundred pounds apiece and no more for the acting rights of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserv'd*, whilst Tonson paid him fifteen pounds for the copyright of the latter. On 30 June, 1683, Otway borrowed of Tonson eleven pounds, for which the receipt with the poet's signature is still extant. " All accounts even'd between Mr. Thomas Otway and Jacob Tonson; the said Mr. Otway does hereby acknowledge himself indebted to Jacob Tonson in the sum of eleven pounds which

he hereby engages to pay upon demand. Witness this hand: Thomas Otway."* *A Satyr against Poetry*† very candidly describes his poverty:

> There was a time, when *Otway* charm'd the stage,
> *Otway*, the hope, the sorrow of our age;
> When the full pit with pleas'd attention hung,
> Wrapt with each accent from *Castalio's* tongue.
> With what a laughter was his *Souldier* read!
> How mourn'd they when his *Jaffier* struck, and bled!
> Yet this best poet, tho with so much ease,
> He never drew his pen but sure to please;
> Tho' lightning were less lively than his wit,
> And thunder-claps less loud than those o' th' pit,
> He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
> Had not kind banker *Betterton* supply'd,
> And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
> Till he could pay himself the next third day.

A Supplement. To the late Heroick Poem. Ille ego qui Quondam, or The same Hand again. Harl. MSS. 6913–14, folio, p. 227, *sqq.*, has

> Otway who long (leane loyalty preserving)
> Has showne a wonder and grown fat with starving.

In *A Consolatory Epistle to Captain Julian, The Muses News-Monger In His Confinement*, "*By the Duke of* Buckingham,"‡ a brutal couplet deals a blow like a hammer:

> *Otway* can scarcely Guts from Jail preserve,
> And, tho he's very fat, he's like to starve.

Otway's last play, a comedy, *The Atheist: Or, The Second Part of the Souldiers Fortune*, was produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683. The adventures and amours of Beaugard, the married Courtine,§ Sylvia, are continued by the introduction of a number of new characters, amongst whom is Beaugard's father,‖ a reprobate and shameless, but it must be confessed, an amusing, old rascal, who gambles, topes, and swears pretty lustily upon occasion. The intrigue of *The Atheist* is very

* *Second Report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS.*, London, 1871. "The Manuscripts of W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury, in the County of Herts," p. 71.

† Gildon's *Chorus Poetarum*, 1694. As *A Satyr upon the Poets* the same verses are in *Poems on Affairs of State*, Vol. II, 1703, p. 138 *sqq.*

‡ *Miscellaneous Works*, written by his Grace, George, late Duke of Buckingham, 1704, p. 21. Also in *State Poems*, Vol. II, 1703, p. 132. This version reads, "For tho' he's very fat . . ."

§ In Gildon's *Miscellany Poems upon several Occasions*, 1692, there is a dialogue between Beaugard and Courtine, *The Repenting Husband; or, a Satyr upon Marriage*. By Mr. S. W.

‖ Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, III, p. 232, says: "Beaugard's father seems to be copied from Dryden's Father Aldo, in his Limberham" Surely Davies must be thinking of Sir Jolly Jumble.

intricate but interesting, and many of the scenes have no little value as a picture of contemporary life. There is considerable humour in the character of Daredevil who professes the most scandalous opinions, but when he receives a scratch "no bigger than a Pin-hole" takes to his bed and shows the liveliest signs of penitence and fear.* A very modern type! The appearance of Beaugard's father "disguis'd like a Phanatique Preacher" in the sick-chamber, and his converse with the atheist, who when convinc'd he is a-dying begins to pour out the tale of his sins, is extremely ludicrous, and I find the dialogue betwixt the twain exquisitely happy. Even if one considers this scene alone there can surely be no further question of Otway's comic genius. From the very moment when the door opens and there appears on the grunsel of the shadowed room a figure in rusty black with lank hair, a sour visage, eyes upturned until the whites alone are visible, hard pinched lips, who cants out in the true nasal twang, "Verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination," and proclaims himself "A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences, I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth to visit a Mortal Ark toss'd and floating in flouds of its own Tears, for its own Failities," until anon a hearty smack on the shoulder shakes the Disguise from his Face, and "A Pox on the Block-head now I shall be known" is rapped out in very unsaintly tones, the whole scene goes with a swing and a jest that are frankly irresistible in their fun.

The story of Beaugard and Porcia is founded upon Scarron's *Histoire de l'Amante Invisible*, Chapter IX of *Le Roman Comique*, a story related by Ragotin: "Et bien, dit-il, je vais vous conter une histoire tirée d'un Livre Espagnol qu'on m'a envoyé de Paris, dont je veux faire une Pièce dans les règles." The scene is laid in Naples and the hero is Dom-Carlos d'Arragon (Beaugard), the heroine la Princesse Porcia, whose name Otway has preserved. In the English comedy the incidents of the original are very closely followed. *L'Amante Invisible* has also been used by Sir Francis Fane in his comedy *Love in the Dark; or, The Man of Bus'ness*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1675; 4to, 1675; in the episode of the amour of Parthelia, Daughter to the Doge of Venice, and Count Sforza. Beaugard's conveyance to the mysterious house where he is entertained awhile with dancing and music is not unlike Gayman's adventure in Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain*, produced at Drury Lane in the winter of 1686; 4to, 1687. In the course of an intrigue Gayman is secretly conducted by disguised emissaries to the apartments of Lady Fulbank, which he is led to suppose some enchanted palace, and there nymphs and shepherds perform a bransel. Moreover, Lady Fulbank dissuades him from keeping the assignation, which is really with herself, although he does not know this. These are curious coincidences, but *The Luckey Chance* is founded upon Shirley's *The Lady of Pleasure*, produced at the Private House in Drury Lane, October, 1635; 4to, 1637.

In the concluding lines of his *Epistle to Mr. Duke*, 1684, Otway sadly prays "grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace," and finally utters a cry of bitter pain "make Life what I ask, or take't away." It is obvious that the shadows were growing darker,

* "*Dialogues of the Living and the Dead; in imitation of Lucian and the French. . . . 5. Charon* and the Atheist in The Soldiers Fortune . . ." 8vo, 1702. Cf. *The Character of a Coffee-House, with the Symptomes of a Town-Wit*, 1673, where of the town-wit it is said: "The two poles whereon all his discourses turn are Atheism and Bawdry."

and the poet's heart had failed him. In the Prologue to Lee's *Constantine the Great*, produced at Drury Lane late in 1683 or early the following year, he writes with sad foreboding:

> all you who have Male Issue born .
> Prevent the Malice of their Stars in time,
> And warn them early from the Sin of Rhime:
> Tell 'em how *Spencer* starv'd, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
> How *Butler's* Faith and Service was return'd.

And to these posterity has added the name of Thomas Otway.

The manner of his death, which occurred on 14 April, 1685, Tuesday in Holy Week, is hardly uncertain, since it seems only too assured that he expired in extreme indigence, misery, and neglect. Langbaine in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, makes no mention of Otway's death, beyond the statement that *The History of the Triumvirates* was "printed since his Decease, 8° *Lond.* 1686." Anthony à Wood in 1692 (*Athenæ Oxonienses*) writes: "At length after he had lived about 33 years in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in an house on Tower-hill (called the Bull as I have heard) on the 14. of Apr. in sixteen hundred eighty and five: whereupon his body was conveyed to the Church of S. Clement Danes within the liberty of Westminster, and was buried in a vault there. In his sickness he was composing a congratulatory Poem on the inauguration of K. Jam. 2." Oldys says that the "Bull" was a sponging-house; Giles Jacob describes it as a public-house. Dennis in his *Remarks on Pope's Homer* (1717) simply states: "Otway died in an alehouse unpitied, unlamented." *Les Soupirs de la Grande Britaigne: Or, The Groans of Great Britain*, London, 1713 (p. 67), records: "*Otway* was more beholding to Capt. *Symonds* the Vintner, in whose Debt he dy'd 400l. than to all his Patrons of Quality." The sum of these accounts gives us the truth of the matter. Otway died of sheer want in an obscure tavern on Tower Hill—whether it were an alehouse or a sponging-house is immaterial; but apparently it was the former. This, however, did not satisfy the imagination of later times, and accordingly Theophilus Cibber in his well-known *Lives of the Poets of Great Britain and Ireland*, 1753 (II, p. 333, *sqq.*), proceeded to draw a highly coloured picture, which, as is the wont of these graphic and detailed legends, impressed itself upon the popular mind and has been widely quoted as authentic and made the subject of many a moral lecture.* "After suffering many eclipses of fortune, and being exposed to the most cruel necessities, poor Otway died of want, in a public house on Tower hill, in the 33rd year of

* Preston, *An Epistle to a young Gentleman dissuading him from the Study of Poetry.*

> The stings of want that famished Otway bore,
> Oh! Think what pangs the gentle spirit tore!
> . . . . . .
> Child of the Graces, nursling of the Loves,
> In houseless beggary poor Otway roves.
> Lo! some kind hand the tardy boon supplies,
> A sickly lustre fills his hollow eyes;
> With trembling haste he grasps the precious meal,
> The damps of death his weary eyelids seal.

his age, 1685. He had, no doubt, been driven to that part of the town, to avoid the persecution of his creditors, and as he durst not appear much abroad to sollicit assistance, and having no means of getting money in his obscure retreat, he perished. It has been reported, that Mr. Otway, whom delicacy had long deterred from borrowing small sums, driven at last to the most grievous necessity ventured out of his lurking place, almost naked and shivering, and went into a coffee house on Tower Hill where he saw a gentleman, of whom he had some knowledge, and of whom he solicited the loan of a shilling. The gentleman was quite shocked to see the author of *Venice Preserv'd* begging bread, and compassionately put into his hand a guinea. Mr. Otway having thanked his benefactor, retired, and changed the guinea to purchase a roll; as his stomach was full of wind by excess of fasting, the first mouthful choked him, and instantaneously put a period to his days."

We may well say with Dr. Johnson: "All this, I hope, is not true." Yet we must also continue: "But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave."

There is another, but wholly erroneous, account of Otway's end recorded in Spence's *Anecdotes*:* "Otway had an intimate friend, one Blakiston who was shot: the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him; in his return he drank water when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him."

This Spence had, not from Pope, as Dr. Johnson believed, but from Dennis the critic. From the same source, Spence's manuscript, Warton took the story, and in his *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*† relates it thus: "Otway had an intimate friend who was murdered in the street. One may guess at his sorrow, who has so feelingly described true affection in his *Venice Preserv'd*. He pursued the murderer on foot who fled to France, as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by the fatigue, which afterward carried him to his grave in London." Actually the murder of Blakiston (Blackstone) took place a full year before the death of Otway, and was the subject of numerous advertisements in the London papers of April, 1684.

Gildon tells us that Otway "was a jovial companion, and a great lover of the bottle, and particularly of punch; the last thing he made before his death, being an excellent song on that liquor." This has happily been recovered.

With date 1686, but possibly late in 1685, was issued: "The History of the Triumvirates: the first that of *Julius Cæsar, Pompey*, and *Crassus*. The second, that of *Augustus, Antony*, and *Lepidus*. Being a faithful Collection from the best Historians and other Authors, concerning that Revolution of the Roman Government which hapend under their Authority. Written originally in French; and made English by *Tho. Otway*, lately deceased. Octavo."‡ Otway has made a fluent version of an original which is itself not very attractive. His translation, however, bears marks of haste, and there can be no doubt that it was undertaken as a mere piece of hack-work.

* *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters, of Books and Men. Collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope and other Eminent Persons of his Time.* By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Now first published . . . by Samuel Weller Singer, London, 1820.

† London, 1782, II, p. 109.

‡ *Term Catalogues*, Hilary [February], 1686.

INTRODUCTION

Although here and there we meet with a well-turned sentence or pithy axiom the book is without value, and it seemed superfluous to include it in the present edition. The French original, published anonymously, is from the pen of Samuel de Broe, Seigneur de Citri de la Guette.

In the *Observator*, 27 November–4 December, 1686, appeared the following: "Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway sometime before his Death made Four Acts of a Play, whoever can give Notice in whose Hands the Copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton, or Mr. William Smith at the Theatre Royal, shall be well Rewarded for his pains."* The script was not forthcoming, and Gildon in his edition of Langbaine wrote: "We have in print of his [Otway's], Ten Plays; another more excellent than all of them, is, by some malicious or designing Person suppress'd, either hereafter to set up a Reputation to themselves by owning it, or to procure a Profit by selling it for their own."

In 1719 was "Printed for W. Mears at the *Lamb* without *Temple-bar*, and R. King at the *Queen's-head* in *Pater-noster-row*," quarto, *Heroick Friendship*, a Tragedy "By the late Mr. *Otway*." The reader's "Humble Servant *J. C.*", writes a Preface which asserts: "The Publisher informs the Reader he has had this Play several Years in his Hand, and that the Person whom he procur'd it from esteem'd it very much, and assur'd him it was Mr. *Otway's;* and any one of Taste, may perceive his Genious through the whole." The scene of the tragedy is laid in Britain, and the characters are: Arbelline, *King of* Britain; Guiderius, *Brother to the King in Love with* Aurosia; Madoc, *The King's Favourite, Chief of the Druids or Priests of* Britain; Decimus, *A* Roman *General, Friend to* Guiderius; Aurosia, *A British Lady, in Love with* Guiderius; D. Claudia, *Sister to* Decimus, *private Mistress to the King, Proud and Haughty; in Love with* Guiderius. Guiderius and Decimus are the heroic friends; there is much intrigue and cross-intrigue. Madoc is rather a milky villain, and towards the end the King pronounces:

> Madoc, as a dishonest double Dealer
> An undermining Flatterer, Coward, Villain,
> I Banish thee for ever from my *Britain.*
> Go see my Pleasure executed instantly.

There is a scene in Act I between Guiderius and Aurosia which seems faintly reminiscent of Jaffier and Belvidera, and a scene in Act V between Guiderius and Decimus which may have some feeble flicker of Jaffier and Pierre. Claudia is not unlike the Queen of Sparta in *Alcibiades*, although by no means so forceful and vigorous. *Heroick Friendship* has perhaps been too hardly abused,† but on the whole it is an average play of its date, which I take to be about 1717. It is mediocre, monotonously mediocre; an amateur copy of good work, without glossy fustian and crass banalities, but also most patently without the fire of poetry and beauty. Conventional thought, conventional speech, conventional passion level a series of undistinguished scenes. Oldys spoke of "*Heroick Friendship* a spurious piece of stuff fathered upon Otway," and

* Also in *The London Gazette*, No. 2194, Thursday, 25 Nov., to Monday, 29 Nov., 1686.

† Thornton calls it "a contemptible tragedy." Noel writes: "It is usually regarded as a contemptible production."

INTRODUCTION

Thomas Wilkes (1759) wrote: "That Otway did leave a play is very certain; and it is as certain, that the piece called *Heroic Friendship* which was laid to his charge by a certain publisher, had no mark of his genius." Indeed, that not a line is from Otway's hand I feel assured, but I am bound to acknowledge that Sir Edmund Gosse once wrote, "I lay myself open, I fear, to the charge of credulity if I confess I am not quite ready to accept this universal verdict." However, our eminent critic has recently told us that he has considerably modified his opinion on this point.

Otway was one of those rare natures which possess a genius for friendship. It is not a little striking that he should have been so intimate with Shadwell, the true-blue Whig and the literary champion of the Whigs, when he himself was so stout and so outspoken a Tory. His sweet temper, his affectionate heart, his agreeable sociableness, endeared him to many friends. We have but few anecdotes of his wit, for truth to tell such a jest as is recorded by Tom Brown in his *Laconics*, 1701 (p. 108), is not of a very high order: "Servants are careless and impudent, and their masters, generally speaking, may thank themselves for't. A worthy knight near *Twickenham* had some gentlemen at dinner with him; he calls for a bottle of ale, his boy opens it just under his nose, by the same token it flew all upon his face, cravat, and periwig. The knight, not at all disturb'd, and wiping himself, Well, says he, this is the wittiest boy in the world; I warrant you, he serves me a hundred such witty tricks in a year. Here, Sirrah, says *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the company, here' a shilling for you to encourage you in your wit."

With Richard Duke, the poet of Cambridge, Otway was on terms of closest intimacy, as is evident from the epistle he has addressed to him. The tenderness of Duke's feelings also is evident from his own lines (*Epistle to Otway*):

> Unpolished thus, an arrant scholar grown,
> What should I do but sit and coo alone,
> And thee, my absent mate, for ever moan?
> . . . . . .
> But these are empty joys, without you two*
> We drink your names, alas! but where are you?
> My dear, whom I more cherish in my breast
> Than by thy own soft Muse can be exprest.

It is, I fear, obvious that his carelessness in living was to some extent responsible for his poverty. On the other hand, it is undeniable that both publishers and managers were taking every advantage of his weak, easy nature. He was utterly unbusiness-like, and these shrewd hard-headed men knew how to use his genius to fill their own pockets to overflowing. He was self-indulgent; a fault, no doubt, yet a fault for which he answered very dearly, and 'tis but a sick morality which continues to condemn the sin for which the sinner has paid the price. Moreover, we must take into account his overwhelming passion for Mrs. Barry, a woman who had a greater fascination than beauty, a cool calculating whore, with whom love was an auction not an emotion. Such an infatuation might wreck any man's career.

There are at least seven distinct portraits of Thomas Otway, and very numerous

* Otway and Finch.

engravings have been done after these, some mere second- and third-rate copies which introduce new details and many divergent particulars.

A painting by Mary Beale, which upon an engraving of the early eighteenth century is said to have been in the collection of Gilbert West the poet, was engraved by Houbraken, 1690–1780, and published by Knapton between 1743 and 1752 in Birch's *Lives*.

Oldys writes: "There is an excellent and beautiful original picture of Mr. Otway, who was a fine and portly graceful man, now among the poetical collection of the Ld. Chesterfield. I think it was painted by John Ryley, in a full bottom wig and nothing like that quakerish figure wch Knapton has imposed on the world." In the Mermaid edition of Otway the portrait frontispiece purports to be "From a Picture by Riley." One can only say that it is a far more "quakerish figure" than that of Knapton, and the dress seems to me to be of a later period than Otway's time.

During 1868 there was exhibited in the National Portrait Gallery a portrait of Otway attributed to the same artist, Riley. It was from the collection of the Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, and is to-day at Nuneham Courtenay. This can hardly be the same person as the original of the Mermaid etching.

At Knole, Sevenoaks, is a portrait of Otway attributed by a title painted upon the canvas to Soest. Soest, after a retirement of several years, died in 1681, so we may place this canvas in the earlier or mid-seventies. Curiously enough there is a fine mezzotint of this portrait, almost certainly by W. Faithorne, jun. (died 1691), when it is assigned to Lely.

In the collection of Earl Spencer, K.G., is a painting of Otway, but no artist's name is subscribed.

An engraving by Du Guernier is prefixed to the first collected edition of Otway's works, published by Jacob Tonson, 1712.

An engraving by Rivers, "from an original picture," *London, Pub* 10 *October* 1812 *by T. Turner*, 87 *Strand* is given in Thornton's Otway, 3 vols., 1813. It is an unpleasing face, and the British Museum *Catalogue of Engraved Portraits* is questionless in the right when it asserts it to be false.

The portrait of Otway, which appears as frontispiece to the Belles-Lettres edition of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserv'd*, has no indication as to the original.

A portrait of Otway was executed by William Blake for his series of British poets as mentioned by W. M. Rossetti, who describes it thus: "an able thoughtful head. Accessories, the city of Venice, unspeakably unlike it, and the appeal of Belvidera to Jaffier."

Sir Walter Scott wrote: "The canons of Otway in his scenes of passionate affection rival at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakespeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona."* Tragedy cannot reach beyond *Venice Preserv'd*. His comic genius I rate very highly. Perhaps, as Langbaine said, it "lay a little too much to Libertinism," but the characters seem proper to the scene, and are never held up as models for imitation. Once or twice they speak of religion a little too lightly, yet the collapse of the professing atheist when he fears himself mortally wounded is a very salutary example.

* *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, VI, 356.

INTRODUCTION

In the eighteenth century a brass was set up by William Joliffe in S. George's, Trotton, and engraved with the following inscription:

Hoc monimentum quantumuis simplex
Memoriæ sacratum sit
THOMAE OTWAY armig°
Poetarum tragicorum qui in Britannia enotuerunt
Facile principis
Hoc pago natus anno 1651
Eheu egestate acerrima grauatus
Naturæ concessit 1685
Abi lector amice
Et uicibus præcellentis ingenii perspectis
Quamcunque Deus tibi fortunauerit horam
Aeternitatem cogita.

In May, 1738, *The Gentleman's Magazine* published *The Apotheosis of Milton*, a paper, full of interest, which ran through several numbers. It is a Vision, in which the writer, having fallen asleep in Westminster Abbey, is conducted by a Genius into a spacious hall, "sacred to the Spirits of the Bards, whose Remains are buried, or whose Monuments are erected within this Pile. To night an Assembly of the greatest Importance is held upon the Admission of the Great *Milton* into this Society." The Poets accordingly appear either in the habits which they were wont to wear on earth, or in some suitable attire. We have Chaucer, Drayton, Beaumont, Ben Jonson, and others who are well particularized, but when we get to the laureates and critics of a later period there are some really valuable touches. The portrait of Otway is eloquently and even beautifully drawn. "... That person, so unlike the other awful form, said my guide, is *Shadwell;* he has a seat here by the indulgence of a tasteless Court, who bestowed on him the laurel in prejudice of the great *Dryden.* I had scarce time to testify my surprize, when a young man of a divine aspect appeared; and to my great amazement, went up to *Shadwell* in a familiar manner. My amazement was changed to the utmost concern, when I saw him affect the same airs and motions with him: But there was a remarkable difference betwixt them, for that abandoned deportment seemed as unnatural in him, as the airs of wit and politeness appeared in the other. I observed the whole assembly behold this extraordinary young man with a paternal affection and pity. At last he seemed to recover himself, and turning towards the president, gave me an opportunity of taking a full view of his person and dress. His upper garment resembled in its fashion that of *Shadwell;* but as it was loose, it discovered a vest as fine as that which was wrought by *Helen* for her inglorious lover, and his sword hung in a belt, which seemed to have the same virtue with the cestus ascribed to the goddess of beauty. Upon his legs he wore buskins, and this part of dress was peculiar to himself, and different from that of the rest of the company. That divine young man, said my conductor, is the incomparable *Otway.* ..."

MONTAGUE SUMMERS.

Santa Lucia.
Naples, 1925.

CHRONOLOGY OF OTWAY'S PLAYS

Coxeter in one of his notes to his copy of Gildon's Langbaine says that Otway was born 3 March, 1651, and died in a Public House upon Tower Hill, 14 April, 1685.

Alcibiades. Produced at Dorset Garden in 1675, probably September.
4to. 1675 ; 1687,

Don Carlos, Prince of Spain. Produced at Dorset Garden in 1676, probably June.
Licensed, 15 June, 1676. 4to. 1676 ; 1679 ; 1686 ; 1695 ; 1704.

Titus and Berenice, with a Farce called *The Cheats of Scapin.* Produced at Dorset Garden early in January, 1677.
Licensed, 19 February, 1676–7. 4to. 1677 ; 1701.

Friendship in Fashion. Produced at Dorset Garden early in April, 1678.
Licensed 31 May, 1678. 4to. 1678.

The History and Fall of Caius Marius. Produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1679, probably October.
4to. 1680 ; 1692 ; 1694 ; 1696 ; 1703.

The Orphan : or, The Unhappy Marriage. Produced at Dorset Garden early in the spring of 1680, possibly February.
4to. 1680 ; 1685 ; 1691 ; 1696 ; 1703 ; 1705 ; 1711.

The Souldier's Fortune. Produced at Dorset Garden early in 1680, probably March.
4to. 1681 ; 1683 ; 1687 ; 1695 ; which is announced upon the Title-Page as The Third Edition. But this is incorrect ; 1695 must be the Fourth Quarto.

Venice Preserv'd : or, A Plot discover'd. Produced at Dorset Garden 9 February, 1681–2.
4to. 1682 ; 1696 ; 1704.

The Atheist : or, The Second Part of the Souldier's Fortune. Produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683.
4to. 1684.

ALCIBIADES

A

TRAGEDY

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre

Written by *Tho. OTWAY*

—*Laudetur ab his Culpetur ab illis,*
Horat: Serm: Lib. 1 *ſt.* Sat. 2.

Source

OF *Alcibiades*, Langbaine says: "This Play is writ in Heroick Verse, and was the first Fruits of our Author's *Muse*. He has made *Alcibiades*, a Person of true Honour, chusing rather to loose his Life than wrong his Defender King *Agis*, or his betrothed wife *Timandra:* whereas *Plutarch* gives him a different Character; telling us that in the King's Absence he abused his Bed, and got his Queen *Timæa* with Child, and that *Timandra* was not his Wife, but his Mistress: and *Justin* sayes (Lib. 5, Cap. 2) That he was informed of the design of the *Lacedæmonian* Princes against his Life, by the Queen of King *Agis*, with whom he had committed Adultery."

Otway, no doubt, took Plutarch's life of Alcibiades as a basis for his tragedy, but he has altered facts for fiction at will; and for historical verity, as he himself protests, he "might, without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*." Otway's Alcibiades is as heroical, and as unhistorical, as the Nero and Zenobia of Segrais, the Cyrus and Celia of Mlle de Scudéry.

Otway's tragedy has nothing at all in common with Philippe Quinault's *Le Feint Alcibiade*, a tragi-comedy, acted at Paris in 1658. The scene lies in Sparta, and King Agis is introduced. Timée, his Queen, certainly shows a tender feeling for the gallant young stranger who calls himself Alcibiades. But very early in the play, II, 3, there is a scene between Timée and the youth, who reveals "Auparavant sachez que je suis fille," and

> Je ne suis que la sœur, mais l'image vivante
> De l'illustre banni qu'ici je représente.

It is, in fact, Cléone "*Sœur d'Alcibiade, déguisée sous le nom & l'habit de son frère.*"

Theatrical History

ALCIBIADES, Otway's first play, was produced at Dorset Garden in 1675, probably in September of that year, as among the Lord Chamberlain's papers there is an entry: "[1675] Sept. 22 King and Queene at Alcibiades and a box for the Mayds of Hono^r £25." Possibly this was the first performance.

The play was received with favour, and won the author the patronage of the famous Lord Backurst, the liberal friend of the Muses. It kept the stage for a while, and there was a revival in December, 1687, but we have no details of this production nor, indeed, of any other performances.

To the Right Honourable *CHARLES*, Earl *of Middlesex.*

My LORD,

I AM sufficiently sensible of my own Arrogance, in that being almost a Stranger to every thing of You but your Fame, I durst obtrude so abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of so eminent a Person; but that generous Candour, wherewith you oblige all the World, gave me Courage to hope you might at least pardon this first offence in me. And though, perhaps, the best presents of this nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my wishes, if the sincerity of my Zeal may atone for the meanness of the Offering: That is the fartherest prospect I take, which, whilst I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as justly as some others have done I might) complain of the censures of the World; for since I've heard that your Lordship prov'd indulgent, I were unworthy of the favours you bestow'd, should I be concern'd at the malice or petulancy of those, who (alas!) will needs think it modish to be critical, but in the mean while forget 'tis as gentile to be civil. No, my Lord, 'tis under your Umbrage only I would court protection, to whom Heav'n has given a soul, whose endowments are as much above flattery, as it self abhors it; and which are as impossible to be describ'd, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as poorest Pilgrims, when they visit shrines, will make some presents where they kneel: so I have here brought mine, by your own goodness only made worthy to be preserv'd; in whose defence I can say nothing more, than that with it all my best endeavours are, and ever shall be ready to testify how much I am, my Lord,

The most earnest of Your
Servants and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Harris.*

NEver did Rymer greater Hazard run
'Mongſt us by your ſeverity undone:
Though we alas! to oblige ye have done moſt,
And bought ye pleaſures at your own ſad coſt:
Yet all our beſt endeavours have been loſt.
So oft a States-man lab'ring to be good,
His Honeſty's for Treaſon underſtood:
Whilſt ſome falſe flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traytor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's ſence and Wit,
Our Authour ſwears he gladly will ſubmit:
But there's a ſort of things inveſt the Pit,
That will be witty, ſpite of Nature too,
And to be thought ſo, haunt and peſter you.
Hither ſometimes thoſe wou'd-be-Wits repair,
In queſt of you; where if you not appear,
Cries out—Pugh! Damn me what do we here?
Strait up he ſtarts, his Garniture then puts
In order, ſo he Cocks, and out he ſtruts
To th' Coffee-houſe, where he about him looks;
Spies Friend, cries Jack—*I've been to Night at th'* Duke's:
The ſilly Rogues are all undone, my Dear,
I gad! not one of ſence that I ſaw there.
Thus to himſelf he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongſt its pretenders nought ſo ſtrange as that.
Both Houſes too too long a Faſt have known,
That coarſeſt Non-ſence goes moſt glibly down.
Thus though this Trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common ſcore:
Since Nonſence is ſo generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may paſs amongſt the Crowd.

Actors' Names

Agis,	Mr. *Medbourn*.
Alcibiades, General of *Athens*, but fled thence in Diſcontent, & made General of *Sparta*, betrothed to *Timandra*,	Mr. *Batterton*.
Tiſſaphernes, the old General of *Sparta*,	Mr. *Sandford*.
Patroclus, His Son, and Friend to *Alcibiades*,	Mr. *Crosby*.
Theramnes, The now *Athenian* General, in Love with *Timandra*,	Mr. *Harris*.
Polyndus, A young Noble of *Athens*, his Friend,	Mr. *Gillow*.
Deidamia, Queen of *Sparta*, in love with *Alcibiades*,	Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Timandra, A noble *Athenian* Lady, betrothed to *Alcibiades*,	Mrs. *Batterton*.
Draxilla, Sifter to *Alcibiades*, and her Friend,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Ardella, Lady of Honour to the Queen of *Sparta*,	Mrs. *Gillow*.

Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of *Hymen*, Spirits, Guards,
Meſſengers, Villains, Ladys, *&c.*

ALCIBIADES
A TRAGEDY

ACT FIRST. SCENE FIRST.

A Palace.

Timandra and *Draxilla*, ſhouts without,
Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!

Enter Servant.

Tim. WHAT mean theſe ſhouts?
Serv. ——Oh all your hopes are croſt,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is loſt.
Tim. Hah!——
Serv. ——When laſt Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Roſe up the *Orgia* to Celebrate,
The *Bacchanals* all hot and Drunk with Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'rer's ſhrine,
And there his Image ſeated on a Throne
They violently took and tumbled down:
This opportunity *Theramnes* got
To ſupplant him, and his own ends promote:
For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival ſhou'd in all ſucceed.
But he, the threatning danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:
And now, by order from the Senate, all
With ſhouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.
Tim. But is he fled? Has he ſo meanly done?
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth!
Oh too unkind, falſe, and unconſtant Youth! [*Exit Serv.*

Drax. Madam, believe not but my Brothers juſt,
You wrong his honour by this mean diſtruſt;
Think you that diſtance can his Love rebate?
Tim. Thy young Experience never felt the weight
Of Lovers fears; if Juſt, he'll eaſily
Excuſe that Love, that breeds this Jealouſie.
Drax. But, Madam, for theſe doubts no grounds you have.
Tim. Alas! goe ask of Mad-men why they Rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I love, am Mad, and know what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Love and Glory growing to Delight;
Like Chymiſts waiting for their labours prize,
My hopes are daſh't and ruin'd in their height.
Drax. Alas, we but with weak intelligence
Read Heaven's decrees, th'are writ in Myſtick Senſe.
For were they open laid to Mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.
Perhaps the wiſer pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing happineſs allay;
Leſt ſhould it in its high perfection come,
Your ſoul for the Reception might want roome.
Tim. Thy Reaſons kind *Draxilla*, weakly move:
What Woman e're complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour, and its gawdy Plumes bereft,
Yet all theſe I with Gladneſs could reſign,
So *Alcibiades* had ſtill been mine:
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the casket when the Jewel's gone?
Drax. Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler luſtre, and return again:
Think you his great ſoul could with patience ſee
His rifled Honours heap'd on's Enemy;
And not his Rage have grown to that exceſs,
As muſt have ruin'd all your happineſs?
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did foregoe
Thoſe little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.
Tim. That Zeal muſt needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the Votary forſake his Saint;
No, he is happy in ſome other flame,
And from his breaſt has blotted out my name:
So that there nothing more remains for me

But a kind Death, or a long Miſery.
But Death alone's th' unhappy Lover's Eaſe,
That Seals up to us an Eternal Peace;
By that our ſouls to endleſs pleaſures move,
And we enjoy an everlaſting Love.
Yet e're I dye, as dye I feel I muſt,
To *Alcibiades* I would be juſt;
Fain wou'd I let him know how I reſign
All in him, that his paſt Vows had made mine:
Then to its ſeat in peace my ſoul ſhould flye,
And calmly at my Lovers feet I'd dye.
Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldſt thou do?
Drax. Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd ask me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to ſee you dye.
Tim. Some ſafe diſguiſes for us then provide,
From watchful eyes our ſudden flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'le forthwith move,
Born on the wings of Jealouſy and Love:
For I'm reſolv'd to know the worſt of Fate;
I wou'd be bleſt; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover or a Grave.

Theramnes *at the Door.*

Th. ——Stay, kind *Polyndus*, here,
Whilſt I go pay my juſt devotion there: [*Steping to* Tim.
See, faireſt Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfulleſt humbleſt Worſhiper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice
To thoſe eternal Glorys of your Eyes;
It is a heart as ſpotleſs and ſincere,
As the chaſt Vows of holy Veſtals are;
Accept, Divine one, and pronounce my doom.
Tim. Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come?
Th. No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my duty, and preſent my flame.
Tim. What flame or duty can you owe to me?
Th. Next what the Holy to the Deity,
When they for bleſſings at the Altars move,
'Tis Adoration Madam joyn'd with Love.
Tim. Love! I thought that had been e're this o'reblown;
I'm ſure it had ſmall hopes to live upon.

Th. That Love which only tedious hopes ſuſtain,
Is a dull, eaſie, and ignoble pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and tranſporting fire,
Whoſe flames encreaſe, and ſtill are piercing higher,
Tim. Yes, as from Piles ſome wilder flames eſſay
To mount, but baffled part in fumes away;
So all that love you now ſo ſtrongly boaſt,
Sever'd from hope in a weak Vapour's loſt.
But you too urgent in your ſuit appear.
Th. Oh what's too urgent for a joy ſo dear!
Tim. Since then your conſtancy ſo firmly vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do ſo too. [*Gives her hand.*
Th. Thus when the ſtorms of Love are over-paſt,
We gain the wiſht-for Port of Bliſs at laſt.
I ne're could doubt—— [*Kiſſes her hand.*
Tim. ——Then know I ne're can ceaſe
From my Vow'd Love to *Alcibiades.*
Th. I'm loſt, and all thoſe Joys I ſaw ſo near,
Vaniſh, and leave me wandring in deſpair:
Thus, Madam, Barb'rous Cruelty y'ave ſhown,
Raiſing me up only to throw me down.
Tim. Not to deceive you, I (*Theramnes*) know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and you.
Since you ſuch ample kindneſs did expreſs,
In favour of my *Alcibiades;*
How poorly did you envy the eſteem
I for his matchleſs Vertues had, and Him!
When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You to advance your int'reſt, did create
New feuds——
As if my Love were ballanc't by his Fate:
No, he had nobler Charms my breaſt to move,
Unblemiſh't Honour, and a ſpotleſs Love;
Which tho perhaps now know another flame,
Yet I have love and paſſion for their Name.
Th. Am I then of all hopes of bliſs debarr'd?
Oh too ſoft Charms ſway'd by a heart too hard!
Tim. Y'are ſomething diſcompos'd Sir I perceive,
And 'tis but modeſty to take my leave.
Th. Oh ſtay and pity a poor Lover's Fate!
Tim. If pity Sir, is all you ask, take that.
Th. Heav'ns, can ſhe at thoſe Chains ſhe gave me ſcoff!

Tim. You at your pleaſure Sir, may ſhake 'em off.
[*Exeunt* Tim. *and* Drax.

Enter Polyndus.

Pol. How fares my nobleſt Friend?
Th. ——As thoſe who are
Tott'ring upon the brinks of dire deſpair;
Help and retrieve me with th' aſſiſting hand,
Love thruſts me forward, and I cannot ſtand.
Pol. Then Sir turn back, and face your driving Foe.
Th. Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?
The more I ſtrive, the faſter I am bound,
As ign'rant ſwimmers are with ſtruggling drown'd.
Pol. Timandra ſurely can't in honour leſs,
Then Crown your Love with proſperous ſucceſs;
When ſhe believes (as certainly ſhe muſt)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjuſt.
Th. Alas, ſhe loves him with much greater flame,
And pays devotion to his very name;
Diſtance adds to their Loves a Violence,
And their ſouls hold from far Intelligence.
Thus my miſtaking Policy out-run
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.
Pol. Why do you let your ſoul be ſo oppreſt?
'Tis Patience beſt befits a gallant Breaſt.
Ther. Patience! What's that? the Miſtreſs of tame Fools;
That can in nothing elſe employ their ſouls:
No; ſince, *Timandra*, thou canſt diſapprove
My juſt flame, for an abſent Rivals Love,
I'll find that Rival out, and ſnatch his breath,
Though ev'ry ſtep I tread, encounter Death.
Pol. Now, Sir, y'are brave——
Already y'ave diſarm'd *Timandra*'s charms,
Methinks I ſee you rev'ling in her Arms!
Let's then o'th' Wings of Love and honour fly
To th'Field, and meet th'inſulting Enemy;
Where through the paths of death and blood we'l go
To meet your Rival, and his Countrys Foe:
There the remembrance of *Timandra*'s charms
Shall add freſh courage to your Conqu'ring Arms.
But if Fate the ſucceſs ſo order ſhall,
That by your Rivals Sword you chance to fall:
I then (as honour juſtly will command)

Inſpir'd by Friendſhip, and *Timandra*'s Name,
Will bravely ſtem him, and with this bold Hand
Revenge, or fall a Victim to your flame.
Ther. Oh noble generous Youth! whoſe tender years
Such gallant courage and ſuch honour wear!
How can my arms but in my wiſhes end, [*Embraces him.*
That have ſo worthy and ſo brave a Friend?
Come my *Polyndus*——
Pol. ——On my Friend I'le wait,
Through all the Labarinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE: *The Tent of a Pavilion Royal; the* King *and* Queen *of* Sparta, Alcibiades, Tiſſaphernes, Patroclus, *Guards*, *Ladys*, &c.

K. Now muſt proud *Athens* lay her Tryumphs down,
And pay her Glorys Tribute to my Crown;
No more ſhall ſtupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make diſadvantageous peace for fear;
But ſhe herſelf muſt in ſubjection come,
And humbly at my feet expect her doom.
Tiſſ. Yes, Sir; all Glorys muſt, when yours break forth,
Go out, and loſe their Beauty, and their Worth;
And like falſe Angels Vaniſh and be gone,
Dreading thoſe ſhapes they durſt before put on.
Pat. Athens, the Worlds great Miſtreſs, will not be
Courted with low and vulgar Gallantry;
Her Glory ayms at higher Characters,
Then heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furrs:
Who wins her deeds 'bove common Fate muſt do;
And ſo ſhe's only Miſtreſs fit for you.
K. Yes! and I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou haſt alone [*To* Alcibiades.
Things Worthy the *Athenian* Honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle, ſoard'ſt above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A flight too high for their dull ſouls to uſe,
Which prompted 'em that honour to abuſe;
Thinking their baſeneſs they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State,
But let them that black miſtery purſue,
By worth and honour Empires greateſt grow;
Which when abus'd, their glory does ſuppreſs,
As revers'd proſpects make the object leſs.

Alcib. Yours, Sir, like Heav'n's great Soul, is General;
Diſpenſing its kind influence on all.
This makes ſucceſs and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Spheor;
As fragrant dews leave the corrupter Earth,
Exhal'd by th' Sun, from whom they had their Birth.
K. The Truth of that we by your Lawrels know,
Conqueſt your Arms, Triumph ſtill waits your Brow;
By your Succeſs th' *Athenian* greatneſs roſe,
Your courage ſcatter'd their inſulting Foes;
And from that Height to which by you th're grown,
'Tis your ſucceſs alone muſt throw 'em down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force;
And all thoſe Honours you were rob'd of there,
We'll make our Study to redouble here.
Tiſſ. And I (if that my Malice tell me true)
As diligently ſhall his Plagues purſue. [*Aſide.*
Alcib. Of all my Courage or my Sword ſhall do,
I the Succeſs muſt to your influence owe.
The honour and the juſtice of your cauſe
So glorious are, Fate muſt from them take Laws:
So You o're *Athens* this advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom ſhe's but a Slave.
K. Enjoy my *Tiſſaphernes* now thy eaſe,
And plant freſh Lawrels in the ſhades of Peace.
The glorys thou haſt won ſo num'rous are,
They ſeem as many as thy age can bear.
But if thy ſpacious ſoul thou canſt confine
Within this narrow Manſion of mine,
Be this the utmoſt of thy wiſhes bound,
Poſſeſs his grateful heart, whoſe head th'aſt Crown'd.
Tiſſ. Heav'n knows my Age doth feel no ſharper ſting,
Then to want pow'r to ſerve ſo good a King.
But ſince time tells me that my glaſs is run,
Setting me backward where I firſt begun;
Since no way elſe they can their duty ſhow,
I'le only employ my hands to Heav'n for you:
And what my Sword can't, may devotion do.
K. How truly he a glorious Monarch is,
That's Crown'd with bleſſings ſo ſublime as theſe!
How can I but in all things happy be,
Propt by ſuch Courage and ſuch Piety?
To me, with Gods ſimilitude is giv'n;

'Tis power and virtue that ſupports their Heav'n.
Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
T'Alarm it to Obedience, or to War.
To Morrow muſt decide th' *Athenian* Fate, } *Exeunt Om.*
This Day to joy and eaſe we'le Conſecrate. } *præt.* Tiff.
Tiff. Ungrateful King! thy ſhallow ayms purſue;
But, my brisk Up-ſtart favourite, have at you.
Was it for this my active Youth I ſpent
In War, and knew no dwelling but a Tent!
Have I for this thro' Invious Mountains paſt?
Demoliſh'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms waſt?
Still in his Cauſe unwearied courage ſhown?
And almoſt hid his head in Crowns I won?
Upon my Breaſt received ſo many Scarrs,
They ſeem a War deſcribed in Characters?
And muſt the harveſt of my toyle and blood,
Upon a fawning Rebel be beſtow'd?
Who having falſe to his own Country been,
Comes here to play his Treaſons o're agen?
Muſt he at laſt tumble my Trophies down,
And revel in the Glorys I have won?
Whilſt from my Honours they me diſengage,
With a dull Complement to feeble Age.
What ails this hardy hand, that yet it ſhou'd
Tremble at death, or ſtart at reeking blood?
Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger.*
And with a Strength as reſolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its point impart,
A Preſent to an envy'd Fav'rite's heart;
And I fond Youth will try to work thy fall,
Tho with my own I Crown thy Funeral.
Envy and Malice from your Manſions flie,
Reſign your horrour and your Snakes to me:
For I'le act miſchiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you ſhall all be Saints when I come down. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

ACT SECOND. SCENE FIRST.

A Grove adjoyning to the Spartan *Camp.*

Timandra and *Draxilla.*

Tim. WHAT uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers paſs!
How ſtrange, prepoſt'rous ſteps their Sorrows trace!
Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art juſt,
Forgive th' exceſs of Love that bred diſtruſt.
Driven by that, diſguis'd I hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my grief's the ſame.
But kind *Draxilla*'s Friendſhip can diſpel
The thickeſt Clouds that on ſad Boſoms dwell:
That does alleviate my griefs, and give
My weary'd ſoul a ſoft and kind Reprieve;
Which ever to forget would be as hard,
And as impoſſible, as to Reward.
Drax. The ſerving you, my happineſs ſecures,
I'm only ſomething by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my hopes were croſt,
When in your Lover I a Brother loſt;
Then like an Orphan deſtitute and bare
Of all, but Miſery and ſad deſpair,
Your Kindneſs gave my yeelding ſpirits reſt,
And rais'd me to a dwelling in your breaſt:
Then ought I not in all my ſoul reſign
To eaſe her griefs that kindly pitty'd mine?
Tim. In that I did what honour urg'd me to.
Drax. And honour tells me Gratitude is due.
Tim. But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus, and weep for me.
Drax. Alas! that is the leaſt that I could do;
To our worſt Enemies our Tears we owe.
Friendſhip to ſuch a noble height ſhould riſe,
As their devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they ſhew a zeal remiſs and ſmall,
Except themſelves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great Courage could I for you dye,
And my Triumphant Soul to Heav'n ſhould fly;

There I again my Friendſhip would renew,
And lay up chiefeſt joyes in ſtore for you.
Tim. What vaſt and boundleſs flights does Friendſhip take?
Beyond what ſearch can ſee, or fancy track?
'Tis the improvement of the part divine,
When ſouls in their Seraphick tranſports joyn;
In ſouls united, ſo we friendſhip ſee,
As many glories make a deity.

Enter Alcibiades *from the back part of the Scenes.*

Drax. Madam, yonder he comes who muſt retrieve
Your drooping hopes, and your faint Joyes revive.
Tim. My *Alcibiades!* how I begin
To think my miſplac't jealouſy did ſin!
Go meet him, ſeem all troubled and in tears,
And with the tale I taught thee wound his ears:
Mean while I will with-draw my ſelf this way,
Nor would my ſwelling paſſions let me ſtay. } *Goes to the Door.*
Alcib. What ayrie Viſions o're my eyes there move,
Like the good genius of an abſent Love!
Where-e're I turn me, I me-thinks eſpy
Timandra's Image ſoftly gliding by.
Such fond Ambition Love his Slaves does teach,
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.
For oh Divine One!——
How ſickly joyes, honour, and greatneſs grant,
When thee the glory of my ſoul I want!
Drax. My Lord!——
Alcib. ——Guard me, ye pow'rs! *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! oh my Prophetick fear!
What is't your coming here would ſeem to tell?
Relate, Oh quickly, is my Princeſs well?
Drax. Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forſake your Country and your Love;
Timandra, and my ſelf, as we were ſate
In her Apartment, grieving for your fate;
No ſooner, with ſad Jealouſies oppreſt,
Her wearied ſoul in ſleep ſought after reſt,
But grief new Scenes of miſery brought in,
And play'd in dreams its horrours o're again:
Sometimes her tender Arms ſhe'd forward ſtretch,

Then fiercely at the empty ayr would catch:
Weary'd with grief, ſhe then would milder be,
And in a hollow ſigh ſend out, Ah Me!
At laſt ſhe roſe, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes ſhe ſtarted, then ſtood ſtill and talkt:
Anon, repeat ſome ſhort and pithy Pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her pretious hair:
Till having ſo wrought ſorrow to that height,
That her ſoul grew too tender for the weight;
Ere I my courage could collect, to go
And give a hindrance to the fatal blow,
She with her Dagger ſtabb'd herſelf, and ſaid,
Thus dy'd *Timandra*, that unhappy Maid.

Alcib. Ye Gods! Is't thus your Juſtice you diſpence,
To lay th'Reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What tho theſe Sacrilogious hands have thrown
Your Images, thoſe pageant Glorys, down!
Muſt your revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have damn'd me, ſo y'ad pitty'd her.
But thus I'll ſend my ſoul, where it may tell
She lov'd too raſhly, but not lov'd too well:

[*Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hinder'd by* Draxilla.

Oh Siſter! do not hinder me my death:
Sighs are the only uſe I've left of breath:
One blow will put an end to grief and me.

Enter Timandra.

Tim. That Sir you muſt not do, nor muſt I ſee. [Al. *ſtarts.*
Why fly you back? nay, if you ſhun me now,
I ſhall grow apt to think my fears too true.

Alcib. Ye Gods! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greateſt bliſs Heav'n had to give.
How raſhly did my impious rage profane
Your Goodneſs! oh but waſh away that ſtain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for every God:
Till by thoſe holy fires this black offence
Be purg'd and purify'd in Innocence.
But deareſt how could you ſo cruel be;
To let ſuch bliſs be dreſt in miſery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th' horror of that breath

Muſt damp my Soul, and chill me into death?
Tim. Alas! my fears could find out no relief,
But thus t'aſſault you in the garb of grief;
This tryal of your Faith my Joy ſecures,
As Thunders uſher in refreſhing ſhow'rs.
Alcib. Let us no longer then to doubts give way,
But haſt to th'Conſummation of our Joy;
So, with our bright united flames, diſpel
Thoſe anxious miſts that on our boſoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealouſie poſſeſt,
But which ſhall kindeſt prove, and love the beſt.
Tim. And when our faithful happy hearts ſhall be
Nearer united by that ſacred tye,
How in an endleſs Road of bliſs we'l move,
Steering our motions by our perfect Love!
There we with pleaſure will recount each woe,
Which we have paſs't, and others undergoe.
There we'll reflect o'th' various hopes and fears,
The mournful ſighs, and the impatient tears
Of diſtreſt Lovers, whilſt we'll kindly thence,
Through a ſtrange myſtical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redreſſes by our Influence.
Till ſo, by ours——
Their full-grown Joyes receive a happy birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bleſs the Earth.
Alcib. Then, my *Timandra*, to our Bliſs let's fly,
There's but one minute more to Extaſy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Ardella.

Queen. Oh my *Ardella*, whither ſhall I turn?
I'm all o're Flame, in ev'ry part I burn.
Ard. Your Majeſty——
Qu. ——Fool, Majeſty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd pageant mockery of fate;
When her ungrateful ſportive pow'r ſhe'd ſhow,
Raiſing us high——
To barr us of the benefits below.
But I'le her ſervile Policy deſpiſe,
And make her ſtoop to Lovees great Victories.
Th'Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taſte the ſweets of Am'rous Excellence:
Why then ſhould Princes that are Gods below,
Think that a ſin which Heav'n is proud to do?

Ard. But, Madam, is it not a cruel thing
T'abuſe a Loving Husband, and kind King?
Qu. Dull Girle, thou know'ſt not what a Husband is.
Alas, they never reach the height of bliſs,
But ignorantly with Loves Magick play,
Till they raiſe Spirits they want pow'r to lay.
In that brave *Alcibiades* there ſwarm
So many graces, he's all over charm;
Such killing Ayres in each part of him move,
His Brow darts Majeſty, and his Eyes Love:
Oh my *Ardella*, I am loſt in thought!
I fain would have thee——yet 'tis falſe, I'd not.
Ard. Madam, your Royal pleaſure but relate,
I'le be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.
Qu. Art thou then skilful in Love's ſubtle arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuſcades for hearts?
Canſt thou expreſs a melting kind deſire,
And give a feeling draught of Loves ſoft fire?
Ard. Madam, ſo ſubt'ly I'le his heart betray,
As one, who by ſome great Magicians pow'r,
Is hurry'd through the Regions in an hour,
And for return again can find no way.
Qu. My better Angel! fly then ſwift as time,
Or thought; thou gain'ſt a Queen in gaining him.
But uſe ſuch ſecrecy as ſtolen Loves ſhould have,
Be dark as the huſh't ſilence of the Grave.
Ard. Madam, diſtruſt not but that I ſhall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.
Qu. Honour! a very word; an empty name!
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the Ayr, and boundleſs as the Wind:
Nature was then in her firſt excellence,
When undiſturb'd with puny Conſcience,
Man's Sacrifice was pleaſure, his God, ſenſe.

Enter Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſſ. Madam, by the King's command I'm to you ſent,
Who attends your Royal preſence in his Tent.
Qu. I go—— [*Exeunt* Qu. *and* Ardella.
Tiſſ. ——Now all is Ripe, me-thinks I ſee
Treaſon walk hand in hand with Deſtiny,
And both in a kind Aſpect ſmile on me.

Now the whole Court proceeds to ſolemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades;*
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wiſh combine,
To give a happy end to my deſigne.
It is our cuſtome at a Marriage Feaſt,
The Bridegroom——
With a full Bowl preſents his chiefeſt gueſt.
The Cups by my great ſecreſy and care,
With ſtrongeſt Potion all infected are:
Which when our *Alcibiades* ſhall bring,
And offer as his duty to the King,
The Poyſon and his ſudden death will ſeem
Fully a Trayterous deſign in him.
Then muſt the Crown deſcend on me, and ſo
I feaſt my Rage, and my Ambition too.
Let Coward ſpirits ſtart at Crueltie,
Remorſe has ſtill a ſtranger been to me.
I can look on their pains with the ſame eyes,
As Prieſts behold the falling Sacrifice.
Whilſt they yell out the horrour of their moans,
My heart ſhall dance to th'Muſick of their groanes. [*Exit.*

Enter Captain *of the Guards.*

Cap. Look that your care and diligence be great.
See the guards doubled, and each Cent'nel ſet. [*Exit.*

The Scene drawn, diſcovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it an Altar, behind which are ſeated the King and Queen, attended by Tiſſaphernes, Patroclus, *and the reſt of the Camp; about the Altar ſtand ſeveral Prieſts of Hymen.*

K. Each Day brings ſome ſurprize of pleaſure, here
Love vyes his Tryumphs with the God of War.

Six Prieſts of Hymen dance.

The Dance ended, Enter Chief Prieſt and Prieſteſs of Hymen, Prieſt leading Timandra, *and the Prieſteſs* Alcibiades.

Prieſt *Sings.*

Diſtracting Jealouſies and Fears,
Heart-breaking ſobs and reſtleſs tears,
Fly to the Breaſts that are
Wrack't with Deſpair:
In this,
Prieſteſs. Or this.

Cho. No tears but thoſe of Joy, no pantings but of bliſs.
Prieſteſs. Yes, yes, by Love alone we ſee
On Earth the glorys of a Deity:
For 'tis the greateſt work above,
To be innocent, and Love.
Thoſe then that flame ſo nobly here,
What Raviſhing delights muſt they have there!
Cho. Who on Earth to their honour are juſt, and their Love,
Muſt reap the chief bleſſings above.
Prieſt. Let's then proceed, and Hymens aid implore,
To joyn thoſe hands whoſe hearts were link't before.
Prieſteſs. Agreed.
Prieſt. Agreed.
Prieſteſs. Agreed.
Prieſt. Agreed.
Cho. Hymen, oh Hymen, come away,
Crown the wiſhes of this day.
See, ſee theſe pure refin'd deſires
Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch to improve their fires.

Whilſt this Chorus is ſinging, Hymen *enters with his Torch and joyns their hands with a Wreath of Roſes, which the Prieſteſs ſtrikes with her Spear and breaks, then they offer both parts upon the Altar.*

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of Hymen, *all carrying in their hands ſhort Spears muffl'd with flowers and boughs of fruit: after which a Bowl is brought in, and preſented to* Alcibiades, *who immediately upon the receipt bows to the King, who deſcends with the Queen, and receives the Bowl of him, then ſpeaks.*

K. To ſhew how ſtrict a Reverence I have
For ev'rything that Loyal is, and brave,
This ſignal honour only due to me,
Thus, *Tiſſaphernes,* I confer on thee. [*Preſents him the Bowl.*

Drawing near to Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſſ. Confuſion! What means this?
K. ——Nay, do not ſtart,
It is the offering of a grateful heart:
Come drink to ſuch a depth as may expreſs
Thy wiſhes for their Joy, and *Sparta*'s happineſs.
Tiſſ. I muſt obey your Majeſty——

Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and ſeems to Swoon back.

Pat. Alas, my Father!
K. ——How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief Phyſitians ſend.

So much this Aged Hero I eſteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.
Tiſſ. My health Sir needs no other help than this, [*faintly.*
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of ſo ſtrong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my ſence.

Alarum without. Enter Officer.

Off. Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force Alarms:
Without the City Gates th'appear in Arms,
And with a numerous and Warlike train
Begin their March upon the Neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Enſignes all diſplay'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Ayre,
Looſly they flye, and with a Wanton play,
Seem to ſalute the Sun-beams in their way:
Whilſt their ſhrill Trumpets rattle in the skye,
As if with Muſick they'd charm Victory.
And this triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conqueſt fit for you.
K. 'Tis well; ev'ry Battalia Re-inforce
With my late freſh ſupplyes of *Perſian* Horſe.
Their Fate no longer will delay endure;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very hour.
I'd have this Day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory. *Shouts from afar.*

Enter another Officer.

2nd Off. The Enemy Sir does on the Plain appear,
And with Re-ecchoing ſhoutings pierce the Ayr.
K. So Beaſts decreed for ſlaughter, e're they fall,
With their own Bell'wings ring their Funeral.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT THIRD. SCENE FIRST.

The Camp.

Tiſſaphernes.

Tiſſ. CURSE on my niggard Starrs; they were ſo poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their pow'r,
My fury had begot ſo vaſt a Birth,
Fate wanted ſtrength enough to bring it forth.
Trumpets afar-off ſound a Charge.
That ſprightly ſound darts fiercely through my ſoul,
Oh that I might one minute fate Controule!
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To ſend it ſelf into the Gen'ral's Heart.

Enter King *and* Queen *attended.*

K. Thus muſt proud States ſubmit, when Monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude diſorder'd frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But Vaniſh at the Suns more Potent light.
Athens now feels the fury of my heat;
A pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultuous and numerous ſhow,
But ne're contract to give a ſteddy blow.
Qu. In States, thoſe monſtrous many-headed pow'rs,
Of private int'reſt publick good devours.
'Tis true, when in their hands a rule they gain,
They know to uſe that power, not maintain.
Like Pyrates in a Fleet, a while they may
Seem dreadful; but when by ſome juſter force
Oppos'd——
Each his own Safety ſeeks, and ſhrinks away.
Tiſſ. You, Sir, have vanquiſh'd Emp'rours, fetter'd Kings:
States are ſuch mean and deſpicable things,
Compar'd with other glorys y'ave ſubdu'd,
Their Conqueſt ſeems but a ſoft Interlude.
Trumpets from far found a Retreat.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. This Minute, Sir, your Glorys are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat:
Victory bluſhing, they no more could do,
With a full wing directs her flight to You.
K. Thus *Deidamia* are our wiſhes Crown'd,
Love and Renown in the fame Sphear go round:
Our laſting Loves draw laſting Victories,
Whilſt Courage takes his Flame from Beauties Eyes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2*d Meſſ.* Thus hourly, Sir, freſh glorys you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the ſad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their totter'd Troops are ſcatter'd o're the Plain,
And in diſorder'd Parties make away.
K. Relate, how went the bus'neſs of the Day?
Meſſ. Brave *Alcibiades* has Wonders done,
Ne're greater Courage was in *Sparta* ſhown.
Troops were not able to withſtand his ſhock;
Like Thunder from a Cloud his fury broke
On all his Enemies; and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither ſeem'd to move it, nor ſtand ſtill,
Till at the laſt the brave *Polyndus* fell.
His Loſs did ſo amaze the Enemy,
That in diſorder they began to fly.
Yet brave *Theramnes* Rally'd in their Head;
Though ſo their fate was but a while delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was Captive made.
At which agen they did their flight renew,
With Numbers too ſo totter'd and ſo few,
It had been Barbariſm to purſue.
Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious looker on this Tragick Scene,
With all the haſt Joy could, or love afford,
Flies to congratulate her Conqu'ring Lord;
Now both in ſolemn Triumph this way move,
To Crown your Glorys, as you Crown'd their Love.

Trumpets. Enter Alcibiades, Patroclus, Timandra *and* Theramnes *Priſoner:* Alcibiades *kneels to the* King.

K. Sir, of your brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the power of Reward;
It were but juſt that I ſhould homage do,
And offer up acknowledgments to you.
Riſe Sir, and give this Ceremony o're,
The poſture ill becomes a Conquerour. [Alcib. *riſes.*

Alcib. Conqu'rours that are Triumphant in the Field,
Muſt at their Monarchs feet their Trophies yield;
For all thoſe glorys which their Conqueſts claim,
They only have ſubordinate from them.
Thus, though my Sword this Captive has o'recome,
It is from You he muſt expect his Doom.

Th. Yes, and in this you have o'recome him too,
He cannot talk Sir half ſo faſt as you:
Curſe, though I am your Priſoner, I hate
To hear your pride upbraid me with my Fate.

Alcib. Why, Sir, was't not my favour that you live?

Th. No: for I hate that Life your hand did give.
Know, had your Fate been mine——
I ſhould have urg'd kind deſtiny more home,
And there have Revell'd Rival in your room.

Alcib. Sir, for your Love, you ſhew but weak pretence,
When all your Arguments is Inſolence.
Whence does it ſpring?

Th. ——From whence your bliſs you draw.
Love, that ne're clog'd his Proſelytes with Law.
I lov'd this fair one firſt, and you muſt know
I'l love her ſtill, And what's all that to you?

Alcib. This Rudeneſs, Sir, my fury can't Engage:
You are ill manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

Th. But know, I'll follow ſtill my hate to thee;
Nor ſhall my Chains obſtruct thy deſtiny:
Thou didſt ſupplant me in *Timandra*'s Love,
For which I gave thy Glorys a remove;
And on thy Ruins made my ſelf more great:
But ſince my wiſhes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune ſhan't decreaſe,
I'l ſtill purſue thy Life and happineſs:
By all deſpairs dark artes, thy fall deſign,
Till in thy blood I write *Timandra* mine.

Alcib. Rave on; know of your threats no ſence I feel,
I'd laugh at them wer't not to loſe a ſmile.

K. But I'l take care that he ſhall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his life does owe.
How dare you offer here theſe Injuries?
Know you how much this gallant man I prize?
Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bounds narrow, and reſtraint ſevere.
Since in your breaſt ſuch a hot frenzy reigns,
We'l try how you can brave it in your Chains.
Th. So King, as Thou ſhalt envy what Th'as done;
I have a Soul can ſmile when Thou doſt frown.
Whilſt I *Timandra*'s fair Idea wear,
I can't want freedom, for I'l think of her. [*Exit Guarded.*
K. Thus Madam, to your Eyes muſt Conqueſt bow,
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.
Tim. If any charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:
No greater ayms nor more Ambition know,
Then how, Sir, to obleige him that ſerves you.
Alcib. Your gen'rous pitty to our faithful flames,
That power which it gave 'em juſtly claimes.
Thus happy by your great indulgence made,
In Joyes ſo perfect, nothing can Remove:
Your ſpreading gloryes ne're ſhall ſhrink or fade,
Till you forget t' aſpire, and we to love.
But how dare I Uſurp the leaſt pretence,
Who only borrow all my Lawreles hence! [*Pointing to* Patr.
This is that noble Youth, who, when I ſtood
Beſet on ev'ry ſide with death and blood,
To my relief ſuch gen'rous ſuccour brought,
And things ſo much above ev'n wonder wrought.
Pat. You, Sir, that taught me friendſhip, taught me too
How much is to that Sacred title due.
No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lie,
Though thouſand deaths ſhould dare me, on I'l fly,
And Conquer all, or bravely with you dye.
Alcib. In gallantry you are ſo abſolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the purſuit.
Yet that return accept in ſilence here,
Which is ſo great 'twill no expreſſion bear. [*Embraces him.*
Tiſſ. Hell! Sure my Blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son Embrace the man I hate? [*Aſide.*
K. How, *Tiſſaphernes*, is thy good age bleſt
In ſuch a Son, of ſuch a friend poſſeſt!

Thus from thy Rev'rend Trunk freſh glories ſpread,
And with their pious Lawrels ſhade thy head.
Tiſſ. In this warm Comfort patiently I'll ſit,
Till Fate ſhall come and claim her lateſt Debt.
Sometimes my Youths paſt Triumphs I'l review,
And pleaſe my ſelf they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing elſe left now to do. [*Ironically.*
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, by my Joy thus ſhowne,
Poſſeſs the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*
K. Monarchs, thus propt, the Shocks of Fate defie:
No bonds ſo firm as thoſe which Friendſhip tye. [*Ex. King attended.*

Manent Alcibiades, Timandra, *and* Draxilla.

Alcib. Now, nobleſt Siſter, how ſhall be repayd
Thoſe large endearments which your Love has made?
Our happineſs will but Imperfect prove,
If midſt the growing pleaſures of our love,
We nothing elſe in gratitude can do,
Then only wiſh a happiness to you.
Drax. What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that Siniſter thing we call Reward.
Good deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.
Alcib. But Siſter, if I might one Queſtion move;
Drax. Your pleaſure Sir?——
Alcib. ——Could you not Madam——love?
The Friend in whom I'm happy ſince I came,
In honour's as renown'd as in his name.
He, when I to him often would Relate
The ſad adventures of my love and fate;
So much your gallant Friendſhip did admire,
That with your Character he grew on Fire;
And bears a flame ſo noble and ſublime,
As not to love agen would be a crime.
Drax. Sir, that's a thing I cannot now diſcourſe;
Love rarely Conquers with a ſudden Force.
Nor muſt I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Complement to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it gallantry, not Love.
Alcib. I ſhall no more your modeſty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to ſerve my Friend.

But if ought add a bleſſing, 'twill to ſee
You made as happy as you have made me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* Patroclus.

Tiſſ. D'you underſtand, *Patroclus*, what y'ave done?
Have you conſider'd that you are my Son?
Patr. Sir, 'tis a Title I am proud of.——
Tiſſ. How can you then deſcend to things ſo baſe,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilſt thus your blinded folly ſo adores
The only Traytor, that my ſoul abhors.
Patr. How, Sir! I doat upon the man you hate!
No, I had never thoughts ſo impious yet.
By all my hopes, if any wretch there be
S'unhappy to be held your enemy,
Rather than in my Breaſt his image bear,
I'd raze it from my heart, or ſtab it there.
Tiſſ. Stay, leſt you ſhould pronounce too raſh a doom:
Believe it is a blow will wound you home.
But I will try——
What gen'rous reſolution you expreſs.
Know then you muſt hate *Alcibiades*.
Patr. Protect me heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that knot you did ſo lately tye?
Was't not your love that did our friendſhip joyn?
Did not your kind embraces ſecond mine?
Tiſſ. Embraces! Love! and kindneſs! what are theſe?
The outward varniſh that our hearts diſguiſe.
Haſt thou ſo long with Courts converſant been,
The various turns of power and greatneſs ſeen,
And haſt thou not this miſtery yet found,
Always to ſmile in's face we mean to wound?
Come you muſt hate him, nay and kill him too.
Patr. Oh let me rather beg my death from you.
Can you command me Sir to wound a heart,
Whereof I do poſſeſs ſo great a part?
In that I ſhould prove a ſelf-murderer;
Piercing his Breaſt, I ſtab m' own image there.
Tiſſ. Come, lay theſe idle boyiſh ſcruples down,
Do as becomes your Vertue and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my place,
And turning all my honours to diſgrace:

And can you of ſo little value prize
The honour of your blood, not to ſhed his?
Patr. Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theam,
'Twill blaſt your gloryes, and your wreathes defame.
Do but look on that life you would deſtroy,
See if it ben't as ſpotleſs and ſerene
As that which in their heav'n bleſt Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a thought of ſin.
By all th'endearments of a filial love, [*kneels.*
And if that charm cannot your pitty move,
By my dear Mothers ghoſt, whoſe dying pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief treaſure to your care,
This unjuſt cruel enmity lay down,
And do not in his friend deſtroy your Son.
On the paſt brav'ry of your youth look back,
There the bright paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be thoſe gloryes to exchange,
For a baſe brutal infamous revenge.
Oh Sir recal recal the dire decree,
'Tis ſuch a deed as fate will ſhrink to ſee.
Tiſſ. Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly childiſh pitty o're,
Or ne're preſume to call me Father more.
Patr. Then ſee how I reſign that int'reſt here: [*riſes.*
Thus all the bonds of duty cancel'd are.
Whilſt ſuch black horrours in your Soul I ſee,
Y'are not my Father, but my enemy.
Now againſt me let all your vengeance come,
Thus, thus my breaſt for your revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades*——
No, ſince ſuch barbarous miſchiefs you dare do,
I'l dye for him, but ſcorn to live for you.
Why don't you ſtrike Sir? Is your rage grown faint?
Tiſſ. I fear I've too much trifled with this boy;
Curſe on his honour, 'twill my hopes deſtroy.
But I'l ſmooth all in time. Oh my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a heart that's truly noble cou'd
Ever deſerve a Title to my blood.
No, may ye both in your brave friendſhip be
As truly happy as I am in thee.
That's curſt—— [*aſide.*
Patr. Is then my father kind? can he approve

Our Friendſhip? Does he once more crown our love?
Oh, Sir, let thus m'acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for bleſſings offer thanks to heav'n. [*kneels.*
Tiſſ. Riſe, Riſe thou comfort of my Age; I now
Have underſtood all I could wiſh to know.
Alas, in this diſguiſe I did but try
The ſtrength and vertue of thy conſtancy.
'Tis a refreſhment to this hoary head,
To prove that vertue which my ſelf have bred.
Thus bleſt in peace I'l to my Grave deſcend,
As the declining Sun goes down at night,
Pleas'd with the riſing of an off-ſpring light.
Patr. Such myſtick wayes fate does our loves confirm,
As rooted Trees ſtand faſter by a ſtorm.
After this ſhock our friendſhip's more ſecure,
As Gold try'd in the fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*
Tiſſ. There's ſome foundation yet for my Deſign;
The Captiv's brave; I'l try to make him mine.
Unwearied I will let my fury range,
And leave no heart unſearch'd to find revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE: a dark Tent.

Theramnes in Chains.

The. How ſweet a quietude's in Fetters found!
That it ſeems almoſt freedom to be bound.
Tho thus confin'd, my agile thoughts may fly
Through all the Region of variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o're,
And finiſh whole years labours in an hour.
But oh my Miſtreſs! my *Timandra* loſt!
That is the only bitterneſs I taſte.
This outward fetter but my Body chains,
But that the freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rivals Sword did I not fall?
So bravely have embrac'd one death for all?
Yet why ſhould I court ſuch an abject fate?
Courage is the ſupporter of the great.
Methinks I've ſomething yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my glory and my Love.
I'l——hah! this does my buſie thoughts prevent. [*Enter* Tiſſ.
Is that old feind for a Tormenter ſent?

Good Sir, upon what meſſage are you come?
Am I then deſtin'd for ſome harder doom?

Tiſſ. No, I am come to give your ſorrows eaſe.
I know you hate Sir *Alcibiades:*
Nay and I know you love *Timandra* too.

The. Well Sir, all this I know as well as you.

Tiſſ. Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this theem:
Dare you Sir raviſh her, and murder him?

The. For what dark ends do you this queſtion bring?
Dare! s'death, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

Tiſſ. That word then all my former doubts ſecures;
Be only reſ'lute, and *Timandra*'s yours.
My ſtratagems ſo ſubtly I will lay,
That to your Arms your Miſtreſs I'l betray.
Thus then, as the firſt ſtep to our deſign
Your guards I'l with adulterated Wine
Secure; ſo they Charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'l from your bonds and priſon ſet you free.
Then, when ſome happy moment ſhall preſent
Timandra left unguarded in her tent,
Both of us thither in diſguiſe will move,
To end your rival and compleat your love.
For when your fill of bliſs you have enjoy'd,
And your full pleaſures with themſelves are cloy'd:
I thither will alar'm our enemy,
Where by both Swords he ſhall be ſure to dye.
And the next night (the watch-word given by me)
You may, ſcape through the Guards to Liberty.

The. Revenge! my love enjoy'd, and freedom too!
Then in the name of *Pluto* be it ſo.
What ſtupid ignorance the World poſſeſt,
That only Fury plac't i'th' youthful breaſt!
No, 'tis in age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's ſtrong.
Theſe hoary Heads like griſly Comets are,
Which always threaten ruin death and war.

Tiſſ. Alas, ſuch tame Souls know but half a growth:
I'l make my age a ſtep to a new youth:
Such murders and ſuch cruelties maintain,
I'll from the blood I ſhed grow young again.

The. Let's in the name of horrour then go on;
Methinks I long to have the bus'neſs done:

Something like Conſcience elſe may all defeat;
You know Sir I'm but a raw villain yet.
Tiſſ. Conſcience! a trick of State, found out by thoſe
That wanted power to ſupport their Laws;
A bug-bear name, to ſtartle fools, but we,
That know the weakneſs of the fallacie,
Know better how to uſe what nature gave;
That Soul's no Soul, which to it ſelf's a ſlave.
Who any thing for Conſcience ſake deny,
Do nothing elſe but give themſelves the lye. *Exeunt.*

SCENE: the Camp.

Enter Patroclus *and* Draxilla.

Patr. Why am do you fly a lovers Pray'r?
Is cruelty the edge o'th' fair?
Drax. You ot, Sir, i'th' Camp be beautie's ſlave,
Where honour ' only Miſtreſs of the brave.
Patr. Bu rugged honour got in Arms,
When not ft by beautie's ſweeter charms;
That melts e into a kind deſire,
Whilſt love r it in his purer fire.
Drax. Lovers, whoſe flights ſuch ſublime pitches chuſe,
Oft ſoar too high, and ſo their quarry looſe.
But you Sir know to moderate your height,
Miſſing your game, can eas'ly ſlack the flight.
Patr. Such faint eſſays may fit a common flame,
But my deſires have a far nobler Aime,
Religious honour, and a zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I ſue.
Drax. Thoſe who to deities their offerings pay,
Make their addreſſes in an humbler way;
Not in a confidence of what they give,
But modeſt hopes of what they ſhall receive.
Patr. I in my offerings no aſſurance have,
Though an ambition to become your ſlave.
Drax. Yes, but when once admitted to that place,
You'l ſtill be looking for ſome acts of grace.
Patr. Some little favours pitty can't deny,
You are too noble to uſe cruelty.
Drax. See Sir, the Queen, I beg you Sir forbear.
Patr. Madam, this way—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen *and* Ardella.

Qu. Did he then ſuffer no ſurprize? no ſhew
Of alteration? let's the progreſs know.
Ard. In order Madam t'your command I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where after th' uſual Ceremonies paſt,
E're I would feaſt I gave him firſt a taſte:
Told him how much his courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean path of glory mov'd,
Who in his Arms had ſo ſucceſsful been,
T'engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whiſper'd ſomething more,
Began to intimate loves mighty pow'r.
He briskly took the hint, and readily
Began to urge ſome pretty things to me.
By which encourag'd, I to th' bus'neſs drew.
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.
Qu. And did not then his alter'd looks betray
Some exſtaſie? ſome marks of lively joy?
Ard. No, Madam, he knew better policy,
Talk't of your honour, and his loyalty;
Fine ſmoothing terms to cloak a paſſion in.
But if your Majeſty——
Qu. What?
Ard. Had but ſeen
How much his carriage did his words deceive,
When with a gentle ſigh he took his leave,
As if he languiſh'd till the minute came.
Qu. Doſt thou then think he entertains my flame?
Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
Such ſwarms of love within my Breaſt there are,
The heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a taſte of bliſs!
Oh the choice ſweets of a ſtoln happineſs?

ACT FOURTH. SCENE FIRST.

Alcibiades *ſolus.*

Alci. UNDER what fatal Planet was I born!
Sure at my Birth the Heavens themſelves did mourn.
Disjoynted nature did her courſe forbear,
And held within her Womb a Civil War.
I who but now did fame and Conqueſt bring,
And added to the glories of a King,
Muſt ſee my Trophyes all thrown down agen
By the baſe paſſions of a luſtful Queen!
Why was not I born to a common fate,
Free from the glorious troubles of the great?
So in ſome humble Cell my years have ſpent,
Bleſt with a private peaceable content.
The vulgar mortal feels not fortunes harms:
The higheſt ſtructures ſtill are ſhook with ſtorms.
See too ſhe's here; what ſhall I do or ſpeak?
Fate has beſet me, and I've no way to take.

Enter Queen.

Qu. My Lord, you ſomething diſcompos'd appear;
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.
Alci. Majeſty Madam is a thing divine.
Qu. If that diſturb you, Sir, I'le lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater pride,
To view the man whoſe glories ſpread ſo wide.
Alci. Madam you on 'em ſet too high a price.
Qu. Perhaps I ſee not Sir with common eyes:
They beſt of honour judge that honour have:
I find a Secret in me ſays y'are brave;
You need not Sir unfold it, you can gueſs.
Alci. How craftily ſhe would her Luſt expreſs,
And ſet her ills off with a winning dreſs!
What's to be done, which way ſhall I conclude?
I muſt abuſe my King, or muſt be rude.
I cannot ſpeak——
Qu. ——My Lord let's ſit a while:
Won't you vouchſafe your viſitant a ſmile?
Alci. Smiles Madam were too inſolent a joy.

Qu. Fie! put theſe formal Compliments away.
Ardella ſing that Song I heard to day.

SONG.

The brighteſt Goddeſs of the Sky,
How did ſhe panting, ſighing lye,
And languiſhing deſire to dye!
For the triumphant God of war
Amidſt his Trophies did appear,
As charming rough as ſhe was fair.

2.

Their loves were bleſt, they had a Son,
The little Cupid; *who has ſhewn*
More conqueſt than his Sire e're won.
He grew the mightieſt God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To heav'n, that dares be ſo to Love.

3.

How ſoft the delights, and how charming the joy,
Where love and injoyment each other ſupport!
Let the Cynical fool call pleaſure a toy,
Who ne're Fame i'th' Camp had, nor love in the Court:
O ſo kindly the Combates each other ſucceed,
Where 'tis Triumph to dye, and a Pleaſure to bleed.

Alci. The Air is charming-
Queen. ——Retire. [*Exit* Ardella.
No lively Symptoms of a growing Fire!
I'll urge him further——
My Lord, your hand; how beats your pulſe? I fear
Y'are ill; Cold drops upon your brows appear;
I'll wipe 'em off; come, Sir, your fears remove,
You need not bluſh to tell me that you love.
I'll do it for you, nay I more will do,
Bluſh for myſelf too when I bluſh for you.
Sure this will take; what does your wonder mean?
Is love ſo ſtrange?

Alci. ——Oh name not that agen!
Could you ſuch wrong to royal *Agis* do?
Think what's to heav'n and to your vertue due.
Qu. Muſt I be hated then? and Sir by you? [*angerly.*
Piſh, why d'you talk of heav'n and vertue now? [*mildly.*
Alci. Not new-made mothers to their infants bear
A firmer paſſion, or a tend'rer care.
Shew me yours or your honours enemy,
See with what vigour t'your revenge I'le fly.
For you with life I willingly could part;
But whilſt that laſts, *Timandra* has my heart.
Qu. The heavy pleaſures of the marriage Bed,
Dull repetition ſoon will render dead.
Taſte freſher joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old pleaſures may ſeem gay and new.
Alci. Could I expect to have ſuch language heard,
Where beauty and ſuch innocence appear'd?
Qu. Can you my little beauty then approve,
And is't ſo difficult a thing to love?
Alci. Love, Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I ſhall not need be woo'd;
I'le love you as the Siſter of my blood.
Qu. A Siſters love's a lean inſipid bliſs,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the tranſport, exſtaſie, delight?
'Tis like thin meat to a ſharp appetite.
Alci. I know y'are beauteous as the bluſhing morn:
Your beams the luſtre of a King adorn,
That King whoſe piety me happy made;
And can I in return profane his Bed?
Though Madam I've liv'd free, and never ſet
Limits to any thing we call delight,
Yet raiſe not new rebellions in my blood:
Beauty hath darts too keen to be withſtood.
Qu. Yet all its power has no force o're you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your love a queen neglected, dy'd.
Alci. What is't your majeſty would have me do?
Qu. Are you ſo ignorant that you don't know?
Alci. Death! not to have ſome ſenſe, were to unman
My ſelf; but I'le be conqu'rour if I can.
Should I be made a captive to her charms,

Er'e I am warm in my *Timandra*'s arms?
One ſtratagem I'le for my freedom try.
Madam, no longer I'le your pow'r deny: [*To the Queen.*
For if theſe eyes had ne're *Timandra* known,
You only might have call'd my heart your own.
But whilſt with her I enjoy love and life,
And you remain the mighty *Agis* wife;
Know this is all I can in juſtice do,
I'm ready on your leaſt commands, to ſhew
I live for her; but yet could dye for you.
Qu. Muſt I then only border upon bliſs?
Reſt on the confines of my happineſs?
As Souls that are excluded heav'n for ſin,
See all its glories, but can't enter in.
Alci. No, Madam; free from the dull clogs of ſenſe,
We'l reap delights of nobler excellence.
Our entwin'd Souls each other ſhall enjoy,
Tread vertue's paths, and never looſe their way.
But if one in his motion chance to err,
Strait regulate it by the other's ſphear:
——Till at the laſt,
When the ſhort Zodiack of this life w'ave paſt,
With new impt Zeal beyond the Stars wee'l fly,
There meet, and mingle to a Deity.
Qu. Then to all hopes of happineſs adieu,
Since my chief bliſs I've loſt in looſing you.
Oh the Tyrannick cruelty of fate,
That lets us know our happineſs too late.
Yet why ſhou'd I to fears and ſorrows bend,
If only on their fate my hopes depend?
A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit* Queen.
Alci. She's gone.——
Greatneſs, thou gaudy torment of our Souls,
The wiſe mans fetter, and the range of fools,
Who is't would court thee if he knew thy ills?
He who the greateſt heap of honour piles,
Does nothing elſe but build a dang'rous ſhelf,
Or erect Mountains to o'rewhelm himſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE: *a Grove adjoyning to the Camp.*

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* Theramnes *diſguis'd.*

Tiſſ. Now, Sir, y'are free, and proſperouſly move,
To reap the long wiſh't harveſt of your love.
One minute and y'are in *Timandra*'s arms,
Now fetter'd in the power of her Charms:
Methinks the thought ev'n my old blood Alarms.
The. His rage ſure works him to an exſtaſie:
How the old Monſter hugs his villany!
Good Sir diſpatch I cannot brook delay;
I waſt in expectation of my joy.
But hark, did you not hear a murm'ring talk?
Tiſſ. Perhaps 'tis ſhe come in this Grove to walk:
Stay, here they are; by heav'n the ſame, 'tis ſhe.
Retreat a while; bleſt opportunity! [*They go to the door.*

Enter Timandra *with a Book in her hand, and* Draxilla.

Tim. Methinks, *Draxilla*, when *Atlanta* ran,
And ſlaughter was the only prize ſhe wan;
Her power a too cruel rigour bore,
To kill thoſe ſhe had wounded ſo before.
[Theramnes *throws off his diſguiſe.*
The. Then, Madam, be not guilty of her ill:
Me the poor wretch y'ave wounded, do not kill.
Ah in your heart, if ſuch a ſence there be
Of the injuſtice of her cruelty;
How much more pitty from her breaſt is due
To him, who ev'ry minute dyes for you!
Tim. My Lord *Theramnes!* by what lucky Hap
Have you from guards and priſon made eſcape?
The. Who wears your ſacred image in his breaſt,
Is of ſuch pure Divinity poſſeſt,
And from ignoble bondage ſo ſecure,
That feeble chains fall off, and loſe their pow'r.
Tim. Then Sir in your intended flight make haſte,
Leſt by ſome fatal chance y'are once more loſt.
The. No, I enjoy a nobler Safety here;
No danger dares approach when you are near:
Theſe Groves to lovers bliſs are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil outrages of fate.

Come, let's to ſomething like delight draw nigh,
And loſe our ſelves awhile in exſtaſie. [*ſeizes roughly on her.*
Tim. Guard me, ye powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!
Tiſſ. Good, gentle Madam, if you pleaſe, one word.
[Draxilla *runs out, crying Help, and* Tiſſaphernes *after her.*
The. I cannot ſee my Rival bleſt alone;
Muſt he reap all the ſweets, and I have none?
Tim. This outrage, on my knees I beg, forbear:
See Sir it is *Timandra* ſheds a tear; [Tiſſ. *returns.*
Her whom you vowd you lovd with noble flame:
Oh do'nt by ſavage luſt prophane that name!
If 'tis the envy of your Rivals joy,
Remove, remove th' offence ſome other way:
Save but my honour, and my life deſtroy.
The. Such tenderneſs might cool another's Blood;
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let vertue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne're had Soul enough to know deſpair.
I'll baniſh the encroacher from my breaſt,
And ſhake him off e're he take hold too faſt.
Come, let's retire within this covert by;
I am impatient, and my blood boyls high.
Tim. I will not go, I'le dye a Martyr here.
The. Then I muſt drag you.
Tim. ——Barb'rous Raviſher!
Oh! oh!

Enter Alcibiades.

Alci. ——Did I not hear a tender Cry?
Oh Heavens! turn baſe hell-hound, turn, and die. [*draws.*
The. That, Sir, will thus be better underſtood. [*draws.*
Tiſſ. Y've undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good. [*draws.*
[*They both make at him.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. How's this? aſſaulted! and by ſuch baſe odds!
Courage, my friend!——
[*After a fierce fight between* Alcibiades *and* Theramnes, Patroclus *and* Tiſſaphernes, Patroclus *drives his Father off the Stage, and* Alcibiades *runs* Theramnes *thro'*.
Alci. ——To the accurſt abodes
Of tortur'd Souls that in dark horrour dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,
It was my Sword that ſent thy ſoul to hell.

Ther. Hold Sir, enough; I muſt your victim fall,
Though an atonement for my ſin too ſmall.
My haſty Soul can make no longer ſtay,
Death touls his leaden bell, and calls away.
And now, like ſome ſad trav'ler, taking view
Of the long Journey that I have to go,
Whilſt I my thoughts to heav'ns ſweet manſions bend,
Without your mercy no admittance find.
Oh but one word of pardon ere I die;
Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
Abſolv'd by you, it muſt have welcome there,
As incenſe that is offer'd up with pray'r.
Tim. My pardon and my prayers too receive;
More than your guilt could ask me I could give:
Be happy as your penitence is true;
And may kind heav'n forgive you, as I do. [*weeps.*
The. Ah! can your piety vouchſafe a tear
Of pitty on an impious Raviſher!
My Soul will leave me in an exſtaſie;
And I ſhall want the ſenſe to know I dye.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your feet I bow;
Here 'tis my Soul would make her lateſt Stay:
Nor can ſhe——
Beginning hence her journey, miſs the way.
But I'd forgot; beware of—— [*Dyes.*
Alci. ——Who can fear,
That is ſecur'd by charms ſo pow'rful here?
Within theſe ſphears my Guardian Angels move;
Theſe are my ſeats of ſafety, as of love.
Tim. They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themſelves; I fear more miſchief may depend
On this diſaſter——

Enter Patroclus.

Alci. So when a ſtorm's blown o're,
And a calm Breeze has ſmooth'd the rugged deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
But thus imbrace, and lull their cares aſleep. [*Embraces him.*
Welcome my lifes Protectovr, only friend.
Hah! what does that ſad look, and ſigh intend?
Are you Sir wounded?——
Patr. Yes too deep, I fear.
Alc. Forbid it Heav'n! where is't?

Patr. ——Oh here, Sir, here;
My Soul is pierc't, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:
Your friend! ah let that Title be no more;
Behold me as a wretch forlorn and poor.
Imagine ev'ry form of miſery;
And when you've ſum'd up all, then look on me.
Alci. Now ſome bleſt Angel to my Soul reveal
This doubt: can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah kind *Patroclus*, this ſad ſilence break.
Patr. Oh, Sir, you muſt not hear, nor muſt I ſpeak.
Paint but black horrour in its deepeſt dread,
And troops of Murders hov'ring o're your head;
And when that hideous Maſque of Hell you ſee,
Think if you can that they came all from me.
Alci. Confuſion! how my thoughts began to ſtart!
A new unwonted heat has ſeiz'd my heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get place;
But I'le ſubdu't.——be free, kind Friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our friendſhip and your worth.
Patr. That Charm's reſiſtleſs, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it muſt not, duty does forbid;
Yet what's my duty if my honour bleed?
Know then,—now that this ſtubborn heart would break,
My cruel Father—oh I dare not ſpeak.
Alci. Hah!
Patr. Led by ſome blind miſtaking jealouſie,
Heaps treaſons upon you, and ſhame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made eſcape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious rape.
But oh no more, ſhame does my words ſuppreſs:
Yet think what he will do that durſt do this.
I'l go and try if I his rage can ſtay:
I may divert the ſtream another way. [*Exit* Patro.
Alci. Kind youth, I cannot fear thy Fathers hate:
He ſells his honour at too cheap a rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a wrong?
No, I've a guard of innocence too ſtrong;
Whilſt I unſpotted that and friendſhip bear,
No danger is ſo great that I need fear.
Tim. Yet be not Sir regardleſs of my fears;
Some pity have of theſe ſad ſighs and tears.
Whither oh whither would your raſhneſs lead;
To urge a ruine levell'd at your head?

Let us——
To ſome receſs that's ſafe and humble go;
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let int'reſt the unfix'd and wav'ring ſway;
With us——
Love ſhall ſupply what fortune takes away.
Alci. Sure 'tis not my *Timandra*'s voice I hear:
She ne're had cauſe to think that I could fear.
Have I ſo many dangers over-paſt,
Poorly to ſhrink from villany at laſt?
No, with my innocence I'le brave his hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted ſtate:
See all with ſmiles, as fearleſs and as gay,
As Infants unconcern'd at dangers, play.
Tim. Then I'le perform what to my love is due;
Unſteady doubts be gone, blind fears adieu:
I were unworthy of the heart you gave,
Were I than you leſs faithful, or leſs brave.
And of my courage too this proof I'le give,
When you dare meet a death, I'le ſcorn to live,
Nor longer be a vaſſal to my fear;
Wee'l in each others chance a portion bear.
So fate has thus at leaſt ſome kindneſs ſhown,
Neither can wretches be, nor bleſt alone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE: the Camp.

Enter Tiſſaphernes *and* four Villains.

Tiſſ. Is't done?——
1 *Vil.* Sir, to a point your will's fulfil'd;
Theramne's guards, as they lay drunk, we kil'd:
Draxilla too, by th' ambuſh you had layd
For your retreat, was on her flight betray'd.
Tiſſ. Next, as from me, be there a meſſage ſent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
In's paſſage thither you may ſeize him, ſo
Convey him to the Cave——
1 *Vil.* ——My Lord, we go.
Tiſſ. Ye are the beſt of Rogues; but diſappear [*Ex.* 3 *Vill.*
You know your bus'neſs: So, the King is here.

Enter King *and* Queen *Attended.*

K. Lead to the Grove——

Tif. Oh, Sir, there's Treaſon in the Camp; retreat,
But now the Guards I in confuſion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General kill'd.
That little breath he had left, h'employ'd to ſhew
His honour, and his Gallantry to you:
Treaſons ſo ſtrange and horrid did relate,
As would ſeem almoſt Treaſon to repeat.
But Sir you have no longer ſafety here:
Secure your ſelf, and leave all to my care.

K. No more! you know not what you urge me to;
Secure my ſelf! am I a King or no?
That Monarch, who when danger's near ſits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne:
The beſt ſecurities in courage are;
We but ſubſcribe to Treaſons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traytor know,
To ſtem the torrent I myſelf will go:
In ſtate I'le meet the fond Capricious wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would ſnatch.

Tiſſ. Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare,
The name would wound your ſacred breaſt to hear.
I in revealing honour ſhould offend:
He once was noble Sir, and call'd me friend.

K. How Sir your friend! and Traytor to my Crown:
Reveal him, or his Treaſons are your own.

Tiſſ. Alas, but muſt I!——'tis ſo foul a deed,
I cannot ſpeak.

K. Hell, Sir; d'ye play? proceed.

Tiſſ. Then to be ſhort, he you ſo lately ſtrove
T'engage in all the firmeſt tyes of love,
He whom you almoſt had from nothing rais'd,
And on the higheſt ſeats of honour plac'd;
Has thence this uſe of all your Favours ſhown,
To make 'em ſteps to mount into your Throne.

K. Defend me! what do I hear!——
Sir you have rais'd a tumult in my breaſt,
Which will not be ſo ſuddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'ns ſee all that you inform be true,
Or may all Torments which to th' damn'd are due,
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.

The brave *Athenian* falſe! it cannot be:
His Soul ne're dreamt of ſuch impiety.
Tiſſ. Sir, y'are unkind if you ſuſpect me falſe,
I never yet abus'd your ears with tales;
Had I ſuch myſtick Policy purſu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier underſtood.
K. Alas dear friend, miſconſtrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Paſſions in nice Reaſon's Scale.
Who would believe a King ſhould blindly place
His love ſo firmly, for returns ſo baſe?
Wrack me no more, but the dark ſcruple clear:
My Soul's in a Convulſion till I hear.
Tiſ. Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were lay'd,
Th' account I from the dying Captive had;
Whom he with liberty had brib'd, to joyn
With him in this his Treacherous deſign:
This night with th' enemy your Camp t' envade,
On promiſe it ſhould be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant Captive did diſdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him ſlain.
If you inſiſt on farther evidence,
Theramne's murder'd Guards enough convince:
Hence you may farther confirmation have.
K. Be bold; ſpeak what thou knoweſt——
4 *Vil.* ——When to relieve
The Captive's Guards, I by command was ſent,
I found 'em murder'd at the door o'th' Tent.
In one of 'em ſome life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our General ſlain,
'Cauſe they *Theramne*'s freedom had deny'd.
More he had ſaid, but at theſe words he dy'd.
K. It was enough. Treaſon, how dark art thou?
In Shapes more various than ere *Proteus* knew.
By Heav'n I'le make him baſe, deſpis'd and poor,
More wretched than e're Monſter was before.
Naked, and ſtript of all its dignities,
I'le lay his odious Crimes before his eyes.
Then when his mind is lab'ring with regret,
To make his infamy the more compleat,
Some common ſlave ſhall on him juſtice do,
And ſend his Soul among the damn'd below.
Guards wait on him—— [*to* Tiffaphernes.
Go ere my Love return and I repent,

And ſeize upon the Traytor in his Tent.
A ſpeedy vengeance beſt befits this wrong,
'Twere too much mercy to delay it long.

Enter Alcibiades *and* Timandra.

Alci. This way's the King?
Tiſſ. He's here leapt into th' net.
Thus, Sir, the King ſalutes you. [*Guards ſeize* Alci.
Alci. Slaves, retreat.
Tim. Alas my Lord!
Tiſſ. ——Sir, 'tis the King's Command,
The leaſt of 'em I never durſt withſtand.
Alci. But Sir what meaning can this uſage bear?
Tiſſ. The King Sir quickly all your doubts will clear.
K. Away with him, thou Poyſon to my eyes.
Alci. The baſeſt wretch not unconvicted dies.
Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
Unworthy of my honour or your Crown.
If in your cauſe who'd ſpend his deareſt blood,
And is, to be your meaneſt Vaſſal proud,
No greater welfare then in yours does know,
If he be an offender, I am ſo.
K. How cunningly he would ſeem innocent,
And guild with flattery his foul Intent!
Thus Traytours in their fall are like the Sun,
Who ſtill looks faireſt at his going down.
'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child or fool,
Whom ev'ry fawning word or toy can rule?
By Heav'n I'le let you ſee Sir your miſtake;
Hence with the Traytour quickly to the wrack,
Alci. Sir, hear me ſpeak——
K. What is't that you can ſay,
Who would my Crown and your own truſt betray?
When you from Priſon ſet the Captive free,
Baſely to win him to your Treachery:
Whom when on him your plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cauſe he more honour had then you.
Alci. By all above Sir I am innocent:
I ne're knew what the thought of Treaſon meant.
But know from whence this jealouſie you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuſes you:
Theramnes had his liberty from hence: [*To* Tiſſaphernes.
And for deſigns ſo baſe——

Tiſſ. ——Oh impudence!
To what prodigious height will treaſon climb!
Dare you Sir charge me with your heavy crime?
Old as I am, my Sword ſhall do me right.
But———
Alci. ——Monſter hence, and them that fear thee fright;
Think'ſt thou to play with the black deeds th'aſt done?
Were I but free, though naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a deſp'rate crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd then thou;
This ſingle Arm ſhould prove my cauſe is good,
And Chronicle my honour in their blood.
K. Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your innocence?
Think you t'outbrave us with your impudence?
Once more the Traytor to his tortures bear.
Qu. But Sir your juſtice now is too ſevere.
'Twere an ill Tryumph over victories,
To make the Conquerour the Sacrifice;
That Gallantry ſome priviledge may plead.
K. His treaſons are too plain, and open lay'd,
And all his merits weigh'd againſt them light.
Qu. Shou'd we him guilty of worſe crimes admit,
And that in's death you'd worthieſt juſtice ſhew,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.
K. When *Deidamia* pleads, I can't deny:
His doom's this time recal'd, he ſhall not dye;
But (robb'd of all his joys) let him be ſent
To a perpetual impriſonment;
His treaſures rifl'd, and his Wife a ſlave.
Alci. Here on my knees let me one favour crave.
Whatever fate you have deſign'd for me,
It is embrac'd: but Sir let her be free;
Let all the weight of the alleadg'd offence
Light upon me; wrong not her innocence.
Tim. How mean and abject is your courage now!
Think you that I dare ſuffer leſs then you?
No, Sir; in this he has no right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equal juſtice on us both be ſhown:
And as we are, ſo let our fates be one.
Alci. Thou wonder of thy Sex!——
K. I'l hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry Monarch's pow'r?

But ſince his fate ſo gratefully you eſteem;
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He muſt not be ſo happy to have her,
For fetters would be bleſſings were ſhe there.
Go, ſee ye execute our orders ſtrait.
Tim. Thus we with ſmiles will entertain our fate.
My deareſt Lord farewel; let not a ſigh
Or tear proclaim we grieve, our parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our happineſs a pain,
Joy were not then a bleſſing, but a chain.
No, let us part, as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this life only to gain a new.
Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at leaſt in Heav'n ſhall meet again.
Alci. So from their Oracles the Deities
Inſtruct the ignorant World in Miſteries.
But, part! that word would make a Saint deſpair.
Obedience cannot be a vertue here.
If ſo ye Gods ye have ſuch precepts giv'n,
That an example would confound your Heav'n:
You duties beyond your own Omnipotence enjoyn;
Can you forſake your Heaven, or I leave mine?
Till when thus King I'm fix't beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endleſs love.
Kill me, thou yet ſhalt of thy ends deſpair,
My Soul ſhall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till ſhe came there.
K. Shall I thus ſee my ſelf out-brav'd? away,
He is a Traytor that but ſeems to ſtay.
[Alcibiades *ſnatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*
Alci. Now I am arm'd, death to that wretch that ſtirs.
K. Sir, do you think to look us into fears?
Diſarm him Guards, or kill him. [*they fight and diſarm him.*
Tiſſ. Puſh home ye Dogs——
Alci. ——Sordid ſlaves,
Thus ev'ry Aſs the helpleſs Lyon braves.
Adieu divineſt of thy Sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part till now.
Now I deſerve the worſt fate has in ſtore,
That in ſo brave a cauſe ſhould do no more.
[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*
Yet ſtay one look. Thus does the needle ſteer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near;

When in the eager proſpect of his joy,
He is by ſome rude artiſt ſnatch't away.
Farewel——
Tim. Farewel, and if your memory
E're trouble you with ſuch a thing as I,
Let not a ſigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you ſhou'd grieve.
Alci. Such worth ſhall in each Temple have a ſhrine;
What, to regain her, would I not reſign?
But ſhe's too heav'nly to be longer mine.
[*Exeunt ſeveral ways Guarded, looking back at each other.*
K. She's gon, but oh what mighty charms there lye
Couch't in the narrow circle of an eye!
Had ſhe but ſtay'd another minute here,
I had worn chains, and been her Priſoner:
And ſtill I fear my heart is not my own;
For if ſo bright when to a Dungeon gone,
How would ſhe ſhine triumphant on a Throne! [*Exit.*
Qu. So now or never muſt my love ſucceed,
Vainly weak King haſt thou his doom decreed.
In this beginning of his fall th'aſt ſhown
But the imperfect figure of thy own.
Few hours remain 'twixt thee and deſtiny,
Till when grow dull in thy ſecurity.
Timandra's and thy death is one deſign;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH. SCENE FIRST.

Tiſſaphernes *ſolus.*

Tiſſ. NOW like a Lyon on my prey I'le feaſt;
Revenge, thou ſolace to a troubled breaſt!
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Ghoſt rejoyce at what I do! [*Theramnes* Ghoſt riſes.
Gh. Oh no——
Tiſ. Death, what is that I hear and ſee!
Begon dull Ghoſt; if thou'rt damn'd, what's that to me?
Gh. From deepeſt horrour of eternal night,
Where Souls in everlaſting torments groan,

Where howling fiends lye chain'd, and where's no light,
But thickeſt darkneſs covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee mortal of thy ſin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain:
'Twere fit that thy repentance ſoon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endleſs pain.
Farewel—— [*Deſcends.*

Tiſſ. ——'Twas an odd Speech; but be it ſo:
Piſh; Hell it ſelf trembles at what I do;
And its ſubmiſſion better to expreſs,
Sends this embaſſador to make it's peace.
Let idle fears the ſuperſtitious awe;
With me my reſolution is a law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls ſuch torments are,
Methinks there's yet ſome brav'ry in deſpair.
The eaſie King looks little in his State,
His Crown is for his Head too great a weight:
But I will eaſe him, and adorn this Brow.
Thus to my aimes no limits I'll allow.
Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, ſhall be
My bus'neſs; ſo I'll baffle deſtinie.
Hell! No——
I'l act ſuch things whilſt here I have abode,
Till my own Trophyes raiſe me to a God.

Enter Queen.

Qu. Now ſuch an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traytor, and is brave.
I'l bait him with ambition that may move;
Then if complacent to my ends he prove,
In ſeeming to comply with his deſign,
I'l make him but an inſtrument to mine:
For when ſucceſs me to my wiſhes calls,
I'l ſhake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My Lord——

Tiſſ. Madam.

Qu. My Father lov'd you well,
I've heard him oft of your atchievements tell:
When in his Camp ſuch gallant deeds you wrought,
And always victory and triumph brought.

Tiſſ. Madam, your Father was all good and juſt.

Qu. He could, why may not I, your honour truſt?
Tiſſ. You wrong it elſe, your Father lives in you;
As I was his, I am your Champion too.
Though old, againſt your Foes this Sword ſhall plead
Your right; name but your Traytor, and he's dead.
Qu. Nay Sir, the Traytor's not alone my Foe,
His injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet baſely him that gave him growth deſtroys;
Whilſt for his ills he would his kindneſs plead,
To heap your honours on your Rival's Head.
Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own honour ſave.
Tiſſ. Your Majeſty would mean the King. D'ye try
My reſolution, or my Loyalty?
Qu. Your Courage Sir is known; your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'l find due to me.
Thro' me theſe honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, whoſe perjur'd Soul
Has done me injuries ſo baſe and foul,
That all that's good will bluſh at; his vows paſt
To me, all in another's love are loſt.
Nay, with my honour too my life muſt bleed;
He with the General's has my fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his bed.
Let's go ſurprize him now he's full of Wine,
Revenge me on his life, his Crown is thine.
Tiſſ. Madam, indeed the injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely ſee my ill.
But you muſt ſwear to me you will be true.
Qu. By all that's holy I'l be ſo to you.
Tiſſ. I'll do't; but, Madam, know, I undertake
To hazard life and honour for your ſake;
Should you betray me——
Qu. Nay now you are unkinder than before.
To my firſt Oath I'l add a million more.
Tiſſ. And you will ſtill be mindful of the Crown?
Qu. Had he ten Thouſand, they were all your own.
Tiſſ. This then's his fate; pitty a Crime were here:
He ſhan't have time enough to make a prayer. [*draws a Dagger.*
Qu. Be bold; and proſper in thy brave deſign;
And when his death's perform'd, the next is thine. [*aſide.* *Exit.*

Tiſſ. This trap was dang'rouſly and ſubtly lay'd,
But I am not ſo eaſily betray'd.
Her love to *Alcibiades* I know;
Her Woman for me did that kindneſs do:
And ſince ſhe is ſo good at the deſign,
I'l to oblige her give her one of mine.
My zealous urging of her Oath was done,
Not to prevent her plots, but hide my own.
I'l cheriſh her in all that ſhe pretends,
So make her ayms but covers to my ends.
For when I'm ſeated on the *Spartan* Throne,
Both her and all her Treaſons I'l diſown:
Prove both her judge and her accuſer too,
And on her my firſt act of Juſtice do.
So all my doubts and fears will be o'repaſt,
And by her fall I fix my ſelf more faſt. [*Exit.*

Enter a Chair of State, with a Table by it, and upon that the Crown and Scepter.

Enter King *and* Lords.

K. My Lords, no more, we've drank too deep! I'd now,
A while be private.
Lords. ——Royal Sir, we go.
K. Boy, take thy Lute, and with a pleaſing ayr
Appeaſe my ſorrows and delude my care. [*Sits down.*

SONG.

Princes that Rule, and Empires ſway,
How tranſitory is their State!
Sorrowes the gloryes do allay,
And richeſt Crowns have greateſt weight.

2.

The mighty Monarch treaſon fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life all diſcontent and cares,
And he at beſt is but a Slave.

3.

Vainly we think with fond delight
To eaſe the burden of our cares;
Each grief a Second does invite,
And ſorrows are each others heirs.

4.

For me my honour I'l maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave;
And when I Quietude would gain,
At leaſt I find it in the grave.

[the *King* falls aſleep.

Enter Queen *and* Tiſſaphernes *with a Dagger.*

Qu. He ſleeps; now let the fatal deed be done.
Hah! what are theſe, the Scepter and the Crown!
So did the drouſie Dragon ſleep, when he
Loſt the rich fruits of the *Heſperian* Tree.
Firſt we'l ſecure his Crown, and then he dyes. *Takes up the Crown.*
Thus I'm diſcharg'd of all my promiſes
Take this, and if I claim your promiſe too, *puts it on his head.*
Y'are King, and juſtice is your duty now.
Come, by his fall——
This your firſt ſtep to glory ſolemnize,
I'll make you King, make him my Sacrifice.

Tiſſ. I'l do't, but ſtay—— [*advances towards the* King.

Qu. ——Nay, quickly to him go;
Sir he expects no Ceremony now.

Tiſſ. Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I ſtand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in Majeſty a ſecret charm,
That puts a fetter on a Traytor's arm:
I cannot do't.——

Qu. Then look on her that dares.
How deſpicable is the man that fears!
Give me the fatal Inſtrument of Death; [*takes his dagger from him.*
My ſelf will in his heart the dagger ſheath:
Then bluſh to think, if e're the World ſhould know,
That a frail Woman durſt do more then you.
Courage—he ſmiles,—— [*Advances towards the* King.
Some pleaſing dreams his fancy entertain;
Oh it were pitty he ſhould wake again.

Thus, King, thy life and Empire I command:
Accept this from thy *Deidamia*'s hand. *Stabs him.*

K. Hah, murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!
What is't that faithleſs Woman will not do?
Henceforth all Loyalty and love farewel.
When after ages ſhall this ſtory tell,
'Twill be a truth too ſad to be receiv'd;
Nor ſhall the World be by it ſelf believ'd.
Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,
To lay all my Ambition at your Feet;
When at the Altar ſtricteſt vows I paid?
Nor were they with leſs zeal perform'd then made.
I lov'd you far above that life y'ave ſpilt,
Till ev'n my paſſion was become my guilt.
I for your ſake depriv'd heav'n of its due,
Took adoration thence to pay it you.
And muſt this be th' reward for all I've done?
Yet I ſhall have this comfort when I'm gone,
That I no longer ſhall with thee remain,
But dye in hopes we ne're ſhall meet again. [*dyes.*

Qu. He's gon, and now my Lord——

Tiſſ. ——Oh, what is't you have done?
A while lay your unruly paſſions down.
View but the ſweet Compoſure of that face,
Where grandeur ſat attended by each grace:
Now there grim death his gaſtly Revels keeps,
And pallid horrour o're each feature creeps.
Weep, Madam, weep, to think your rage has given
That blow, which robs the World to enrich heav'n.
Oh my dear Lord, that e're I liv'd to know
This day! Madam, I can't conceal it.

Qu. ——Say you ſo?
But Sir I ſcorn to be betray'd by you.

[*At the noiſe of People entring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her knees, and layes hold of* Tiſſaphernes, *then ſpeaks.*

Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon, *&c.*——
Is't not enough y'ave ſhed my Husbands Blood?

Tiſſ. The Devil!——

Qu. And robb'd the World of all that's great and good,
But you muſt ſeek my life? Oh pitty take,
If not for mine, at leaſt for vertue's ſake.

Tiſſ. Hell and Plagues!——

Qu. But why do I name that? for all that e're
The World had left of it, lyes murder'd there.
Tiſſ. Very fine.
Qu. Yet though you've rob'd him of his life, ſave mine:
I'll live to ask heav'n pardon for your ſin.
Tiſſ. So, now I'll ſtop your mouth.
[*Breaks from her and takes up the Dagger.*
Qu. Help! murder! Treaſon! help!

Enter Lords.

1 *Lord.* How, *Tiſſaphernes*, arm'd againſt the Queen!
What means this poſture Sir?——
Qu. ——Oh noble Lord,
If e're your pitty could a tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold the ſpring
Of *Sparta*'s hopes lyes murder'd in her King.
And had not I the traytor's rage withſtood,
He with my Husbands too had mix't my blood.
See where he guilty ſtands.
Lord. ——Great *Agis* ſlain!
By *Tiſſaphernes* too?
Qu. Yes, he to gain
The Spartan Crown, this bloody deed has done.
See he already has uſurpt the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear delays,
But on the Royal ſpoyles thus proudly preys;
Inſults in's Treaſon.
Tiſſ. ——I am now run down
So far, that all hopes of recov'ry's gon.
But Madam, can you dare to lay this guilt
On me? was't not by you his blood was ſpilt?
Qu. By me! baſe wretch, would thy impiety
Lay this inhumane regicide on me?
I wound this breaſt? ah, deareſt Saint, too well
I knew thy Worth! [*Weeps.*
Tiſſ. Death! ſhe'l be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.
1 *Lord.* My Lord, treaſon's above all pardon.
Tiſſ. ——'tis.
Lord. Then Sir to juſtice.
Tiſſ. No, thus I deny. [*preſents his Dagger.*
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it dye.
Was it for this my ſtratagems I lay'd

To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curſe on my narrow fate; but yet to ſhew
That I love murder too as well as you,
Thus perjur'd Queen——
[*Offers to ſtab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.*
Qu. See, how he'd ſtill purſue
His Treaſon! hence to juſtice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his pains encreaſe,
Till he the horrour of his guilt confeſs.
Tiſſ. That ſhall not need. I'le own the Deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave deſign.
The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy luſt, all by one ſtratagem, was great!
So great that for its ſake
I can with ſatisfaction yield my Breath,
Elſe I ſhould take no pleaſure in my death.
But e're I go, be pleas'd to entertain
The laſt kind precepts of a dying man.
Be bloody, falſe, revengeful, luſtful, all
That can be found recorded on Hells Roll
Embrace; where-e're you riſing vertue ſee,
Down with it, and ſet up impietie.
Make that your theam, leave nothing ill undone,
So copy *Tiſſaphernes* when he's gon;
Who leaves this counſel as a Legacy:
'Tis my Religion, and I'll in it dye. [*Exit* Tiſſ. *guarded.*
Qu. Hence with the wretch——
Mean while to my dead Lord I'l ſorrows pay,
And after his ſigh my own life away.
So, now they are gon——hah, who comes there?

Enter Ardella.

Ard. ——'Tis I.
Qu. Ardella, on that thing caſt back an eye;
'Twas once a King, but thank theſe hands now none:
Nay, ſtart not, *Tiſſaphernes* too is gon; [Ardella *ſtarts.*
His treaſures all are thine as a reward.
Ard. You are too kind——
Queen. See ſtrait a draught prepar'd,
And Murderers; *Timandra* next muſt fall;
You know our will, let it be done.
Ard. ——It ſhall. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE : a darken'd Tent.

[Timandra *aſleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and ſings.*

Merli. *Come my* Salla, *come away,*
Thy Merlin *calls.*
Salla, *within. Whither?*
Merli. *Hither; we'ave no bus'neſs to day,*
And where innocence ſleeps we ſecurely may play.
Salla. *I come.* [Enters.
Merli. *So, welcome my dear,*
But firſt let's diſperſe the black Clouds that are here.
Both. *Round about this place we range,*
And it's gloomy darkneſs change
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene *for happy love.*

The Scene changes to *Elyzium.*

Merli. *Next, to divert this fair one, all*
Our wing'd Companions we'l call,
And the Ayr for muſick charm,
Whilſt they their meaſures here perform.
Both. *Come all you bright forms that inhabit the Ayr,*
And eaſe with your pleaſures the cares of the fair;
Here frolick and skip, oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his wings, and away.
Several Spirits of the ayr deſcend, and Dance.
Salla. *Now let us diſcover the manſions of reſt,*
Where lovers with eternal joyes are bleſt.
[A glorious Temple appears in the Ayr, where the Spirits of the happy are ſeated.
See, fair one, ſee, not long e're you
To thoſe glorious ſeats ſhall go.
Another Spi. *The luſtful Queen thirſts for your blood,*
And you are for the World too good.
Merli. *Nor ſhall you come alone, your lover too*
Muſt meet a Fate the ſame with you.
Salla. *But here your troubles all ſhall ceaſe,*
'Tis the Seat of endleſs bliſs.
Cho. *Here in endleſs pleaſures they*
Keep eternal Holiday.
Here they Revel, Sport, and are
Crown'd with joys ſtill new and rare;

Their pleaſures too can never dye,
But like themſelves have Immortality.
Merli. *See the kind Spirits ſmile, and now*
They'l bleſs her with a nearer View.
[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.
Cho. *Deſcend, oh ye glorys, deſcend!*
Who with bleſſings eternal are crown'd,
To this Nymph your kind influence lend
Whilſt all the Sphears with harmony reſound.
Merli. *She wakes; let the apparition go;*
By th' damp upon my wings I know
Something ill is drawing near;
Come, Salla, *come away; oh come away, my Dear.*

They all vaniſh, and the SCENE *changes again to the Tent.*
Tim. I've had a dream might make a lover bleſt;
Oh th' ſweet delights of everlaſting reſt!
[*Queen appears at the entrance.*
How's this! the Queen? what can her coming mean?
Qu. Ardella, with the Ruffians here remain;
I'l in, and with ſoft words her temper try;
If without him ſhe'll live, ſhe ſhall not die.
Madam!—— [*to* Timandra.
Tim. ——Your Pleaſure!
Qu. Oft I've heard y'are brave;
But the beſt proof of gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And ſuch a bliſs with ſo rare patience left.
Tim. Madam, our flames a nobler paſſion rules
Than fondneſs, th' idle guilt of wav'ring fools;
Our loves knew a far higher excellence,
Than the half pleaſures of a minutes ſenſe.
Qu. Then you may love, ſince you can with him part,
He has made a conqueſt o're my tender heart.
Love governs here; and ſince my Husband's dead,
Fate and my choiceſt wiſhes have decreed,
He ſhould both in his love and throne ſucceed.
Tim. Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Him his *Timandra* and his faith forſake?
Or think you I an Attome will reſign
Of that heart which by holy vows is mine?
No, I will keep him maugre cruelty.
Qu. But, Madam, do you know what 'tis to dye?

Tim. Yes, 'tis to lay theſe clog, our Bodys by.
And ſo remov'd to bleſt eternity.
By death relief from all our griefs we gain,
And by one put an end to years of pain;
By that we in one minute find out more,
Than all the buſie gown men ſtudy for;
Who after in dull ſearch th'ave ages ſpent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a bleſſing, and a thing ſo far
Above that worſt of all our frailties fear,
It claims our joy, ſince by it we put on
The top of happineſs, perfection.
Quit him! no never whilſt I here have breath;
He's mine in ſpite of cruelty or death.
Zy. Then enter ye grim Miniſters of Fate.

Enter Murderers with Poiſon.

Does not your ſtubborn courage now abate?
Tim. No, my reſolves more fixt and firm are grown:
Bring dreadfull'ſt racks and tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each ſenſe; and then do thou
Tempt me my love and int'reſt to forego,
'Midſt all my pains I'l ſmile and tell thee no.
Zy. But, minion, ſoon your inſolence ſhall ceaſe.
Come, ſince ſuch reſolution you expreſs,
Take this; demur not; do't—— [*Gives her a bowl of poiſon.*
Tim. And is this all?
I thought t'ave had a more Heroick fall,
Expected to have nobleſt tortures met,
Not by dull poiſon to have found my Fate:
But any way I can thy pow'r defie;
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I dye. [*offers to drink.*
Zy. Yet yield, and live——
Tim. ——Live! what have I to do
With life, when giv'n by one ſo baſe as you?
Thus I deſpiſe it—— [*Drinks.*
Zy. What diſmal tortures ſtrait will on her ſeize!
[*after* Timandra *has drank the Poiſon.*
So! 'twas a Health to *Alcibiades*.
Tim. Now bluſh at what thy impious rage has done,
My *Alcibiades* is ſtill my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gon,
Each night thy bed I'll haunt, and challenge there

Thoſe Joys, of which thou haſt bereft me here.
Anxious ſhall be each day, diſturb'd each night,
A reſtleſs ſhade I'l ſtill be in thy ſight;
And thee i'th' height of all thy pleaſures fright.
Heav'n, what do I feel!——
Qy. Oh, does the draught ſucceed!
Ard. Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And juſt is entring.——
Qy. ——Strait, with ſtricteſt care
Convey her in, and wait my Pleaſure there.
[*The Murderers lead in* Timandra.
Sweet Murder! oh no Phyſick is ſo good
For th' hopeleſs lover as a bath of blood.
But here he comes.——
Enter Alcibiades.
——Now to my griefs again. [*veils.*
Alci. It makes me wonder how I freedom gain;
All things confus'd and in diſorder are.
How's this, in mourning weeds? unveil, my fair:
Hah not *Timandra.* [*Qyeen unveils.*
Qy. ——No, Sir, though 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did ſhe yet live, but ſhe is dead.
Alci. How, dead!
Qy. Yes; *Tiſſaphernes* that black deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble hate to you.
But you will wonder more, when I ſhall tell,
That by his hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is ſlain, both I and *Sparta* now
Have no hopes left, but what remain in you.
Alci. In me! alas! I am a wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curſt ever be the hour
Wherein ſo fair an innocence was loſt.
Heav'n juſtly now may of its glories boaſt;
For the moſt bright and precious Saint that e're
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and ſeated there.
Qy. Why do you let your griefs diſtract your Soul?
Call up your reaſon, and let paſſion cool.
See here a Queen, that courts you with the charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms:
No longer for *Timandra* ſorrow wear;
I will ſupply all you have loſt in her:
I'l love you as ſhe did.

Alci. ——Oh Madam, no;
To love like her 's a task too hard for you.
Love me as ſhe did! why, each thought ſhe had
Of me, was ſuch, might make an Angel glad.
For Crowns, tho Emp'rour of the World I were,
I'd turn a begger to recover her.
Oh, Madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne're can have a thought of love again.
Qu. Never!——
Alci. No, never——
Qu. ——Can you then ſo ſoon
Forget your promiſe? or will you diſown
That ere, if you *Timandra* ſhould ſurvive,
You vow'd you only for my ſake would live?
You ſee how Heav'n has decreed——
Alci. ——Alas!
I then the bleſſing knew, but not the loſs,
Beſides, I now muſt dye——
Qu. How, Sir, is't thus my profer'd love you prize!
Alci. I do not hate you; may not that ſuffice?
Queen. Ungrateful, no! but I'l reward thy pride.

Draw back:——

The Scene *drawn, diſcovers* Timandra *on a Couch, in the midſt of her Pains.*

——Go dotard, in, enjoy thy bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes cruel man, by me——
Tim. ——No, Queen, ſhe lives,
And ſtill to all thy rage defiance gives.
Do I behold my deareſt Lord ſo nigh! [*ſpys* Alcibiades.
Shall I again ſee him before I dye?
Alci. Beſt hopes and comfort of my life, I'm here.
How fares my love?——
Tim. Oh, come not, come not near;
My blood's all fire, infection's in each vein,
And tyrant death in ev'ry part does reign;
But I for you could ſuffer much more pain.
Alci. Kind heav'n! let all her pangs upon me fall:
And add ten thouſand more, I'l bear 'em all,
Do but reſtore her back; Oh curſed Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to ſo damn'd a ſin?
Cou'dſt thou be guilty of ſo foul a deed?

Qu. Yes, I did do't; by me the King too bled:
Unworthy wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I pow'r I now would kill thee too.
Alci. Oh do't, I'll blot out all th'aſt done before,
And never call thee baſe, nor cruel more.
Here is my breaſt, ſoon the kind work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, ſend it boldly in.
Qu. No, thou ſhalt live for harder deſtiny,
But firſt ſhalt ſee thy dear *Timandra* dye.
Alci. Oh miſery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Muſt I not happy be in life nor death?
Tim. Alas! ceaſe your unneceſſary moan;
I find my torments quickly will be gon:
Though I could wiſh they might to years renew,
So I might ſtill be bleſt with ſeeing you.
Now the black ſtorms of fate are all blown o're,
And we ſhall meet, and ne're be parted more.
But oh farewel—— [*dyes.*
Alci. ——My dear *Timandra*, ſtay!
Ah pretious Soul, fly not ſo ſoon away!
But one look more; will death have no remorſe?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh ſhe's gon, ſeize there that Murd'reſs.
Qu. ——No:
Seize me! 'tis more than all your Camp can do:
Who e're comes, here's my guard; Alas mean Fool,
[*Preſents her Dagger.*
My fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lyes your conſtancy. [*Pointing to* Timandra.
[Alcibiades *flyes to the Queen, and ſnatches the Dagger from her.*
Alci. Infernal hag!
Whoſe ev'ry breath infects, each look's a plague!
Could not thy fury on my boſome reſt,
But thou muſt wreak thy vengeance on this breaſt?
To murder her!——curſe on me that I ſtand
Thus Idle; now thy heart—— [*Preſents the Dagger to her breaſt.*
——But oh 'twould brand
My Trophys with eternal infamy,
If by my hand ſo baſe a thing ſhould dye:
Her ills ſo many,and ſo odious are,
They would diſgrace an executioner.
Yet I'd do ſomething; oh I have't, I'l tear [*ravingly.*
Her peicemeal:——but *Timandra*'s gone too far: [*mildly.*

Yonder ſhe Mounts! triumphant Spirit ſtay;
See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
Now all the Gods will grow in Love with her;
And I ſhall meet freſh troops of Rivals there.
But thus I'l haſte and follow—— [*Stabs himſelf.*
——Devil there—— [*throws the Dagger to the Queen.*
Dye if thou haſt courage enough to dare.
But oh!
A heavy faintneſs does each ſenſe ſurprize:
Yet e're I cloſe up theſe unhappy eyes,
Here their laſt dutious ſorrows they ſhall pay,
And at this object melt in tears away.
Bleſt center of my hopes! in whom I plac't
Too choice, too pure a happineſs to laſt;
I any loſs leſs then thy death had griev'd;
How well could I have dy'd, ſo thou hadſt liv'd!
Damn'd fiend!—— [*to the Queen.*
But oh why do I rave at her,
That have ſo little time to tarry here?
One parting kiſs, and then in peace I'l dye: [*kiſſes* Tim.
Now farewel world; welcome eternity.

Enter Patroclus, *Lords, and Guards.*

Patr. Horrour of horrours! this was a diſmal chance;
Alas my friend!
Alci. ——Thy uſeleſs grief refrain;
Farewell; we ſhall hereafter meet again. [*dyes.*
Patr. Guards, ſeize the Queen——
Qu. ——Seize me rude Slaves! forbear.
Patr. You ſhall in ſhort your accuſation hear.
To kill the King, my Father, firſt you made
Your property; then baſely him betray'd.
Your Woman all confeſt, and by the Guard
Is now ſecur'd to a more juſt Reward.
And (though too late) this black deſign I knew;
Yet all your ſtratagems are uſeleſs now.
Hence with the Murd'reſs, to Juſtice.
Qu. ——Hah!
Think you that I will dye by formal law?
No, when I'm dead, be thus my fame ſupply'd;
She liv'd a murd'reſs, and a murdr'ſs dy'd: [*ſtabs her ſelf.*
Juſtice would but my happineſs retard:
Thus I deſcend below to a reward.

I ſhall be Queen of fate: The furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
I long to be in ſtate; my Lords, farewell:
Now noble Charon! hoyſe up Sayl for Hell. [*dyes.*
Lord. Her Soul is fled——
Patr. ——With her for ever dye
Her treaſons, and her odious memory.
But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?
Lord. Diſtracted at the mischiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.
Patr. Quickly let after her be made purſuit;
I'll ranſack all the World to find her out.
Propitious Heav'n to her will ſure be kind.

Enter Lord.

2 *Lord.* My Lord, we in our votes have all combin'd
To make you King, the Camp, with ſhouts and cryes
Of joy, ſend their loud wiſhes to the Skyes.
[*Shouts within. Long live* Patroclus *King of* Sparta.
Patr. Go bid 'em their unwelcome noiſe forbear:
Turn all their ſhouts to ſighs of ſorrow here. [*Turns to the Bodyes.*
Th'are gone; and with e'm all I wiſh'd to keep.
Now I could almoſt turn a boy and weep.
My Friend! my Miſtreſs! and my Father loſt!
Never were growing hopes more ſadly croſt.
Now fortune has her utmoſt malice ſhown,
She'd court me with the flatt'ry of a Crown:
A thing ſo far beneath thoſe joys I miſs,
'Tis but the ſhadow of a happineſs.
For how uneaſily on Thrones they ſit,
That muſt, like me, be wretched to be great.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee.*

NOW who ſayes Poets don't in blood delight?
'Tis true, the varlets care not much to fight;
But 'faith they claw it off when e're they write;
Are bully Rocks not of the common ſize;
Kill ye men faſter than Domitian *flyes.*
Ours made ſuch Havock, that the ſilly Rogue
Was forc't to make me riſe for th' Epilogue.
The fop damn'd me, but e're to hell I go,
I'd very fain be ſatisfy'd, if you
Think it not juſt that he were ſerv'd ſo too.
As he hath yours, do you his hopes beguile:
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to Hell, and never ſpare,
Perhaps he'l find more favour there then here.
Nay of the two may chuſe the much leſs evil,
If you're but good when pleas'd, e'n ſo's the Devil.

DON CARLOS
Prince of Spain

A TRAGEDY

Acted at the

DUKE'S Theatre

Written by *Tho. OTWAY*

Principibus placuiſse Viris non Ultima Laus eſt. Hor.

Source

THERE will be found in the Introduction a full account of the Abbé de Saint-Réal's *Dom Carlos, nouvelle historique*, 12mo, 1672, which was translated into English the following year, and whence Otway derived the theme of his tragedy. "Don *Carlos*, or An Historical Relation of the unfortunate Life and Tragical Death of that Prince of *Spain*, Son to *Philip II.* Written in French *Anno* 1672; and newly Englished by H. I. In Twelves. Price, bound, 1s. Printed for H. Herringman in the New Exchange, and J. Crump at the Three Bibles in St. *Paul's* Churchyard" appears in *The Term Catalogues* for Michaelmas (24 November), 1673. In *The Term Catalogues* for Michaelmas (22 November), 1676, we find: "Don *Carlos*, or An Historical Relation of the unfortunate life and tragical death of that Prince of *Spain*, son to *Philip II.* The Second Edition. In Twelves. Price, bound 1s. Printed for H. Herringman, and J. Crump, in the New Exchange, and S. *Paul's* Churchyard." The same issue includes "Don *Carlos*, Prince of *Spain*. A Tragœdy, acted at the Duke's Theatre. Written by Thomas Otway. In Quarto. Price, stitcht, 1s. Printed for Richard Tonson at Gray's Inn Gate, in *Gray's Inn Lane*."

Speaking of *Don Carlos*, Langbaine says: "For the History, consult the *Spanish* Chronicles as *Louis de Mayerne; Turquet's* Chronicle of *Spain; Cabrera's* Life of *Philip* the Second; *Thuanus; Brantome, &c.* Tho' I believe our Author chiefly follow'd the Novel of *Don Carlos*, translated from the *French*, and printed 8° *Lond.* 1674, which is the most perfect Account of that Tragical Story that I have met with." Langbaine has evidently blundered here. It is obvious from his punctuation, and even from his phrasing, that he took Louis Turquet de Mayerne to be two authors, not one historian. Saint-Réal mentions Turquet de Mayerne, Cabrera, de Thou, and many other writers among the authorities whom he consulted for his work.

The story of Don Carlos may be read in Book XXIX of the *Histoire générale d'Espagne*, 1608, by Louis Turquet de Mayerne. It does not appear in the edition of 1586. De Mayerne was a Protestant and his chronicle is very unreliable. He does not scruple to paint Philip II in the blackest colours, and if he cannot be said wholly to have passed over in silence the outrageous and lunatic behaviour of Carlos, at any rate he pales it to a pardonable and not unpleasing eccentricity. He definitely states that King Philip murdered Carlos, and secretly poisoned the Queen, whom he suspected of an adulterous intrigue with Posa. Saint-Réal owes much of his colouring to de Mayerne.

I have used the reprint, Madrid, 1876, of Luis Cabrera's *Historia de Felipe II rey de Espana*. The first edition is 1619. Cabrera is circumstantial and impartial. He was brought up at the Spanish court and often quotes authentic and contemporary documents. King Philip appears in an excellent light, and it must not be forgotten that all modern historians confirm Cabrera's veracity.

For De Thou, see *Jac. Augusti Thuani historiarum sui temporis, tomus secundus* (pp. 401–403 and 634–636); *tomus tertius* (pp. 3 and 4). *Londini* 1733. The history of Don Carlos can be seen in Book XLII of de Thou, which was first published in

1606. The account given by de Thou is particularly interesting since he received many details from an eye-witness, Louis de Foix. De Thou believed that Philip II, acting with the sanction of the Holy Office, caused Carlos to be executed by poison.

The works of Brantôme published in 1665 contain biographical notices of Philip II, Don Carlos, Don Juan, and Queen Elisabeth. Brantôme had actually known these persons, since he visited the Spanish court in November, 1564, and again saw the Queen in the following year. With regard to the death of Carlos he repeats the gossip current at the French court. According to Brantôme, Philip condemned Carlos to death, and then "le fit étouffer d'un linge." Brantôme writes as follows of the reception of Elisabeth by her husband: "J'ay ouy conter à une de ses dames que la première fois qu'elle vit son mary, elle se mit à le contempler si fixement que le roy, ne le trouvant pas bon, luy demanda: *Que mirais si tengo canas.* Que regardez-vous si j'ay les cheveux blancs. Ces mots luy touchèrent si fort au cœur que depuis on augura mal pour elle." It is interesting to note how exactly Saint-Réal follows this: "Elle se mit à le regarder fixement, sans songer à ce qu'elle faisoit, comme si elle eût observé s'il remarquoit le trouble où elle étoit. Ce prince, bien éloigné de se défire du véritable sujet de son embarras, lui demanda avec assez de chagrin si elle regardoit qu'il avoit déjà les cheveux blancs. Ces paroles furent prises à mauvais augure par ceux qui étoient presents."

Theatrical History

DON CARLOS, Prince of Spain was produced at Dorset Garden in 1676, probably in the month of June. Downes mentions the triumph it at once achieved: "*Don Carlos,* Prince of *Spain;* the Second Play wrote by Mr. *Otway:* The King, was perform'd by Mr. *Betterton:* Prince, by Mr. *Smith: Don John* of *Austria* by Mr. *Harris: Gomez,* Mr. *Medburn:* Queen, Madam *Slingsby;* and all the Parts being admirably *Acted,* it lasted successively 10 days: it got more money than any preceding Modern Tragedy." Long afterwards Barton Booth was fond of telling his cronies how Betterton had informed him that for many years *Don Carlos* drew better houses and was more applauded then either *The Orphan* or *Venice Preserv'd.*

On 27 July, 1708, there was a special production of Otway's tragedy by the Summer Company. Booth played Don Carlos; Theophilus Keen, of whom Chetwood says, "Altho' a very good Figure and Voice, his Person wanted Elegance for the soft Characters," King Philip; young Christopher Bullock, "who died in the Road to Excellence," Posa; and Mrs. Porter, the Queen.

Davies, writing in 1784, records: "Don Carlos continued long a favourite drama; it was revived above fifty years since, at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn fields; when Boheme's action in Philip, and Mrs. Seymour, by her excellence in the Queen, rendered their names celebrated, and contributed to establish a company struggling with difficulties." Anthony Boheme, who appeared in very many rôles at Lincoln's Inn Fields between 1718 and 1730, was especially applauded as Cassius, Tamerlane, Cato, Oroonoko, Cardinal Wolsey, Hotspur, the King in *The Maid's Tragedy,* King Lear. He married Mrs. Seymour, who was thought by Lacy Ryan to be superior to any actress he had seen, not excepting Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Porter. Boheme was the Herod to his wife's Mariamne in Elijah Fenton's extraordinarily successful tragedy of that name, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in February, 1723.

TO

His Royal Highneſs

THE

DUKE

SIR,

'Tis an approv'd Opinion, There's not ſo Unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition; for certainly he lives to very little uſe that only toyles in the ſame round, and becauſe he knowes where he is, though in a dirty road, dares not venture on a ſmoother path for fear of being loſt. That I am not the Wretch I Condemn, Your Royal Highneſs may be ſufficiently Convinc't, in that I durſt preſume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not Ordinary; for beſides my own propenſity to take any opportunity of publiſhing, the Extream Devotion I owe Your Royal Highneſs; The mighty Encouragement I receiv'd from your Approbation of it when preſented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whoſe Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilſt I do this, I am ſenſible the Curious World will expect ſome Panagerick on thoſe Heroick Virtues which are throughout it ſo much Admir'd: But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, ſo only to endeavour at the truth of e'm, muſt in the diſtance between my obſcurity and their height favour of a flattery which in your Royal Highneſſes eſteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of e'm which relates to my ſelf, (viz. *Your Favours ſhowr'd on a thing ſo mean as I am*) *I know not how to be ſilent: For you were not only ſo indulgent to beſtow Your Praiſes on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my firſt Eſſay of this nature and add yet the encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiſs Your Royal Highneſſes hand in token of your permiſſion to make a Dedication to You of the ſecond. I muſt confeſs and boaſt I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not ſenſible how far I am Undeſerving. Yet when I conſider You never give Your Favours precipitately, but that it is a Certain ſign of ſome Deſert when You vouchſafe to promote: I who have terminated my beſt hopes in it, ſhould do wrong to Your Goodneſs, ſhould I not let the World know my Mind, as well as my Condition is rais'd by it: I am certain none that know Your Royal Highneſs will diſapprove my aſpiring to the Service of ſo Great and ſo Good a Maſter; One who (as is apparent by all thoſe who have the Honour to be near You, and*

know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, nor diſcountenanc't without Juſtice; 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awful Love and Reſpect towards You, ſince in the firmneſs of your Reſolution the brave and good man is ſure of You, whilſt the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highneſs will pardon it, ſince 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing ſo Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am,

Your Royal Highneſſes moſt Humble,

moſt faithful and moſt obedient

Servant,

Tho. Otway.

The Preface

READER,

'TIS not that I have any great affection to ſcribbling, that I peſter thee with a *Preface;* for amongſt friends, 'tis almoſt as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with thoſe that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheeſe*. Honeſt *Arioſto* began to be ſenſible of it in his Time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpoſe;

I pity thoſe who in theſe latter Days
Do Write, when bounty hath ſhut up her Gate:
Where day and night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their labours oft have but a mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington*'s Tranſlation; had I underſtood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the ſecond that ever I writ or thought of writing: I muſt confeſs, I had often a Tittillation to Poetry, but never durſt venture on my Muſe, till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then, like a baſhful young Lover, when I had her private I had Courage to fumble, but never thought ſhe would have produc't any thing; till at laſt, I know not how e're I was aware I found my ſelf Father of a Dramatique Birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades:* But I might, without offence to any perſon in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar;* for my Hero to do him right was none of that ſqueamiſh Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggl'd at the obliging the paſſion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I ſhould my ſelf, had I the ſame opportunities, which I have given him. This I publiſh to Antedate the objections ſome people may make againſt that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very ſevere, as they think, upon this; whoever they are, I am ſure I never diſoblig'd them; nor have they (thank my good fortune) much Injur'd me; in the mean while I forgive 'em, and ſince I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom; I am well ſatisfi'd I had the greateſt party of men of wit and ſence on my ſide; amongſt which I can never enough acknowledge the unſpeakable Obligations I receiv'd from the *Earl* of *R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deſerve from him, ſeem'd almoſt to make

it his buſineſs, to eſtabliſh it in the good opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highneſs;* from both of whom I have ſince receiv'd Confirmations of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed: and it is to him, I muſt in all gratitude confeſs, I owe the greateſt part of my good ſucceſs in this, and on whoſe Indulgency I extreamly build my hopes of a next. I dare not preſume to take to my ſelf what a great many, and thoſe (I am ſure) of good Judgement too, have been ſo kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the beſt Heroick Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heaven, I am yet not ſo vain, but this I may modeſtly boaſt of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, thoſe whoſe Souls were capable of ſo Noble a pleaſure: for 'twas not my buſineſs to take ſuch as only come to a Play-houſe to ſee Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer that ſhall be nameleſs (but you may gueſs at him by what follows) being ask't his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a line in it he would be Author of;* but he is a fine Facetious witty Perſon, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him I know a Comedy of his, that has not ſo much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of; And ſo Reader I bid him and thee

Farewell.

THE PROLOGUE

When firſt our Authour took this Play in hand,
He doubted much and long was at a ſtand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
Not as th'are repreſented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage;
Us'd only juſt for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worſe, made Villains all, or Fools
Beſides, the Characters he ſhows to Night,
He found were very difficult to Write:
He found the Fame of France *and* Spain *at ſtake,*
Therefore long paus'd and fear'd which part to take;
Till this his judgment ſafeſt underſtood,
To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
But now the greateſt ſtop was yet unpaſs't,
He found himſelf, Alas! confin'd too faſt.
He is a man of Pleaſures, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to buſ'neſs bow,
Till at the laſt he did this Conqueſt get,
To make his pleaſure whetſtone to his wit,
So ſometimes for variety he writ.
But as thoſe Block-heads who diſcourſe by Rote,
Sometimes ſpeak ſence although they rarely know't.
So he ſcarce knew to what his work would grow;
But 'twas a Play becauſe it would be ſo:
Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
For Idleneſs is the worſt want of ſence.
Let him not now of careleſſneſs be Taxt,
He'l write in earneſt when he writes the next;
Meanwhile———
Prune his ſuperfluous Branches, never ſpare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too ſevere,
He may bear better fruit another year.

Perſons Repreſented

	BY
Philip the 2d. K. of *Spain*	Mr. *Batterton.*
Don *Carlos* his Son.	Mr. *Smith.*
Don *John* of *Auſtria.*	Mr. *Harris.*
Marquiſs of *Poſa* the Prince's Confident.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Rui-Gomez.	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Queen of *Spain.*	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Dutcheſs of *Eboli,* Wife to *R. Gomez.*	Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Henrietta.	Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Garcia.	Mrs. *Gillow.*
Officer of the Guards.	Mr. *Norris.*

Advertiſement

THe Reader is deſired to take Notice, That in the Third and Fourth Acts particularly the ſence is frequently miſtopped; which I know not whether they are the fault of the Preſs, or of him that Tranſcribed it from the Author's Copy: The falſe ſtops are generally Interrogation points, or Notes of Exclamation; when indeed they might as properly have made True-love-knots, and they would have ſerv'd as well to the purpoſe.

DON CARLOS
PRINCE OF *SPAIN*
A TRAGEDY

ACT the Firſt. SCENE the Firſt.

A Palace Royal.

The Curtain drawn diſcovers the King *and* Queen *Attended*, Don Carlos, *the Marqueſs of* Poſa, Rui-Gomez, *&c.* Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, *Attendants*, *Guards*.

King.

HAppy the Monarch on whoſe Brow no Cares
Add weight to the bright Diadem he weares.
Like me in all that he can wiſh for, bleſt:
Renown, and Love, The Gentleſt calms of reſt
And peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breaſt.
To me great Nations Tributary are,
Though whileſt my Vaſt Dominions ſpreads ſo far,
Where moſt I Reign, I muſt pay homage, here. [*To the Queen.*
Approach bright Miſtreſs of my pureſt vows,
Now ſhow me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows.

Don Carlos. So Merchants caſt upon ſome Savage Coaſt,
Are forc't to ſee their deareſt Treaſures loſt.
Curſe! What's obedience? a falſe Notion made [*aſide.*
By Prieſts, who when they found old Cheats decay'd,
By ſuch new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father oh!——

King. ——————Why does my *Carlos* ſhrow'd
His Joy, and when all's Sunſhine wear a Cloud?

My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this Fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride
Shall ſuch a Noble Race of Heroe's ſpring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.
D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know
Then what already I enjoy in you;
The Brighteſt Ornaments of Crowns and Powers.
I only can admire, as they are yours.
King. Heaven! How he ſtands unmov'd! not the leaſt ſhow
Of Tranſport.
D. Car. ————Not admire your happineſs! I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me expreſs the mighty Joy I feel.
Thus Sir I pay my duty when I kneel. [*Kneels to the Queen.*
Queen. How hard it is his Paſſion to Confine:
I'm ſure 'tis ſo, if I may judge by mine: [*aſide.*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obſequious now. [*To Carlos.*
D. Carlos. Oh might I but Enjoy this pleaſure ſtill!
Here would I worſhip, and for ever kneel.
Queen. For Heav'n my Lord, you know not what you do.
King. Still there appears diſturbance on his brow:
And in his looks an Earneſtneſs I read,
Which from no Common Cauſes can proceed: [*aſide.*
I'le probe him deep——
————When when my deareſt Joy [*To the Queen.*
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray.
Hence to Loves ſecret Temples let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' Am'rous fire,
Then Phœnix-like Each in the flame expire.
Still he is fixt———— [*Looking on* D. Carlos.
————*Gomez* obſerve the Prince [*To R. Gomez.*
Yet ſmile on me my charming Excellence.
Virgins ſhould only fears and bluſhes ſhow,
But you muſt lay aſide that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach by Heav'n is good;
Oh! the Impetuous ſallyes of my Blood!
Queen. To what unwelcome Joyes I'm forc't to yield,
Now fate her utmoſt malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos farewel: for ſince I muſt ſubmit——
King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly my ſweet.
My Son all Troubles from thy breaſt reſigne,
And let thy Father's happineſs be thine. [*Exeunt K. and Q. attended.*

D. C. What King, what God would not his pow'r forgo,
T'enjoy ſo much Divinity below?
Did'ſt Thou behold her *Poſa*——
Poſa. Sir I did.
D. Car. And is ſhe not a ſweet one? ſuch a Bride,
Oh *Poſa* once ſhe was Decreed for mine.
Once I had hopes of Bliſs; hadſt thou but ſeen
How bleſt, how proud I was, if I could get
But leave to lye a proſtrate at her feet.
Ev'n with a look I could my pains beguile,
Nay ſhe in pitty too would ſometimes ſmile;
Till at the laſt my vows ſucceſsful prov'd,
And one day ſighing ſhe confeſs'd ſhe lov'd,
Oh! then I found no limits to our joy,
With Eyes thus languiſhing we lookt all day,
So vigorous and ſtrong we darted beams,
Our meeting glances kindled into flames,
Nothing we found that promis'd not delight,
For when rude ſhades depriv'd us of the light,
As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night;
But after all theſe Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus deſtroys his Son;
In their full height my choiceſt hopes beguiles
And robs me of the fruit of all my Toyles
My deareſt *Poſa* thou wer't ever kind
Bring thy beſt Counſel and direct my mind.

Enter Gomez.

R. Go. Still he is here
My Lord.
D. Car. ——Your buſineſs now?
R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded brow;
Ah! though y'ave loſt a Beauty well might make
Your ſtrictneſs honour, and your duty ſhake,
Let not a Fathers ills miſguide your mind,
But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind:
D. Car. Hence Cynick to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no leiſure now to hear thee Preach;
Still you'l uſurp a power o're my will:
R. Go. Sir you my Service do interpret ill;
Nor need it be ſo ſoon forgot, that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
When to my charge committed, I alone

Inſtructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and Wars nobleſt Arts,
How to lead Armies, and to Conquer Hearts.
Whilſt though but Young,——
You would with pleaſure read of Sieges got,
And ſmile to hear of bloody Battles fought;
And ſtill, though not controul, I may adviſe,
D. Car. Alas thy Pride wears a too thin diſguiſe;
Too well I know the Falſhood of thy Soul
Which to my Father render'd me ſo foul;
That hardly as his Son, a ſmile I've known,
But always as a Traytor met his frown;
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd,
Or if my friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You dampt my Fathers ſmiles ſtill as they ſprung,
Perſwading I repin'd he liv'd too long;
So all my hopes by you were fruſtrate made
And rob'd of Sun-ſhine, wither'd in the ſhade.
Whilſt my good *Patriot!* you diſpos'd the Crown
Out of my reach, to have it in your own:
But i'le prevent your Policy——
R. Go. ——————My Lord,
This accuſation is unjuſt and hard;
The King your Father would not ſo upbraid
My age, is all my ſervice thus repaid?
But I will hence and let my Maſter hear
How generouſly you reward my care,
Who on my juſt complaint, I doubt not, will
At laſt redreſs the Injuries I feel. [*Exit* Gomez.
Po. Alas my Lord you too ſeverely urge
Your Fate, his Intereſt with the King is large;
Beſides, you know he has already ſeen
The Tranſports of your paſſion for the Queen;
The uſe he may of that advantage make,
You ought at leaſt t'avoid, but for her ſake.
D. Car. Ah! my dear friend, th'aſt toucht my tend'reſt part,
I never yet learnt the diſſembling Art;
Go call him back, tell him that I implore
His pardon; and will nere offend him more:
The Queen! kind Heaven make her thy neareſt care:
Oh! fly, o're take him e're he goes too far. [*Exit* Poſa.
How are we bandied up and down by Fate,
By ſo much more unhappy as w'are great;

A Prince, and heir to *Spains* great Monarch born,
I'm forc't to Court a Slave whom moſt I ſcorn;
Who like a *Bramble* 'mongſt a *Cedars* boughs,
Vexes his Peace, under whoſe ſhade he grows; [*Re-enter* R. Gomez
Now he returns, aſſiſt me Falſhood,—down *and* Poſa.
Thou Rebel paſſion———
Sir I fear I've done *To* R. Gomez.
You wrong; but if I have you can forgive.
Heaven! can I do this abject thing and live? [*aſide.*
R. Go. Ah! my good Lord it makes too large amends,
When to his Vaſſal thus a Prince deſcends:
Tho it was ſomething rigid, and unkind
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your friend.
D. Car. Alas no more: all Jealouſies ſhall ceaſe
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace;
So may Juſt Heav'n aſſiſt me when I ſue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true:
R. Go. Stay Sir, and for this mighty favour take
All the return ſincerity can make
Bleſt in you Fathers love, as I'm in yours,
May not one fear diſturb your happy hours;
Crown'd with ſucceſs may all your wiſhes be,
And you ne're find worſe Enemies than me: [*Exeunt* Car. *and* Poſa.
Nor ſpight of all his greatneſs ſhall he need
Of too long date, his ruine is decreed;
Spains early hopes of him have been my fears,
'Twas I the charge had of his tender years,
And read in all the Progreſs of his growth
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth,
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild,
At all my precepts ſtill with ſcorn he ſmil'd;
Or when by th'power I from his Father had,
Any reſtraint was on his pleaſures laid,
Uſher'd with frowns on me his ſoul would riſe,
And threaten future vengeance from his Eyes;
But now to all my fears I bid adieu,
For Prince I'le humble both your Fate and you;
Here comes the Star by whom my courſe I ſteer, [*Enter* Eboli.
Welcome my Love.——
Eboli. My Lord why ſtay you here
Loſing the pleaſure of this happy night?
When all the Court are melting in delight,
You toyl with the dull bus'neſs of the State.

R. Go. Only my fair one, how to make thee great:
Thou tak'ſt up all the buſ'neſs of my heart,
And only to it pleaſures canſt impart:
Say ſay, my Goddeſs, when ſhall I be bleſt?
It is an Age ſince I was happy laſt.
Eboli. My Lord I come not hither now to hear
Your love, but offer ſomething to your Ear;
If you have well obſerv'd, you muſt have ſeen
To day ſome ſtrange diſorders in the Queen.
R. Go. Yes ſuch as Youthful Brides do ſtill expreſs,
Impatient Longings for the happineſs;
Approaching Joyes will ſo diſturb the Soul,
As Needles alwaies Tremble near the Pole.
Ebol. Come, Come, my Lord: ſeem not ſo blind: too well
I've ſeen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel.
And know your Judgment is too good, to looſe
Advantage, where you may ſo ſafely chooſe.
Say now if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your paſt Wrongs repay.
R. Go. Bleſt Oracle! ſpeak how it may be done,
My will, my life, my hopes are all thy own.
Eboli. Hence then and with your ſtricteſt cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can deſcry.
Watch every look, each quick, and ſubtle glance,
Then we'l from all produce ſuch Circumſtance
As ſhall the King's new Jealouſie advance.
Nay Sir, I'l try what mighty Love you ſhow:
If you will make me great, begin it now.
How Sir! d'you ſtand Conſid'ring what to do?
R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen and Prince, three goodly Flowers ſpring,
Whilſt on 'em like a ſubtle Bee I'l prey,
Till ſo their Strength and Vertue drawn away,
Unable to recover each ſhall droop,
Grow pale and fading hang his Wither'd Top,
Then fraught with Thyme Triumphant back I'l come
And unlade all the pretious ſweets at home. [*Exit* Gomez.
Eboli. In thy fond policy Blind fool go on,
And make what haſt thou canſt to be undone,
Whilſt I have nobler buſ'neſs of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatneſs, have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a Queen?
Made love my ſtudy, and with Practic'd Charms

Prepar'd my ſelf to meet a Monarch's Arms?
At laſt to be Condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one, whom Nature made to her diſgrace?
An old Imperfect feeble dotard, who
Can only tell Alas! what he would do?
On him to throw away my Youth, and Bloom,
As Jewels that are loſt, t'enrich a Tomb?
No, though all hopes are in a husband dead,
Another path to happineſs I'l tread,
Elſewhere find Joyes which I'm in him deny'd:
Yet while he can let the ſlave ſerve my pride.
Still I'l in pleaſure live, In Glory ſhine:
The gallant Youthful *Auſtria* ſhall be mine.
To him with all my force of Charms I'l move;
Let others toyl for Greatneſs: whilſt I love.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the Firſt.

Don John of Auſtria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D. J. WHy ſhould dull Law rule Nature, who firſt made
That Law, by which her ſelf is now betray'd:
E're man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born moſt noble that was born moſt free:
Each of himſelf was Lord; and unconfin'd
Obey'd the dictates of his Godlike mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in ſince,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their ſlavery Safety and defence.
My Glorious Father got me in his heat,
When all he did was eminently great.
When Warlike *Belgia* felt his Conquering power,
And the proud *Germans* Own'd him Emperour.
Why ſhould it be A Stain upon my Blood
Becauſe I came not in the Common Road,
But Born obſcure and ſo more like a God.

No; Though his Diadem Another wear,
At leaſt to all his Pleaſures I'le be Heir.
Here I ſhould meet my *Eboli*, my fair [*Enter* Eboli.
She comes: As the Bright *Cyprian* Goddeſs moves,
When Looſe and In her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the Warlike God ſhe Loves.

Ebol. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what fear
And Hazard, I am come to meet you here.

D. J. O baniſh it: Lovers like us ſhould fly,
And mounted by their wiſhes ſoar on high,
Where ſofteſt extaſies and Tranſports are,
While fear alone diſturbs the Lower Ayre.

Eboli. But who is ſafe when Eyes are Every where?
Or if we could with happieſt ſecreſy
Enjoy theſe ſweets; Oh whither ſhall we fly
T'Eſcape that ſight whence we can nothing hide!

D. J. Alas lay this Religion now Aſide,
I'le ſhow thee one more pleaſant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himſelf and taught his Mortals Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then Quench [illegible] cruly flame?
My Lord, you might conſider who [illegible] de[illegible]

D. J. I know y'are her I love, wh[illegible]
Regard?——
Ebol. ——————B[illegible]ven he [illegible]tance [*aſide.*
But can ſo poor
A Thought poſſeſs your br[illegible] I mor[illegible] think tha[illegible]
Will brand my name with L[illegible]d Infamy.

D. J. Thoſe that are noble[illegible]orn, ſhould higheſt prize
Loves ſweets; Oh let me fly int[illegible] thoſe Eyes,
There's ſomething in 'em leads my Soul aſtray,
As he who in a Negromancer's glaſs
Beholds his wiſh't for fortune by him paſs,
Yet ſtill with greedy Eyes——
Purſues the Viſion as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me Heaven, I dare no longer ſtay,
Your looks ſpeak danger: I feel ſomething too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*half aſide.*

D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove falſe,
See at your feet the humble *Auſtria* falls. [*Kneels.*

Eboli. Riſe, Riſe [Auſtria *riſes.*
My Lord why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*

D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive;
Speak, wouldſt thou have an Empire at thy feet?
Say, wouldſt thou rule the world? I'le Conquer it.
Eboli. No above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——
D. J. ——What?
Eboli. ——For ever true.
D. J. That thou may'ſt ne're have cauſe to fear thoſe harms,
I'le be confin'd for ever in thy Arms;
Nay, I'le not one ſhort minute from thee ſtray,
My ſelf I'le on thy tender boſome lay,
Till in its warmth I'm melted all away.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, Your Lord-
Eboli. ——Oh! fly or I'm undone:
D. J. Muſt I without my bleſſing then be gone? [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Eboli. Think you that this diſcretion merits one? [*pulls it back.*
D. J. I'm aw'd——
As a ſick wretch that on his death-bed lyes
Loath with his friends to part, juſt as he dies,
Thus ſends his Soul in wiſhes from his eyes. [*Exit* D. J.
Eboli. Oh Heaven! what charms in youth and vigour are?
Yet he in Conqueſt is not gone too far;
Too eaſily I'le not my ſelf reſign,
E're I am his, I'le make him ſurely mine;
Draw him by ſubtile baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make eſcape,
About him ſwiftly the ſoft ſnare I'le caſt,
And when I have him there I'le hold him faſt.

Enter Rui. Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I ſubtilly range
The Solitary paths of dark revenge:
The fearful Deer in herds to Coverts run,
Whilſt Beaſts of prey affect to Roam alone.
Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you ſpend your hours?
You little think what my poor heart endures;
Whilſt with your abſence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after joys I ne're can hope to gain.
R. Go. You cannot my unkindneſs ſure upbraid;
You ſhould forgive thoſe faults your ſelf have made:
Remember you the task you gave?——

Eboli. ——————'Tis true,
Your pardon, for I do remember now: [*Sighs.*
If I forgot, 'twas love had all my mind,
And 'tis no ſin I hope to be too kind.

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh! thou moſt pretious bleſſing of my Life!

Eboli. Do's then ſucceſs attend upon your toyl?
I long to ſee you Revel in the ſpoyl.

R. Go. What ſtricteſt diligence could do, I've done,
T'incenſe an angry Father 'gainſt his Son;
I to advantage told him all that paſt,
Deſcrib'd with Art each Am'rous glance they aſt;
So that this night he ſhun'd the marriage bed,
Which through the Court has various murmurs ſpread.

Enter the King *attended by* Poſa.

See where he comes with fury in his Eyes,
Kind Heaven but grant the ſtorm may higher riſe;
If't grow too loud I'le lurk in ſome dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work ſo well.

King. What's all my Glory? all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading greatneſs, or how vain is pow'r:
Where all the mighty Conqueſts I have ſeen?
I who o're Nations have Victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curſt Jealouſie; that poyſons all Loves ſweets,
How heavy on my heart th'invader ſits:
Oh! *Gomez* thou haſt given my mortal wound:

R. Go. What is't does ſo your royal thoughts confound?
A King his power unbounded ought to have,
And ruling all, ſhould not be paſſions ſlave.

King. Thou counſell'ſt well, but art no ſtranger ſure
To the ſad cauſe of what I now endure.
Knowſt thou what Poiſon thou didſt lately give?
And do'ſt not wonder to behold me live?

R. Go. I only did as by my duty ty'd,
And never ſtudy'd any thing beſide.

King. I do not blame thy duty or thy Care;
Quickly what paſt between 'em more declare.
How greedily my Soul to ruine flyes,
As he who in a Feavour burning lyes,

Firſt of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which taſted once unable to give 'ore:
Knows 'tis his bane, yet ſtill thirſts after more.
On then——
R. Go. ——I fear that you'l Interpret wrong!
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.
King. Lye ſtill my heart; not long was't that you ſaid?
R. G. No longer then they in your preſence ſtaid.
King. No longer! why a Soul in leſs time flyes
To Heaven: and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject fears begone: ſhe's all divine:
Speak Friends, can Angels in perfection ſin?
R. Go. Angels that ſhine above do oft beſtow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.
King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and alwaies near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear.
True, ſhe may ſhowr promiſcuous bleſſings down
On ſlaves that gape for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly ſhe his brightneſs ſees,
It robs my Luſtre to add more to his:
But oh I dare not think——
That thoſe Eyes ſhould at leaſt ſo humble be,
To ſtoop at him when they had vanquiſht me.
Poſa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a ſence
To cheriſh but a thought beyond the bound
Of ſtricteſt duty: He to me has Own'd
How much was to his former paſſion due,
Yet ſtill confeſs'd he above all priz'd you.
R. Go. You better reconcile Sir, then adviſe;
Be not more Charitable then y'are wiſe:
The King is ſick, and we ſhould give him Eaſe,
But firſt find out the depth of his Diſeaſe:
Too ſudden cures have oft pernicious grown,
We muſt not heal up feſtered wounds too ſoon.
King. By this then you a power would o're me gain;
Wounding to let me linger in the pain:
I'm ſtung, and won't the torture long endure;
Serpents that wound, have blood thoſe wounds to cure.
R. Go. Good Heaven forbid that I ſhould ever dare
To Queſtion Virtue in a Queen ſo fair.
Though ſhe her Eyes caſt on her Glorious Sun,
Men oft ſee Treaſures and yet covet none.

King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth diſguis'd in Obſcure Contraries.
No, I will trace his windings, All her dark
And ſubtleſt paths, Each little Action mark: [*Enter Queen Att.*
If ſhe prove falſe as yet I fear ſhe dyes: Henrietta.
Ha! here! oh let me turn away my Eyes.
For all around ſhe'l her bright beams diſplay:
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor ſtay,
'Spight of my ſelf I ſhall be led aſtray.
[*Exit the King Attend. looking at the Queen.*

Queen. How ſcornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e're his Love hee'd let me know his power:
As Heaven oft Thunders 'ere it ſends a ſhower.
This *Spaniſh* Gravity is very odd
All things are by ſeverity ſo Aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.
Henr. Alas, what can you from old age expect,
When frail uneaſie men themſelves neglect
Some little warmth perhaps may be behind,
Though ſuch as in extinguiſht fires you'l find:
Where ſome remains of heat the aſhes hold,
Which (if for more you open) ſtaight are cold.
Queen. 'Twas Intereſt and Safety of the State;
Intereſt that bold Impoſer on our fate:
That alwaies to dark Ends miſguides our wills,
And with falſe happineſs ſmooths o're our ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When though by Contract I ſhould *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip*'s Bed. [Henr. *ſighs.*
Why ſigh'ſt thou *Henrietta?*
Henriett. Who is it can
Know your ſad fate and yet from grief refrain?
With pleaſure oft I've heard you ſmiling tell
Of *Carlos* Love.
Queen. ————And did it pleaſe you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtſhip there did meet
All that we could obliging call or ſweet.
At every point he with advantage ſtood:
Fierce as a Lyon if provok'd abroad;
Elſe, ſoft as Angels, Charming as a God.
Henr. One ſo Accompliſht! and who lov'd you too!
With what reſentments muſt he part with you?

Methinks I pity him.—But oh in vain!
He's both above my pity and my pain. [*aſide.*
Queen. What means this ſtrange diſorder
Henr. ——————Yonder view,
That which I fear will diſcompoſe you too. [*Enter* D. Carlos. Poſa.
Queen. Alas! the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unuſual fears:
Away *Henrietta.*—————— [*offers to go.*
D. Car. ——————Why would you begone?
Is *Carlos* ſight ungrateful to you grown.
If 'tis, ſpeak. In Obedience I'le retire.
Qu. No, you may ſpeak, but muſt advance no nigher.
D. Car. Muſt I then at that Awful diſtance ſue,
As our forefathers were Compel'd to do
When they petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Prieſt might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's ſo pure it might be Offer'd there.
Qu. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to ſtay;
If you muſt ſpeak, proceed: What would you ſay?
Nay this ſtrange Ceremony pray give ore. [Carlos *kneels.*
D. Car. Was I n'er in this poſture ſeen before?
Ah can your cruel heart ſo ſoon reſign
All ſence of theſe ſad ſufferings of mine?
To your more juſt remembrance if you can
Recall how fate ſeem'd kindly to ordain,
That once you ſhould be mine: which I believ'd,
Though now alas! I find I was deceiv'd.
Queen. Then Sir you ſhould your Fate, not me upbraid.
D. Carl. I will not ſay y'ave broke the vows you made,
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch ya've oft ſeen dying at your feet;
And now no other favour begs to have,
Then ſuch Kind pity as becomes your ſlave.
For midſt your higheſt Joyes, without a Crime
At leaſt you now and then may think of him.
Queen. If e're you lov'd me you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear:
My Heart and Faith become your Fathers right,
All other paſſions I muſt now forget,
D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majeſty diſpence
Upon your heart ſuch mighty Influence,
That I muſt be for ever baniſh'd thence.

Had I been rais'd to all the heights of power,
In Triumph Crown'd the Worlds great Emperour:
Of all its riches, all its State poſſeſt
Yet you ſhould ſtill have govern'd in my breaſt.
Qu. In vain on her you obligations lay,
Who wants not will, but power to repay.
Henriett. Yet had you *Henrietta's* heart, you would
At leaſt ſtrive to afford him all you could. [*aſide.*
D. Carl. Oh ſay not you want pow'r, you may with one
Kind look, pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how ſpotleſs all my wiſhes are;
You would not ſcruple to ſupply my want,
When all I'l ask you may ſo ſafely grant.
Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
That ſtill at leaſt I cannot be unkind.
D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave:
Qu. You ſhall not want what I may let you have. [*Gives her hand ſighing.*
D. Carl. Like one——
That ſees a heap of Gems before him caſt,
Thence to chuſe any that may pleaſe him beſt:
From the rich Treaſure whilſt I choice ſhould make,
Dazzel'd withal I know not where to take:
I would be rich——
Qu. ——————Nay you too far encroach,
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*
D. Carl. Oh take not back again th'appearing bliſs;
How difficult's the path to happineſs!
Whilſt up the Precipice we climb with pain,
One little ſlip throwes us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,
Then juſt enough to keep a wretch alive;
At leaſt remember how I've lov'd——
Qu. ——I will.
D. Car. That was ſo kind, that I muſt beg more ſtill.
Let me love on, it is a very poor
And eaſie grant, yet I'l requeſt no more.
Qu. Do you believe that you can love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again.
D. Carl. Yes I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are ſo:
All my diſquiets baniſh from my breaſt;

I will endeavour to do ſo at leaſt. [*Sighing deeply.*
Or if I can't my miſeries out-wear,
They never more ſhall come t'offend your Ear.
Qu. Love then Brave Prince, whilſt I'l thy Love admire [*Gives her hand, which* D.Carlos
Yet keep the Fame ſo pure, ſuch chaſt deſire, *during all this*
That without ſpot hereafter we above *ſpeech kiſſes ea-*
May meet when we ſhall come all ſoul all love. *gerly.*
Till when—Oh whither am I run aſtray!
I grow too weak and muſt no longer ſtay:
For ſhould I, the ſoft charm ſo ſtrong would grow,
I find that I ſhould want the power to go. [*Exit Qu. &* Henrietta.
D. Carl. Oh Sweet——
If ſuch tranſport be in a taſt ſo ſmall,
How bleſt muſt he be that poſſeſſes all!
Where am I *Poſa?* Where's the Queen? [*ſtanding amazed.*
Poſa. ——My Lord,
A while ſome reſpite to your heart afford,
The Queen's retir'd——
D. Carl. ——Retir'd! and did ſhe then,
Juſt ſhow me Heaven, to ſhut it in agen?
This little eaſe augments my pain the more;
For now, I'me more Impatient than before,
And have diſcover'd Riches, make me mad.
Poſa. But ſince thoſe Treaſures are not to be had,
You ſhould correct deſires that drive you on,
Beyond that duty which becomes a Son:
No longer let the Tyrant Love Invade,
The Brave may by themſelves be happy made.
You to your Father now muſt all reſign.
D. Carl. But e're he rob'd me of her ſhe was mine.
To be my Friend is all thou haſt to do:
For half my miſeries thou can'ſt not know:
Make my ſelf happy! bid the damn'd do ſo;
Who in ſad Flames, muſt be for ever toſt,
Yet ſtill in view of the lov'd Hea'vn th'ave loſt. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third. SCENE the Firſt.

Don *John* of *Auſtria*.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. HOw vainly would dull Moraliſts Impoſe
Limits on Love, whoſe Nature brooks no Laws
Love is a God, and like a God ſhould be
Inconſtant: with unbounded liberty
Rove as he liſt——
I find it: for ev'n now I've had a Feaſt,
Of which a God might Covet for a taſt.
Methinks I yet——
See with what ſoft devotion in her eyes,
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms, ſurpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near ſweets they took my ſence away:
And I ev'n loſt the pow'r to reach at Joy.
But thoſe croſs witchcrafts ſoon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances ſweeter far:
As Anchor'd Veſſels in Calm Harbours ride,
Rock't on the ſwellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the man who though alone
He thinks he's bleſt; yet as Confin'd to one,
Is but at beſt a pris'ner on a Throne.

To him King Attended. Poſa. Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Powr's! whoſe ſubſtitutes we are,
On whom y'ave layn of Earth the rule and care:
Why all our Toyles do you reward with ill?
And to thoſe Weighty Cares add Greater ſtill?
Or how could I your Dieties enrage,
That bles't my youth, thus to afflict my age!
A Queen and a Son's Inceſt! diſmal Thought!
D. J. What is't ſo ſoon his Majeſty has brought [*To* Gomez.
From the ſoft Arms of his young Bride?
King. ——Ay true.
Is ſhe not *Auſtria* young and Charming too?
Doſt thou not think her to a wonder fair?
Tell me.——

D. J. ——By Heav'n more bright than Planets are;
Her Beauties force might ev'n their pow'r Out-do.
King. Nay ſhe's as falſe and as unconſtant too.
Oh *Auſtria*, that a form ſo outward bright,
Should be within all dark and ugly night.
For ſhe, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that deareſt Jewel of my Soul:
Takes from its ſhrine the pretious Relique down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her Own,
My Son! That Rebel both to Heav'n and me!
Oh the diſtracting throwes of Jealouſie!
But as a drowning wretch juſt like to ſink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink:
At the third plunge layes hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into deſtruction too.
So thou from whom theſe miſeries I've known,
Shall bear me out again, or with me drown. [*Seizes roughly on* Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Succeſſes of my Soveraign's fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me!
King. How!——
—What is't?——I know not what I'd have thee do;
Study revenge for me, 'tis that I want.
D. John. Alas! what frenzy does your temper haunt!
Revenge! on whom!
King. On my falſe Queen and Son.
R. Go. On them! good heav'n what is't that they have done,
Oh had my tongue been curſt e're it had bred
This Jealouſie—— [*half aſide.*
King. ——Then cancel what tha'ſt ſaid.
Did'ſt thou not tell me, that thou ſaw'ſt him ſtand,
Printing ſoft vowes, in kiſſes on her hand:
Whilſt in requital ſhe ſuch glances gave,
Would quicken a Dead Lover in his Grave.
R. Go. I did: and what leſs could the Queen allow
To him, then you to every vaſſal ſhow:
Th'affording him that little from Loves ſtore,
Imply'd that ſhe for you reſerv'd much more.
King. Oh doubtleſs ſhe muſt have a woundrous ſtore
Of Love, that ſells it at a rate ſo poore.
Now Thoud'ſt rebate my paſſion with adviſe,
And when thou ſhouldſt be active, wouldſt be wiſe,

No, lead me where I may their Inceſt ſee.
Do: or by heav'n——do and I'le worſhip Thee!
Oh how my Paſſions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy weight, I yield and bow.
But I'le regather yet my ſtrength, and ſtand
Brandiſhing all my Thunder in my hand.
Poſa. And may it be ſent forth and where it goes,
Light fatally and heavy on your foes.
But let your Loyal Son, and Conſort, bear
No ill, ſince they of any guiltleſs are.
Here with my Sword defiance I proclaim,
To that bold Traytor, that dares wrong their fame.
D. J. I too, dare with my life their Cauſe make good.
King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave underſtood,
That you ſo prodigal are of your blood.
Or wouldſt thou ſpeak me comfort? I would find
'Mongſt all my Councellors at leaſt one kind.
Yet any thing like that I muſt not hear,
(Or ſo my wrongs I ſhould too tamely bear)
And weakly grow my own fond flatterer.
Poſa, withdraw—— [*Exit Poſa.*
My Lords, all this y'have heard.
R. Go. Yes, I obſerv'd it Sir, with ſtrict regard.
The Young Lord's Friendſhip was too great to hide.
King. Is he then ſo to my falſe Son ally'd?
I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
My Fates unhappy Engines plot my fall,
Like *Cæſar* in the Senate, thus I ſtand,
Whilſt ruine threaten'd him on ev'ry hand.
From each ſide he had warning he muſt dye;
Yet ſtill he brav'd his Fate, and ſo will I.
To ſtrive for eaſe would but add more to pain,
As ſtreams that beat againſt their banks in vain
Retreating ſwell into a Flood again.
No, I'le do things the World ſhall quake to hear,
My juſt revenge ſo true a ſtamp ſhall bear.
As henceforth Heav'n it ſelf ſhall emulate,
And copy all its vengeance out by that.
All but *Rui-Gomez* I muſt have withdrawn,
I've ſomething to diſcourſe with him alone.
[*Ex. omnes præter K. &* Gomez.
Now *Gomez* on thy truth depends thy fate,
Thou'ſt wrought my ſence of Wrong to ſuch a height:

Within my breaſt it will no longer ſtay,
But grows each minute till it force its way.
I would not find my ſelf at laſt deceiv'd.
R. Go. Nor would I 'gainſt your reaſon be believ'd;
Think Sir your Jealouſie to be but fear
Of looſing treaſures which you hold ſo dear:
Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent,
I know but what they did, not what they meant.
King. Meant? what ſhould looks and ſighs and preſſings mean?
No, no: I need not hear it o're again.
No repetitions—ſomething muſt be done.
Now there's no ill I know that I would ſhun.
I'l fly till them I've in their Inceſt found
Full charg'd with rage and with my vengeance hot,
Like a Granado from a Cannon ſhot,
Which lights at laſt upon the Enemies ground,
Then breaking deals deſtruction all around. [*Ex. King.*
R. Go. So! now his Jealouſie is at the Top;
Each little blaſt will ſerve to keep it up.
But ſtay; there's ſomething I've omitted yet,
Poſa's my Enemy: and true he's great.
Alas! I'm arm'd 'gainſt all that he can do;
For my ſnare's large enough to hold him too.
Yet, I'le diſguiſe that purpoſe for a while:
But when he with the reſt is caught i'th Toile,
I'le boldly out and wanton in the ſpoile.

Enter Poſa.

Poſa. My Lord *Rui-Gomez*! and the King not here!
You who ſo eminent a Favourite are.
In a King's Eye, ſhould ne're be abſent thence.
R. Go. No Sir! 'tis you that by a riſing Prince
Are cheriſh't, and ſo tread a ſafer way:
Rich in that bliſs the World waits to enjoy.
Poſa. Since what may bleſs the World we ought to prize,
I wiſh there were no publick enemies.
No lurking Serpents poyſon to diſpence,
Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence.
No flatterers that with Royal goodneſs ſport,
Thoſe ſtinking weeds that over-run a Court.
R. Go. Nay; if good wiſhes any thing could do;
I have as earneſt wiſhes Sir as you.
That tho' perhaps our King enjoyes the beſt

Of power, yet may he ſtill be doubly bleſt
May he———————
Poſa. Nay *Gomez* you ſhall ne're out-do me there;
Since for Great *Philip*'s good I wou'd you were
(If poſſible) more honeſt then you are.
R. Go. Why *Poſa*; what defect can you diſcern?
Poſa. Nay half your myſteries I'm yet to learn:
Tho' this I'l boldly juſtifie to all,
That you contrive a generous Prince's fall. [Gom. *ſmiles.*
Nay think not by your ſmiles, and careleſs port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to ſport.
I do not Sir.
R. Go. Young Lord! what meaning has
This heat?
Poſa. To let you ſee I know y'are baſe.
R. Go. Nay then I pardon ask that I did ſmile,
By heav'n I thought, y'had jeſted all this while.
Baſe!——
Poſa. Yes! more baſe then impotent or old,
All vertue in thee, like thy blood, runs cold;
Thy rotten putrid Carkaſs is leſs full,
Of Rancor and Contagion then thy Soul.
Even now, before the King I ſaw it plain,
But duty to that Preſence aw'd me then;
Yet there I dar'd thy Treaſon with my Sword,
But ſtill————
Thy Villany talk't all; Courage had not a word.
True thou art old; yet if thou haſt a Friend,
To whom thy Curſed Cauſe thou dar'ſt commend;
'Gainſt him in publick I'le the Innocence
Maintain, of the fair Queen, and injur'd Prince.
R. Go. Farewel bold Champion——
Learn better how your paſſions to diſguiſe,
Appear leſs Cholerick, and be more wiſe. [*Exit* R. Go.
Poſa. How frail is all the glory we deſign?
Whilſt ſuch as theſe have pow'r to undermine.
Unhappy Prince who might'ſt have ſafely ſtood,
If thou hadſt been leſs great, or not ſo good.
Why the vile Monſter's blood did I not ſhed,
And all the vengeance draw on my own head?
My honour ſo, had had this juſt defence,
That I preſerv'd my Patron and my Prince. [*Enter* Carlos
Brave *Carlos*! ha! he's here! O Sir take heed. *and Queen.*

By an unlucky Fate your Love is led;
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown,
Forgetting her, his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his vengeance up, againſt you both.
D. Carl. Has then the falſe *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath?
And after all, my Innocence betrayd?
Poſa. Yes? all his ſubtleſt ſnares are for you laid,
The King within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd if but ſeen with her;
Retire my Lord.——
Queen. How! is he jealous grown!
I thought my Virtue he had better known.
His unjuſt doubts have ſoon found out the way,
To make their entry on our Marriage day:
For yet he has not with me known a night;
Perhaps his Tyranny is his delight.
And to ſuch height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd Exerciſe it on his Queen and Son.
But ſince my Lord, this time we muſt obey,
Our Intereſt; I begg you would not ſtay.
Not ſeeing you he may to me be juſt.
D. Carl. Should I then leave you, Madam?
Queen. Yes! you muſt.
D. Carl. Not then, when ſtorms againſt your Virtue riſe!
No, ſince to loſe you, wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'l have the honour of it, in your Cauſe.
This is the nobleſt thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the rigour of her Lawes.
Since 'tis ſome pleaſure but to dye for you.
Queen. Talk not of death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their baſe fears compel e'm to deſpair.
Hope's the far nobler paſſion of the Mind,
Fortune's a Miſtriſs that's with Caution kind,
Knows that the conſtant merit her alone;
They, who though ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.
D. Carl. To wretched minds thus ſtill ſome comfort gleames,
And Angels eaſe our griefs though but with dreames:
I have too oft already been deceiv'd,
And the Cheats grown too plain to be believ'd.
You Madam, bid me go. [*Looking earneſtly at the Queen.*
Queen. You muſt.
Poſa. You ſhall;
Alas I love you, would not ſee you fall:

And yet may find ſome way t'evade it all.
D. Carl. Thou *Poſa* ever wert my trueſt Friend,
I almoſt wiſh thou wert not now ſo kind;
Thou, of a thing that's loſt tak'ſt too much care;
And you fair Angel too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*
Great my deſpair; yet ſtill my Love is higher——
Well—in obedience to you I'le retire.
Though during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I ſee the danger grow too high,
To ſave yon Madam, I'le come forth and dye. [*Exit* D. Carlos.

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have gueſs't that this had ever been? [*Seeing*
Diſtraction! where ſhall my revenge begin? Poſa *and*
Why he's the very Bawd to all their ſin? *the Queen.*
And to diſguiſe it put's on Friendſhips mask,
But his Diſpatch, *Rui-Gomez* is thy task;
With him pretend ſome private conference,
And under that diſguiſe ſeduce him hence;
Then in ſome place fit for the Deed impart
The bus'neſs by a Ponyard to his Heart.
R. G. 'Tis done.
King. So Madam!—— [*Steps to the Queen.*
Queen. ——By the fury in your eyes,
I underſtand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already Jealous grown,
And dare ſuſpect my Virtue with your Son.
King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myſt'ries! who can ſcan
Too deep for eaſie weak believing man!
Hold! let me look! indeed y'are wondrous fair,
So on the out-ſide *Sodoms* Apples were.
And yet within, when open'd to the view,
Not half ſo dang'rous, or ſo foul, as you.
Queen. Unhappy Wretched Woman that I am,
And you unworthy of a Husband's name?
Do you not bluſh?——
King. Yes Madam for your ſhame.
Bluſh too my Judgment e're ſhould prove ſo faint,
To let me chuſe a Devil for a Saint.
When firſt I ſaw, and lov'd, that tempting eye,
The Fiend within the flame I did not ſpy;
But ſtill ran on and Cheriſh't my deſires:

For heav'nly Beams miſtook Infernal fires.
Such raging fires, as you have ſince thought fit
Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth, ſhould meet.
Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!——
Queen. ——Poor Ungen'rous King!
How mean's the Soul from which ſuch thoughts muſt ſpring!
Was it for this I did ſo late ſubmit,
To let you whine and languiſh at my feet?
When with falſe Oaths you did my heart beguile,
And proffer'd all your Empire for a ſmile.
Then, then, my freedom 'twas I did reſign,
Though you ſtill ſwore you would preſerve it mine.
And ſtill it ſhall be ſo: For from this hour
I vow to hate, and never ſee you more.
Nay frown not *Philip*, for you ſoon ſhall know
I can reſent and rage as well as you.
King. By Hell her pride's as Raging as her luſt:
A Guard there—Seize the Queen—— [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Carlos *and Intercepts the Guard.*

D. Carl. ——Hold Sir be Juſt.
Firſt look on me whom once You call'd your Son.
A Title I was alwaies proud to own.
King. Good Hea'vn to merit this what have I done?
That he too dares before my ſight appear.
D. Carl. Why Sir, where is the Cauſe that I ſhould fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The reaſon, why you uſe this Princeſs ſo.
King. Sure I ſhall find ſome way to raiſe this ſiege:
He talks as if 'twere for his Priviledge.
Foul raviſher of all my Honour hence:
But ſtay: Guards with the Queen ſecure the Prince.
Wherefore in my Revenge ſhould I be ſlow?
Now in my reach, I'l daſh 'em at a Blow.

Enter D. John *of* Auſtria; Eboli *and* Henriett. Garcia.

D. J. I come Great Sir, with wonder here, to ſee
Your rage grown up to this Extremity
Againſt your beauteous Queen, and Loyal Son.
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealouſie alone?

King. Oh *Auſtria* thy vain Enquiry Ceaſe,
If thou haſt any value for thy peace;
My mighty Wrongs ſo loud an accent bear;
'Twould make thee miſerable but to hear.
D. Carl. Father, if I may dare to call you ſo,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no:
As you have ſeal'd my doom I may Complain.
King. Will then that Monſter dare to ſpeak again?
D. Car. Yes: dying men ſhould not their thoughts diſguiſe;
And ſince You take ſuch Joy in Cruelties;
E're of my death the new delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel You have been.
Time was that we were ſmil'd on by our fate,
You not Unjuſt, nor I unfortunate.
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early praiſe was talk't abroad.
Then Loves dear ſweets you to me would diſplay,
Told me where this rich Beauteous Treaſure lay,
And how to gain't inſtructed me the way.
I came, and ſaw, and lov'd, and bleſt you for't.
But then when Love had ſeal'd her to my heart,
You Violently tore her from my ſide:
And 'cauſe my Bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But ſtill ſome pleaſure to behold her took;
You now will have my life but for a look.
Wholly forgetting all the pains I bore,
Your heart with envious Jealouſie boyles ore,
'Cauſe I can love no leſs, and you no more.
Hen. Alas! how can you hear his ſoft Complaint,
And not your hardned ſtubborn heart relent?
Turn Sir, ſurvey that comely awful man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.
King. Away deluder: who taught thee to ſue?
Eboli. Loving the Queen what is't ſhe leſs can do,
Then lend her aid againſt the dreadful ſtorm?
King. Why can the Devil dwell too in that form?
This is their little Engine by the by,
A Scout to watch, and tell when danger's nigh.
Come pretty ſinner Thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when, nay do not fear—you ſhall.
Hen. Ah Sir Unkind!—— [*Kneels.*
King Now hold thy Syrens Tongue.
Who would have thought there were a Witch ſo young?

D. J. Can you to ſuing Beauty ſtop your Ears?
Hea'vn layes its Thunder by, and gladly hears [*Takes up* Hen.
When Angels are become petitioners. *and makes his addreſs to her.*

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Auſtria* ſo officious there!
That glance ſeems as it ſent his heart to her. [*aſide to* Garcia.

D. Carl. A Banquet then of blood ſince you deſign,
Yet you may ſatisſie your ſelf with mine.
I love the Queen, I have confeſt 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Though ſhe by Heav'n is clear—but I indeed
Have been unjuſt, and do deſerve to bleed.
There were no lawleſs thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant.
Tho' I ne're yet found hopes to raiſe 'em on,
For ſhe did ſtill preſerve her Honours Throne:
And daſh'd the bold aſpiring Devil's down.
If to her Cauſe you do not credit give
Fondly againſt your happineſs you'l ſtrive,
As ſome looſe Heav'n becauſe they won't believe.

Queen. Whilſt Prince, my preſervation you deſign,
Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
The clearneſs of my truth I'd not have ſhown,
By any other light beſides its Own,
No Sir, he through deſpair all this has ſaid,
And owns Offences which he never made.
Why ſhould you think that I would do you wrong?
Muſt I needs be Unchaſt becauſe I'm young?

King. Unconſtant Wav'ring heart why heav'ſt thou ſo?
I ſhiver all, and know not what I do.
I who e're now have Armies led to fight,
Thought War a Sport, and danger a delight:
Whole Winter nights ſtood under Heav'ns wide roof
Daring my foes: now am not Beauty proof.
Oh turn away thoſe Baſilisks thy Eyes,
Th'Infection's fatal, and who ſees 'em, dyes. [*Goes away.*

Qu. Oh do not fly me; I have no deſign
Upon your life, for You may yet ſave mine. [*Kneels.*
Or if at laſt I muſt my Breath ſubmit,
Here take it, 'tis an off'ring at your feet.
Will you not look on me my deareſt Lord?

King. Why would'ſt Thou live!——

Qu. Yes, if You'l ſay the Word.

D. Carl. Oh Heav'n! how Coldly, and unmov'd, he ſees
A praying Beauty proſtrate on her knees!
Riſe Madam—————— [*Steps to take her up.*
King. ——Bold Encroacher touch her not:
Into my breaſt her glances thick are ſhot.
Not true?—ſtay let me ſee,—By Heav'n Thou art [*Looks earneſtly*
—A falſe Vile Woman—Oh my fooliſh heart! *on her.*
I give thee life—But from this time refrain,
And never come into my ſight again:
Be baniſh't ever.——
Queen. ——This you muſt not do,
At leaſt till I've convinc't you I am true.
Grant me but ſo much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'l be gone.
King. I've all this while been angry but in vain;
She heats me firſt, then ſtroaks me tame again.
Oh wert thou true how happy would I be!
Think'ſt Thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the bliſs I'd give:
Nay though it were not ſo but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, Cheat me quite.
Qu. I would not Sir deceive you if I might,
But if you'l take my Oaths; by all above
'Tis you, and only you that I will love.
King. Thus as a Mariner that ſailes along,
With pleaſure hears th'enticing *Syrens* Song,
Unable quite his ſtrong deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in though certain to be drown'd.
Come to my boſom then; make no delay:
My rage is huſh't, and I have room for Joy. [*Takes her in his Arms.*
Queen. Agen, you'l think that I unjuſt will prove?
King. No Thou art all o're truth, and I all love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!
Queen. Command me any thing, and try your pow'r.
King. Then from this minute ne're ſee *Carlos* more.
Thou ſlave that dar'ſt do ill with ſuch a port,
For ever here I baniſh thee my Court.
Within ſome Cloyſter lead a private life:
That I may love and rule without this ſtrife.
Here *Eboli* receive her to thy Charge.
The Treaſure's pretious, and the truſt is large,
Whilſt I retiring hence, my ſelf make fit

To wait for Joyes, which are too fierce to meet. [*Exit King.*
D. Carl. My Exile from his preſence I can hear
With pleaſure; But no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful Curſe I cannot bear!
No Madam, all his pow'r ſhall nothing do:
I'l ſtay, and take my Baniſhment from you.
Do you Command me, ſee how far I'l fly.
Qu. Will *Carlos* be at laſt my Enemy?
Conſider this ſubmiſſion I have ſhown;
More to preſerve your ſafety then my own?
Ungratefully you needleſs waies deviſe
To looſe a life, which I ſo dearly prize.
D. Carl. So; now her fortune's made: and I am left [*aſide.*
Alone, a naked wanderer to ſhift:
Madam you might have ſpar'd the Cruelty; [*To the Queen.*
Bleſt with your ſight I was prepar'd to die:
But now to looſe it drives me to deſpair;
Making me wiſh to die, and yet not dare.
Well, to ſome ſolitary ſhoar I'l roam,
And never more into your preſence come:
Since I already find I'm Troubleſome. [*is going.*
Qu. Stay, Sir, Yet ſtay:—You ſhall not leave me ſo.
D. Carl. Ha!——
Qu. ——I muſt talk with you before you go.
Oh *Carlos* how unhappy is our ſtate?
How foul a game was play'd us by our Fate!
Who promis'd fair when we did firſt Begin,
'Till Envying to ſee us like to Win:
Straight Fell to Cheat, and threw the falſe Lot in.
My Vows to You I now remember all.
D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more.—— [*Kneels.*
Qu. ——You ſhall.—— [*Kneels too.*
For I can't chuſe but let you know, that I
If you'l reſolve on't Yet will with you die.
D. Car. Sure nobler gallantry was never known
Good Heav'n! this Bleſſing is too much for one
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My Father, all my foes I now forgive.
Queen. Nay Sir by all our Loves I charge You live;
But to what Country, Whereſoe're You go,
Forget not me, for I'l remember You.
D. Carl. Shall I ſuch Virtue, and ſuch Charms forget?
No, never——

Queen. ——Oh that we had never met.
But in our diſtant Climates ſtill been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So towards happineſs more ſafely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, Yet have lov'd.
What makes you look ſo wildly?——why d'you ſtart?
D. Carl. A faint cold damp is Thick'ning round my heart.
Queen. What ſhall we do?——
D. Carl. ——Do any thing but part.
Or ſtay ſo long till my poor Soul expires:
In View of all the Glory it admires.
Eboli. In ſuch a Lover how might I be bles't!
Oh were I of that noble Heart poſſeſt, [*aſide.*
How ſoft, how eaſie would I make his bands!
But Madam, You forgot the King's Commands: [*To the Queen.*
Longer to ſtay your dangers You'l Renew.
D. Car. Ah Princeſs! Lovers pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part as we muſt do.
Part too for ever!——
After one Minute, never more to ſtand
Fix't on thoſe Eyes, or preſſing this ſoft hand;
'Twere but enough to feed on, and not ſtarve:
Yet that is more than I did e're deſerve.
Though fate to us is niggardly and poor;
That from Eternity can't ſpare one hour.
Qu. If it were had, that hour would ſoon be gone,
And we ſhould wiſh to draw another on
No, Rigorous neceſſity has made
Us both his ſlaves; and now will be obey'd.
Come let us try the parting blow to bear.
Adieu.——
D. Car. Farewell. [*Looking at each other.*
-I'm fix't and rooted here,
I cannot ſtir-
Qu. Shall I the way then ſhow?
Now, hold my heart!—— [*Goes to the door, then ſtops,*
——Nay Sir, why don't you go? *and turns back again.*
D. Carl. Why do you ſtay?——
Qu. I won't.——
D. Car. ——You ſhall a while [*Kneels.*
With one look more my Miſeries beguile,
That may ſupport my heart 'till you are gone.

Qu. Oh *Eboli* thy help or I'm undone! [*Takes hold on* Eboli.
Here take it then, and with it too my life. [*Leans into* Eboli's *arms.*
D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at ſtrife:
Since my griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'l try to vanquiſh, and out-toyl the ill.
Well Madam, now I'm ſomething hardier grown,
Since I at laſt perceive you muſt be gone:
To venture the Encounter I'l be bold, [*Leads her to the door.*
For Certainly my heart will ſo long hold.
Farewel——be happy as y'are fair and true.
Qu. And all Heav'ns kindeſt Angels wait on You.
[*Exit with* Eboli.
D. Carl. Thus long I wander'd in Loves crooked way,
By hope's deluding Meteor, led aſtray:
For e're I've half the dang'rous deſart croſt,
The glimm'ring light's gone out, and I am loſt. [*Exit D.* Carlos.

The End of the Third ACT.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queens Apartment.*

Don Carlos, *and* Poſa.

D. Carlos. THe next is the Apartment of the Queen; [*is going.*
In vain I try, I muſt not venture in. *returns.*
Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd men;
Who to their Bodies would agen repair,
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and groaning wander in the Aire.
Rob'd of my Love, and as unjuſtly thrown
From all thoſe hopes that promis'd me a Crown,
My heart, with the Diſhonour's to me done,
Is poiſon'd, ſwells too mighty for my breaſt;
But it will break, and I ſhall be at reſt.
No: Dull deſpair this Soul ſhall never Load,
Though Patience be the Virtue of a God:

Gods never feel the ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.
Father! and *King!* both names bear mighty ſence:
Yet ſure there's ſomething too in *Son*, and *Prince*.
I was born high, and will not fall leſs great,
Since Triumph Crown'd my Birth! I'le have my Fate.
As Glorious and Mageſtick too, as that.
To *Flanders Poſa*, ſtrait my Letters ſend,
Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend.
And that to head their Forces I deſign,
So vindicate their Cauſe, if they dare mine.
Poſa. To th'Rebels!——
D. Carlos. No, th'are Friends, their Cauſe is juſt,
Or when I make it mine, at leaſt, it muſt;
Let th'Common Rout like Beaſts Love to be Dull,
Whilſt ſordidly they live at eaſe and full!
Senceleſs what Honour or Ambition means,
And ignorantly dragg their Load of Chains.
I am a Prince have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to looſe the proſpect now;
If th'art my Friend, do not my will delay.
Poſa. I'le do't.—————— [*Exit* Poſa.

Enter Eboli.

Ebol. My Lord!
D. Carl. Who calls me?
Ebol. You muſt ſtay.
D. Carl. What newes of freſh affliction can you bear?
Ebol. Suppoſe it were the Queen, you'd ſtay for her?
D. Carl. For Her! Yes, ſtay an Age, for ever ſtay.
Stay ev'n till time it ſelf ſhou'd paſs away!
Fix here a Statue never to remove,
An everlaſting Monument of Love.
Though, may a thing ſo wretched as I am,
But the leaſt place in her remembrance claym?
Ebol. Yes; if you dare believe me Sir you do;
We both can talk of nothing elſe but you:
Whilſt from the theame ev'n Emulation ſprings,
Each ſtriving who ſhall ſay the kindeſt things.
D. Carl. But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities and can nothing give.
Ebol. Nothing! propoſe! what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know may be ſecurity.

D. Carl. No Madam! what's my due none e're can pay,
There ſtands that Angel Honour in the way
Watching his Charge with never ſleeping eyes,
And ſtops my Entrance into Paradice.
Ebol. What *Paradice!* what Pleaſures can you know
Which are not in my power to beſtow?
D. Carl. Love! Love! and all thoſe eager melting charms,
The Queen muſt yield when in my Father's arms.
That Queen ſo excellently richly fair,
Jove could he come agen a Lover here
Would Court Mortality to die for her.
Oh Madam! take not pleaſure to renew
Thoſe pains which if you felt you wou'd not do.
Ebol. Unkindly urg'd: think you no ſence I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your Leave;
Something I had to ſay, but let it die.
D. Carl. Why Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.
Ebol. Nay Sir! your preſence I would not Detain!
Alas! you do not hear that I complain!
Tho' could you half of my Misfortunes ſee,
Methinks you ſhould encline to pity me.
D. Carl. I cannot gueſs what mournful tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak Madam!——
Ebol. Say I lov'd, and with a flame
Which even melts my tender heart to name;
Lov'd too a man! I will not ſay ingrate,
Becauſe he's far above my Birth or Fate.
Yet ſo far He at leaſt does cruel prove,
He proſecutes a dead and hopeleſs Love.
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be bleſt,
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feaſt.
D. Carl. What ſtupid Animal could ſenceleſs lye,
Quicken'd by beams from that Illuſtrious eye!
Ebol. Nay to encreaſe your wonder you ſhall know
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too:
Till ev'n I bluſh as now I tell it you.
D. Carl. You neither ſhall have cauſe of ſhame or fear,
Whoſe Secrets ſafe within my Boſome are.
Ebol. Then farther I the riddle may explain,
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can! [*Shews him his own Picture.*
D. Carl. Diſtraction on my eyes what have they ſeen!
'Tis my own Picture which I ſent the Queen.

When to her Fame I paid Devotion firſt,
Expecting bliſs but loſt it I am curs't.
Curſt too in thee, who from my Saint dar'ſt ſteal
The onely Relique left her of my Zeal!
And with the Sacriledg attempt my heart,
Wer't thou more charming than thou think'ſt thou art!
Almighty Love preſerves the Fort for her,
And bids defiance to thy Entrance there.
Ebol. Neglected! ſcorn'd! by Father and by Son;
What a malicious courſe my Stars have run?
But ſince I meet with ſuch unlucky Fate
In love; I'le try how I can thrive in hate.
My own dull Husband may aſſiſt in that:
To his revenge I'le give him freſh alarms, [*aſide.*
And with the gray old Wizzard muſter charms
I hav't: Thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince 'tis thy bane!
Can you forgive me Sir? I hope you can, [*To* Carl. *mildly.*
I'l try to recompence the wrongs I've done,
And better finiſh what is ill begun.
D. Carl. Madam! you at ſo ſtrange a rate proceed,
I ſhall begin to think you Lov'd indeed.
Ebol. No matter! be but to my Honour true,
As you ſhall ever find I'le be to you.
The Queens my charge, and you may on that ſcore,
Preſume that you ſhall ſee her yet once more.
I'l lead you to thoſe ſo much worſhipt charms;
And yield you to my happy Rivals arms.
D. Carl. In what a mighty Sum ſhall I be bound,
I did not think ſuch Virtue could be found.
Thou Miſtriſs of all beſt perfections ſtay?
Fain I in gratitude wou'd ſomething ſay!
But am too far in Debt for thanks to pay.

Enter Don John *of* Auſtria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, He whoſe afflictions ſpeak,
So loud as all Hearts but his own might break!
D. Carl. My Lord! what Fate has left me I am here
Mere man; of all my comforts ſtrip't, and bare:
Once like a Vine I flouriſh't, and was young,
Rich in my ripening hopes that ſpoke me ſtrong.
But now a dry and wither'd ſtock am grown:
And all my Cluſters and my Branches gone.
D. John. Amongſt thoſe numbers which your wrongs deplore,

Then me, there's none that can reſent e'm more.
I feel a generous grudging in my breaſt,
To ſee ſuch honour and ſuch hopes oppreſt.
The King your Father is my Brother, true,
But I ſee more that's like my ſelf in you.
Freeborn I am, and not on him depend:
Oblig'd to none but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here. [*Embrace.*
D. Carl. From you, to whom I'm by ſuch Kindneſs ty'd,
The ſecrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This generous Princeſs has her promiſe giv'n,
I once more ſhall be brought in ſight of Heav'n.
To the fair Queen my laſt Devotion pay,
And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
Where to th'inſulting Rebels I'le give Law,
To keep my ſelf from wrongs, and them in awe.
D. John. Proſperity to the Deſign, 'Tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.
D. Carl. My Lord, your ſpreading Glories flouriſh high,
Above the reach or ſhock of Deſtiny;
Mine early nip't like Buds untimely dye.

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord! I grieve to tell what you muſt hear,
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Priſoner.
D. Carl. A pris'ner! what new game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs't the name of *Son:*
Since I muſt be a Slave becauſe I'm one.
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: no:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go,
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.
D. John. If ask't by whoſe Commands you did decline
Your Orders, Tell my Brother, 'Twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*
D. Carl. Now were I certain it would ſink me quite;
I'd ſee the Queen once more Though but in ſpite.
Tho' He with all his fury were in place,
I wou'd careſs and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if ſo
What he had loſt he might too lately know,
Curſing himſelf to think what he has done:

For I was ever an obedient Son.
With pleaſure all his glories ſaw when young,
Look't and with pride conſid'ring whence I ſprung.
Joyfully under him and free I playd
Baskt in his ſhine and wanton'd in his ſhade——
But now——
Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd
He thruſts me out among the common Herd.
Nor quietly will there permit my ſtay
But drives and hunts me like a Beaſt of prey,
Affliction! Oh affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to ſuffer yet.
Though ruine at me from each ſide take aim,
And I ſtand thus encompas'd round with flame:
Tho' the devouring fire approaches faſt,
Yet; will I try to plunge: if power waſt,
I can at worſt but ſink and burn at laſt. [*Ex. D. Carlos.*

D. John. Go on! perſue thy fortune while 'tis hot,
I long for work where Honour's to be got
But, Madam, to this Prince, you're wond'rous kind.

Ebol. You are not leſs to *Henriet.* I find.

D. John. Why, ſhe's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Ebol. I thought I might in charms have equall'd her.
You told me once my Beauty was not leſs,
Is this your faith? are theſe your promiſes?

D. John. You would ſeem jealous, but are crafty grown.
Tax me of falſhood to conceal your own.
Go, Y'are a woman——

Ebol. Yes. I know I am.
And by my weakneſs do deſerve that name.
When heart and Honour I to you reſign'd.
Would I were not a woman or leſs kind!

D. John. Think you your falſhood was not plainly ſeen,
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen.
Too well I ſaw it: how did you diſpence,
In looks your pity to th'afflicted Prince.
Whilſt I my duty paid the King: your time
You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,
Admir'd him——

Ebol. Yes Sir, for his conſtancie——
But 'twas with pain to think you falſe to me,
When to anothers eyes you homage paid,
And my true love wrong'd and neglected laid.

Wrong'd too ſo far as nothing can reſtore.
D. John. Nay, then let's part and think of love no more.
Farewel—— [*D. J. is going.*
Ebol. Farewel, if y'are reſolv'd to go.
Inhumane *Auſtria* can you leave me ſo?
Enough my Soul is by your falſhood rack't.
Add not to your inconſtancie neglect.
Methinks you ſo far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.
D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you not I forget.
For a Remove 'tis here too deeply ſet.
Firm rooted and for ever muſt remain. [*Ebol turns away.*
Why thus unkind?——
Ebol. Why are you jealous then? [*turns to him.*
D. John. Come, let it be no more! I'm huſht and ſtill!
Will you forgive?
Ebol. How can you doubt my will!
I do:
D. John. Then ſend me not away unbleſt.
Ebol. Till your return I will not think of reſt.
Carlos will hither ſuddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'le wait you there.
Farewel. [*Ebol. ſeems to weep.*
D. John. O do not let me ſee a Tear.
It quenches Joy and ſtifles appetite.
Like Wars fierce God upon my bliſs I'd prey;
Who from the furious Toils of Arms all day:
Returning home to Loves fair Queen at night,
Comes riotous and hot with full delight—— [*Ex. D. John.*
Ebol. H'has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealouſie.
But I'm as much a Libertine as He.
As fierce my will as furious my deſires
Yet will I hold him; Tho' enjoyment tyres,
Though Love and Appetite be at the beſt;
He'll ſerve as common meats fill up a Feaſt;
And look like plenty though we never taſte.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord! I bring thee News will make thee young.
R. Gom. Speak, there was always Muſique in thy Tongue.
Ebol. Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own,
Give 'em but one lift now and they go down.

Quickly to th'King and all his Doubts renew,
Appear diſturb'd as if you ſomething knew,
Too difficult, and dang'rous to relate.
Then bring him hither labouring with the weight.
I will take care that *Carlos* ſhall be here,
So for his jealous eyes a ſight prepare:
Shall prove more fatal than *Meduſa*'s head,
And he more Monſter ſeem than ſhe e're made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaſt!
When ſhall I get th'Uſurper diſpoſſeſt?
My thoughts like Birds when frighted from their reſt,
Around the place where all was huſht before,
Flutter and hardly ſettle any more——
Ha! *Gomez!* What are thou thus muſing on? [*Sees Gomez.*

R. Gom. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.
What mighty cares and what tempeſtuous ſtrife
Attend on an unhappy Fathers life?
How Children Bleſſings ſeem, but Torments are,
When young our folly, and when old our fear.

King. Why doſt thou bring theſe odd reflections here?
Thou envieſt ſure the quiet which I bear.

R. Gom. No Sir: I joy i'th' eaſe which you poſſeſs.
And wiſh you never may have cauſe for leſs.

King. Have cauſe for leſs! come nearer, Thou art ſad,
And look'ſt as thou wouldſt tell me that I had:
Now, now, I feel it riſing up again——
Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*, where the Queen?
What not a word? have my wrongs ſtruck thee dumb?
Or art thou ſwoln and labouring with my doom?
Yet dar'ſt not let the fatal ſecret come?

R. Gom. Heav'n great infirmities to age allots:
I'm old and have a thouſand doting Thoughts:
Seek not to know 'em Sir.

King. By Heaven I muſt.

R. Gom. Nay, I would not be by compulſion juſt.

King. Yet; if without it you refuſe, you ſhall.

R. Gom. Grant me then one requeſt, I'le tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Gom. It is that you wou'd here forgive your Son,
For all his paſt offences to this hour.

King. Th'haſt almoſt ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r,
But ſo much goodneſs i'th' requeſt I find,
Spite of my ſelf I'le for thy ſake be kind;
His Pardon's ſeal'd: The ſecret now declare.
R. Gom. Alas! 'tis only that I ſaw him here.——
King. Where with the Queen? Yes, yes, 'tis ſo I'm ſure.
Never were wrongs ſo great as I endure.
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my patience might have made a Saint.
O Woman! Monſtrous Woman!
Did I for this into my breaſt receive,
The promiſing repenting Fugitive?
But *Gomez*, I will throw her back agen,
And thou ſhalt ſee me ſmile, and tear her then:
I'le cruſh her heart, where all the poyſon lies:
Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.
R. Gom. They the beſt method of revenge purſue,
Who ſo contrive that it may Juſtice ſhew:
Stay till their wrongs appear at ſuch a head,
That Innocence may have no room to plead.
Your fury, Sir, at leaſt a while delay,
I gueſs the Prince may come agen this way:
Here I'le withdraw and watch his privacy.
King. And when he's fixt, be ſure bring word to me.
Till then, I'le bridle vengeance, and retire,
Within my breaſt ſuppreſs this angry fire:
Till to my eyes my wrongs themſelves diſplay,
Then like a Faulcon, gently cut my way;
And with my pounces ſeize th'unwary prey. [*Ex. King.*

Enter Eboli.

Ebol. I've overheard the buſineſs with delight,
And find revenge will have a Feaſt to night.
Though thy declining years are in their wane,
I can perceive there's youth ſtill in thy brain.
Away. The Queen is coming hither. [*Ex. R. Gom.*

Enter Queen, and Women. Henrietta.

Queen. Now
To all felicity a long adieu!
Where are you *Eboli?*
Ebol. Madam, I'm here.

Qy. Oh how freſh fears aſſault me every where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a priſoner made.
Ebol. No, Madam, he the Orders diſobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he ſtiles his friends.
But e're he goes, by me does humbly ſue,
That he may take his laſt farewel of you.
Queen. Will he then force his Deſtiny at laſt?
Hence quickly to him, *Ebali*, make haſte:
Tell him, I beg his purpoſe he'd delay:
Or if that can't his reſolution ſtay,
Say I have ſworn not to ſurvive the hour,
In which I hear that he has left this ſhore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his pardon of the King.
Tell him—to ſtay him—tell him any thing.—
Ebol. One word from you his Duty would reſtore,
And though you promis'd ne're to ſee him more,
Methinks you might upon ſo juſt a ſcore.
But ſee he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Carl. Run out of breath by Fate,
And perſecuted by a Fathers hate,
Weari'd with all, I panting hither fly,
To lay my ſelf down at your feet and dy. [*Kneels and kiſſes her hands.*
Qy. Oh too unhappy *Carlos!* yet unkind!
'Gainſt you what harms have ever I deſign'd,
That you ſhould with ſuch violence decree;
Ungratefully at laſt to murder me?
D. Carl. Pour all thy Curſes, Heav'n! upon this head.
For I've the worſt of vengeance merited;
That yet I impudently live to hear,
My ſelf upbraided of a wrong to her. [*he riſes.*
Say, has your Honour been by me betrai'd?
Or have I ſnares t' entrap your virtue laid?
Tell me: if not, why do you then upbraid?
Queen. You will not know the afflictions which you give,
Was't not my laſt requeſt that you wou'd live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I ſee,
Forgetting them; unmindful too of me;
Regardleſs your own ruine you deſigne;
Though you are ſure to purchaſe it with mine.

D. Carl. I as you bad me live, obey'd with pride.
Though it was harder far than to have di'd.
But loſs of Liberty my life diſdains.
Theſe Limbs were never made to ſuffer Chains.
My Father ſhould have ſingl'd out ſome Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He ſhould have ſeen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to proſcribe my freedom, ſinck me low,
To baſe confinement where no comforts flow:
But black Deſpair that foul Tormentor lies:
With all my preſent load of Miſeries,
Was to my Soul too violent a ſmart,
And rous'd the ſleeping Lion in my heart.
Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's rage,
I know the leaſt ſubmiſſion will aſſwage.
You're hot with Youth, He's cholerick with Age.
To him: and put a true obedience on;
Be humble, and expreſs your ſelf a Son.
Carlos! I beg it of you: Will you not?
D. Carl. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'le do't.
I muſt obey whatever you prefer;
Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot err.
For if my Doom's unalt'rable, I ſhall
This way at leaſt with leſs Diſhonour fall.
And Princes leſs my tameneſs thus condemn,
When I for you ſhall ſuffer, though by him.
Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this; and for a happy iſſue wait.
Your preſence there he cannot diſapprove,
When it ſhall ſpeak your Duty and my Love. [*Ex.* Carl. *and* Queen.

Enter R. Gomez.

Ebol. Now *Gomez* triumph. All is ripe. The Toyl
Has caught 'em, and Fate ſaw it with a ſmile.
Thus far the Work of Deſtiny was mine;
But I'm content the Maſter-piece be thine.
Away to th' King; prepare his Soul for Blood;
A Myſtery thou well haſt underſtood:
Whilſt I go reſt within a Lovers arms,
And to my *Auſtria* lay out all my charms. [*aſide.* *Exit.*
R. Gom. Fate open now thy Book, and ſet 'em down,
I have already markt 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Poſa (*at a diſtance*).

My Lord the King.
King. *Gomez!*
R. Gom. The ſame.
King. Haſt ſeen
The Prince?
R. Gom. I have.
King. Where is he?
R. Gom. With the Queen.
King. Now ye that dwell in everlaſting flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongſt your Preſidents there e're
Was ſeen a Son like him, or wife like her!
Hark *Gomez!* did'ſt not hear th'Infernals groan?
Huſh Hell a little, and they are thy own.
Poſa. Who ſhould theſe be? the King and *Gomez* ſure: [*at a diſtance.*
Methinks, I wiſh that *Carlos* were ſecure.
For *Flanders* his Diſpatches I've prepar'd.
King. Who's there? 'Tis *Poſa* Pander to their Luſt. [*drawing near to* Poſa
Now *Gomez* to his heart thy Dagger Thruſt;
In the purſuit of vengeance drive it far,
Strike deep, and if thou can'ſt wound *Carlos* there.
R. Gomez. I'le do't as cloſe as happy Lovers kiſs;
May he ſtrike mine if of his heart I miſs.
Thus Sir ——————————— [*Stabs him.*
Poſa. Ha *Gomez!* Villain! thou haſt done
Thy worſt! but yet I would not die alone:
Here Dogg ——————————— [*Stabs at him.*
R. Gom. So brisk! then take it once again, [*As they are ſtruggling*
'Twas onely Sir to put you out of pain. *the Diſpatches fall out of* Poſa's *boſom.*
[*Stabs him again, and* Poſa *falls.*
Poſa. My Lord! the King! but life too far is gone,
I faint! be mindful of your Queen and Son. [*Dies.*
King. The Slave in death repents and warnes me, Yes
I ſhall be very mindful: What are Theſe? [*Takes up the Diſpatches.*
For *Flanders!* with the Prince's Signet ſeal'd?
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See *Gomez!* practices againſt my Crown: [*Shows e'm him.*
Treaſon and Luſt have Joyn'd to pull me down.
Yet ſtill I ſtand like a firm ſturdy Rock,
Whilſt they but ſplit themſelves with their own ſhock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.
R. Gom. What hoa! within: the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE *drawes, and diſcovers* D. John, *and* Eboli *embracing.*

King. Now let me if I can to fury add,
That when I thunder, I may ſtrike e'm dead.
[*Looking earneſtly on e'm.*
Ha!——*Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life,
Why that's our Brother *Auſtria!*
R. G. And my Wife!
Embracing cloſe; Whilſt I was buſie grown
In others ruines, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I periſh't e're t'was underſtood.
King. This is the Neſt, where Luſt and falſhood brood.
Is it not admirable?—— [*Exit* D. John *and*
R. Gom. O Sir yes! Eboli *embracing.*
Ten thouſand Devils tear the Sorcereſs——
King. But they are gone, and my Diſhonour's near.

Enter D. Carlos *and* Queen *diſcourſing.*

Look my inceſtuous Son and Wife appear!
See *Gomez*, how ſhe Languiſhes and dyes,
'S'death! There are very pulſes in her eyes.
[D. Carlos *approaches the King.*
D. Carl. In peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from harms,
In Warr Succeſs and Triumph crown his Arms:
Till all the Nations of the World ſhall be
Humbled and proſtrate at his feet like me. [*Kneels.*
I hear your fury has my Death deſign'd;
Though I've deſerv'd the worſt, you may be kind:
Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not ſpill that blood which is your own.
King. Yes! when my blood growes tainted I ne'r doubt
But for my health, 'tis good to let it out:
But thine's a ſtranger like thy ſoul to me,
Or elſe be curs't thy Mothers memory:
And doubly curſt be that unhappy night,
In which I purchac'd torment with delight.
D. Carl. Thus then I lay aſide all rights of blood, [*Riſes boldly.*
My Mother curſt! ſhe was all Juſt and good.
Tyrant! too good to ſtay with thee below,
And therefore's bleſt, and raigns above thee now.
Submiſſion, which way got it entrance here!

King. Perhaps it came e're Treaſon was aware,
Thy trayterous deſigns now come to Light,
Too great, and horrid to be hid in night:
See here my Honour and thy Duties ſtains; [*Shews the Diſpatches.*
I've paid your Secretary for his pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him, go
Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now. [*Shows* Poſa's *Body.*
D. Carl. My Friend here ſlain, my faithful *Poſa*, 'tis;
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples ſack't? what Deſolations made,
To pull down ſuch a vengeance on my head?
This Villain, was thy work; what Friend of thine [*To Gomez.*
Did I e're wrong, that thou ſhould'ſt murder mine?
But I'le take care it ſhall not want reward—— [*Drawes.*
King. Courage, my *Gomez!* ſince thy King's thy Guard.
Come Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.
D. Carl. No: Tho' unjuſt, you are my Father ſtill. [*Throwes away*
And from that Title muſt your ſafety own: *his Sword.*
'Tis that which awes my hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true all there contain'd I had deſign'd;
To ſuch a height your Jealouſie was grown,
It was the onely way that I could find
To work your peace, and to procure my own.
King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decreaſe,
You'd eaſe me of my Crown to give me peace.
D. Carl. Alas! you fetch your miſconſtructions far,
The injuries to Me, and wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair:
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Sons and Princes right:
Branded my Honour, and purſu'd my Life,
My Duty Long with Nature was at ſtrife:
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name,
Could ſuffer by the voice of common Fame.
A thing I ſtill eſteem'd beneath my pride;
For though condemn'd by all the world beſide,
Had you but thought me juſt, I could have dy'd.
At laſt this onely way I found, to flye
Your anger, and divert your Jealouſie—
To go for *Flanders*, and be ſo remov'd
From all, I ever honour'd, ever Lov'd.
There in your right hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my wrongs ſome Action truly great.

Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your hate, and ſhun that ſtorm which threaten'd here.
Queen. And can this merit hate! he would forgo
The joyes and charms of Courts to purchaſe you:
Baniſh himſelf, and ſtem the dang'rous Tide
Of Lawleſs outrage, and rebellious pride.
King. How evenly ſhe pleads in his defence!
So blind is guilt when 'twou'd ſeem Innocence.
She thinks her ſoftneſs may my rage Diſarm;
No, *Sorcereſs!* Y'are miſtaken in your charm.
And whilſt you ſooth, do but aſſiſt the ſtorm.
Do, take full view of your tall able ſlave, [*Q. looking on* Carlos.
Look hard; it is the laſt y'are like to have.
D. Carl. My Life or Death are in your pow'r to give.
King. Yes, and thou dy'ſt!
D. Carl. Not till ſhe give me leave;
She is the Star that rules my Deſtiny.
And whilſt her Aſpect's kind, I cannot dy.
Qu. No Prince, for ever live, be ever bleſt.
King. Yes, I will ſend him to's eternal reſt!
Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
I n'ere had known the pains that rack me now.
Queen. What pains? what racks? [*approaching him.*
King. Avoid and touch me not.
I ſee thee foul all one inceſtuous blot:
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty face.
Queen. Have I then in your pity left no place?
King. Oh thus it was you drew me in before,
With promiſes you ne'r would ſee him more.
But now your ſubtleſt Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten freedome and I'le keep't my own.
Queen. May you be ever free, but can your Mind
Conceive that any ill was here deſign'd?
He hither came onely that he might ſhow
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You ſaw his humble Dutiful addreſs.
King. But you before-hand ſign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli.

Oh Princeſs thank you for the Care you take!
Tell me! how got this Monſter entrance? ſpeak.
Ebol. Heav'n witneſs, 'twas without my knowledg done.
R. Gom. No, ſhe had other bus'neſs of her own. [*aſide.*

Oh Blood and Murder——
King. All are falſe! A Guard. [*Enter Guard.*
Seize on that Traytor.—————— [*To* Carlos.
D. Carl. Welcome: I am prepar'd.
Queen. Stay Sir! let me die too, I can obey.
King. No, Thou ſhalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*
By heav'n but not a Day;
I a revenge ſo exquiſite have fram'd, [*aſide.*
She unrepenting dies, and ſo ſhe's damn'd.
Henr. If ever pity could your heart ingage,
If e're you hope for bleſſings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgins pray'r.
King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'ſt thou ſay?
Henr. Deſtroy not in one man
More Virtue than the World can boaſt agen.
View him the eldeſt pledge of your firſt Love,
Your Virgin Joyes! that may ſome pity move——
King. No: for the wrongs I ſuffer weigh it ſown,
I'd now not ſpare his life to ſave my own.
Away by thy ſoft Tongue, I'le not be caught.
Henr. By all that hopes can frame I begg; if not,
May you by ſome baſe hand unpity'd dye;
And childleſs Mothers curſe your Memory.
By Honour; Love; by Life!——
King. Fond Girle away.
By heav'n I'le kill thee elſe! ſtill dar'ſt thou ſtay?
Cannot Death terrifie Thee?
Henr. ——No, for I,
If you refuſe me, am reſolv'd to die.
D. Carl. Kind fair one do not waſt your ſorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joyes in ſtore
When I in duſt am laid, and ſeen no more.
Oh Madam!—— [*To the Queen.*
Qu. Oh my *Carlos!* muſt you dye
For me? no mercy in a Father's eye.
D. Carl. Hide, Hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A tenderneſs that misbecomes my heart:
For ſince I muſt, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly ſpirits call.
Qu. You like a man as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a woman ſtill. [*Weeps.*

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the race of all Mankind was curſt.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd;
But your great Lord the Devil taught you pride.
He too an Angel till he durſt rebel;
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on, a ſtock of tears like Vows you have,
And alwaies ready when you wou'd deceive.
Qu. Cruel Inhumane! Oh my heart! why ſhou'd
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a ſtranger to what e're was ſo:
Alas I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The Juſt reſentment of my wrong's ſo great, [*Ready to ſink*
My ſpirits ſink beneath the heavy weight. *with paſſion.*
Tyrant! ſtand off. I hate thee! and will try
If I have ſcorn enough to make me dye.
D. Car. Bleſt Angel ſtay—— [*Takes her in his Arms.*
Qu. Carlos! the ſole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his face.
D. Carl. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous Eaſt,
In all the Glories of his Empire dreſt,
Was ever half ſo rich, or half ſo bleſt!
But from ſuch bliſs how wretched is the fall;
They too like we muſt die, and leave it all.
King. All this before my face! what Soul could bear't.
Go force her from him. [*Officer approaches.*
D. Car. ——Slave 'twill coſt thy heart:
Th'adſt better meet a Lyon on his way,
And from his hungry Jawes reprize the prey:
She's Miſtriſs of my Soul, and to prepare
My ſelf for death, I muſt conſult with her.
R. Go. Have pity—— [*Ironically.*
King. Hence! How wretchedly he rules,
That's ſerv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by fooles.
Oh Torture!——
D. Car. ——Rouze my Soul, Conſider now,
That to thy bliſsful Manſion thou muſt go.
But I ſo mighty Joyes have taſted here,
I hardly ſhall have ſence of any there.
Oh ſoft as Bloſſoms! and yet ſweeter far: [*Leaning on her boſom.*
Sweeter than Incenſe which to Heav'n aſcends,
Though 'tis preſented there by Angels hands.

King. Still in his Arms! Cowards go tear her forth.
D. Car. You'l ſooner from its Center ſhake the Earth.
I'l hold her faſt till my laſt hour is nigh;
Then I'l bequeath her to you when I die.
King. Cut off his hold or any thing.——
D. Carl. ——Ay Come.
Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb:
I'd have my Monument erected Here,
With broken mangled Limbs ſtill claſping her.
Qu. Hold and I'l quit his Arms—— [*The Gu. Offer their Axes.*
King. Now bear him hence. [*They part.*
Qu. Oh horrid Tyrant! [*The Gu. are hurrying* Carlos *off.*
Stay Unhappy Prince——
Turn, turn oh Torment! muſt I leave you ſo?
No ſtay and take me with you where you go.
D. Carl. Hark ſlaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.
Dogs! have you eyes, and can you diſobey? [*Preſſing forward.*
See her! Oh let me but juſt touch my bliſs.
King. By Hell he ſhan't, ſlaves are ye mine or his.
Qu. My life!
D. Car. ——My Soul Farewel——
Qu. ——He's gone, he's gone. [*Exit* Carlos.
Now Tyrant to thy rage I'm left alone.
Give me my death that hate both life and thee.
King. I know thou doſt, yet live.
Qu. ——Oh miſery!
Why was I born to be thus curſt? or why [*Throwes her ſelf*
Should life be forc't, when 'tis ſo ſweet to die? *on the floor.*
King. Thou woman haſt been falſe: but to renew [*To Eboli.*
Thy Credit in my heart, aſſiſt me now:
Prepare a draught of poiſon, ſuch as will
Act ſlow, and by degrees of Torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all ſence
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that e're Morning he'l attend her: I
In a diſguiſe his preſence will ſupply:
So Glut my rage, and ſmiling ſee her dye.
Ebol. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd——
R. Go. Do, work thy miſchiefs to their laſt degree,
And when th'are in their height I'l murder thee. [*aſide.*
King. Now *Gomez* ply my rage and keep it hot;
O're Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got:

Still charming Beauty triumphs in her eyes, [*Looking at*
Yet for my honour, and my reſt ſhe dies. *the Queen.*
[*Exeunt Queen and Women.*
But oh what Eaſe can I expect to get,
When I muſt purchaſe at ſo dear a rate. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The SCENE *ſhuts.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the Firſt.

Enter King Solus.

King. 'Tis night: the ſeaſon when the happy take
Repoſe, and only wretches are awake:
Now diſcontented Ghoſts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholſome Grounds:
Or at the Curtains of the reſtleſs wait,
To frighten 'em with ſome ſad tale of fate.
When I would reſt, I can no reſt obtain;
The ills I've born ev'n o're my ſlumbers reign,
And in ſad Dreams torment me o're again.
The fatal bus'neſs is e're this begun:
I'm ſhock't, and ſtart to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that *Phillip* am
So much for Conſtancy renown'd by fame:
Who through the Progreſs of my life, was ne're
By hopes tranſported, or depreſs'd by fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And ſtedfaſtneſs will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli *in a Night-Gown.*

Who! *Eboli?*
Ebol. My Lord.
King. Is the Deed done?
Ebol. 'Tis! and the Queen to ſeek repoſe is gone.
King. Can ſhe expect it? who allow'd me none!
No *Eboli;* her Dreams muſt be as full

Of horrour, and as Helliſh as her Soul;
Does ſhe believe the Prince has freedome gaind?
Ebol. She does.
King. How were the tydings entertain'd?
Ebol. O're all her Face young wandring bluſhes were,
Such as ſpeak hopes too weak to conquer fear.——
But when confirm'd no Lover e're ſo kind,
She claſp'd me faſt, careſs't, and call'd me Friend:
Which Opportunity I took to give
The Poiſon; and till Day ſhe cannot live.
King. Quickly then to her: ſay that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his happineſs with her.
Go: that my vengeance I may finiſh quite,
'Twould be imperfect ſhould I loſe the ſight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And ſhe may ſtill miſtake me for my Son:
Remove all Lights but that which may ſuffice
To let her ſee me ſcorn her when ſhe dies.
Ebol. You'l find her all in ruful ſables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light,
Such as in Vaults aſſiſt the ghaſtly ſhade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night:
Thus ſhe reſolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* ſhall with Liberty return.
King. Oh ſtedfaſt Sin! incorrigible Luſt!
Not damn'd! it is impoſſible ſhe muſt.
How do I long to ſee her in her pains,
The poys'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins.

Enter D. John, *and Attendants.*

Who's there? my Brother!
D. John. Yes Sir, and your Friend!
What can your Preſence here ſo late intend?
King. Oh *Auſtria!* Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy Youthful Courage to a ſtand.
Survey me: Do I look as heretofore?
D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r:
Like one who ſtill ſeeks Glory on the Wing;
You look as I would do, were I a King.
King. A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miſerable in a man:
But thou ſhalt ſee how calm anon I'le grow,
I'le be as happy and as gay as Thou.

D. John. No Sir! my happineſs you cannot have!
Whilſt to your abject paſſions thus a ſlave.
To know my eaſe you thoughts like mine muſt bring,
Be ſomething leſs a man, and more a King.
King. I'm growing ſo: 'Tis true that long I ſtrove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love.
Thoſe Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul ſo faſt,
But now the Date of the Enchantment's paſt:
Before my rage like ruines down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're e'm all.
D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'have doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a ſure Succeſſion off,
At which your Friends muſt grieve, and Foes will laugh.
As if ſince Age has from you took away
Increaſe, you'd grow malicious and deſtroy.
King. Doubt it not *Auſtria:* Thou my Brother art,
And in my blood I'm certain haſt a part.
Onely the Juſtice of my Vengeance own,
Th'art Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.
D. John. I muſt confeſs there in a Crown are charms,
Which I would Court in bloody Fields and Arms;
But in my Nephew's wrong I muſt decline,
Since he muſt be extinguiſh't e're I ſhine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death ſhould wait on Me, not I on him.
Did you e're Love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of ſo brave a Son?
King. I gueſs'd I ſhould be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindneſs, but no more:
Thou living free, alas, art eaſie grown,
D. John. Not Sir ſo eaſie! as I muſt be bold,
And ſpeak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y'are a ſlave to th'vileſt that obey,
Such as Diſgrace on Royal Favour lay:
And blindly follow as they lead aſtray.
Voracious Varlets, ſordid Hangers on,
Beſt by familiarity Th'are known,
Yet ſhrink at frowns, but when you ſmile they fawn.
Th'are theſe have wrong'd you and abus'd your Ears,
Poſſeſt your Mind with falſe miſ-grounded fears.
King. Mis-grounded fears! why is there any Truth
In Womens Vowes, or Diſobedient Youth!

I ſooner would believe this World were Heav'n;
Where I have nought but Toyles and Torment met,
And never comfort yet to man was given:
But thou ſhalt ſee how my revenge I'le treat.

The SCENE *drawes and diſcovers the Queen (alone) in mourning on her Couch with a Lamp by her.*

Look where ſhe ſits as quiet and ſerene, [*Ironically.*
As if ſhe never had a Thought of ſin.
In mourning her wrong'd Innocence to ſhow;
Sh'has ſworn't ſo oft that ſhe believes it true.
O'rewhelm'd with ſorrow ſhe'l in darkneſs dwell,
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends and making Leagues with Hell.
[*Q. riſes, and comes towards him.*
Queen. My Lord! Prince *Carlos?* may it be believ'd!
Are my eyes bleſt? and am I not deceiv'd?
King. My Queen! My Love I'm here—— [*Embraces her.*
Queen. My Lord! the King!
This is furprizing Kindneſs, which you bring!
Can you believe me Innocent at laſt?
Methinks my griefs are half already paſt!
King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd, but deceit;
Too well ſhe knew him not to find the cheat:
Yes vile Inceſtuous Woman! it is I
The King! Look on me well, deſpair and die.
Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my doom before,
Since to affliction you could add no more:
Methinks Death is leſs welcome when I find,
You could but Counterfeit a look that's kind.
King. No, now th'art fit for Death, had I believ'd
Thou could'ſt have been more wicked, thou had'ſt liv'd.
Liv'd and gone on in luſt and riot ſtill,
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the reward thou might'ſt not miſs,
This night th'aſt drank thy bane, th'art poiſon'd: Yes
Thou art——
Queen. ——Then welcome everlaſting bliſs.
But e're I die, let me here make a Vow.
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there I'm true.
King. Vows you had alwaies ready when you ſpoke,
How many of 'em have you made and broke?

Yet there's a pow'r that does your falſhood hear,
A Juſt one too, and lets thee live to ſwear.
How comes it that above ſuch mercy dwels,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?
Queen. You have been ever ſo to all that's good,
My Innocence had elſe been underſtood.
At firſt your love was nothing but your pride;
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a Kind Indulgent Father were:
But finding me Unfortunately fair,
Thought me a prize too rich to be poſſeſt
By him, and forc't your ſelf into my breaſt;
Where you maintain'd an Unreſiſted pow'r:
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more:
Till Conſcious of your Age my faith was blam'd,
And I a lewd Adultereſs proclaim'd;
Accus'd of fouleſt Inceſt with your Son:
What more could my worſt Enemy have done?
King. Nothing I hope, I would not have it ſaid,
That in my Vengeance any fault I made.
Love me! oh low pretence! too feebly built:
But 'tis the Conſtant fault of dying guilt,
Ev'n to the laſt to cry th'are Innocent;
When their deſpair's ſo great, they can't repent.
Queen. Thus having Urg'd your Malice to the head,
You ſpightfully are Come to rail me dead.
Had I been man and had an impious Wife,
With ſpeedy fury I'd have ſnatch'd her life:
Torn a broad paſſage open to her heart,
And there have ranſack't each polluted part:
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have ſeen the Iſs'uing flood,
And Wantonly have bath'd my hands in blood.
That had out-done the low revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman then a King.
King. I'm glad I know what death you'd wiſh to have,
You would go down in ſilence to your grave:
Remove from future fame, as preſent times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Juſtice underſtood:
Proclaim thy falſhood, and thy luſt aloud.
Queen. About it then, the noble work begin,
Be proud and boaſt how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's glory 'twill advance!

Do, quickly let it reach the ears of *France*;
I've there a Royal Brother that is Young,
Who'l certainly revenge his Siſters Wrong:
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne, a wretched thing,
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King.

King. I ne're had pleaſure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds ſhe's cruſh't, and fain would bite.
Oh were he here and durſt maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle ſeize the Callow Bird,
And gripe him till the daſtard Craven Cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Siſters ſide.

Qu. Alas! I faint and ſink, my Lord your hand, [*To D. J.*
My ſpirits fail, and I want ſtrength to ſtand.

D. J. O Jealouſie.
A Curſe which none but he that bears it knows; [*Leads her to a*
So rich a Treaſure who would live to looſe. *Chair.*

King. The poiſon works, heav'n grant there were enough:
She is ſo foul, ſhe may be poiſon proof.
Now, my falſe fair one——

Qu. Tyrant hence be gone,
This hour's my laſt, and let it be my own.
Away, away, I would not leave the light,
With ſuch a hated Object in my ſight.

King. No, I will ſtay and ev'n thy prayr's prevent,
I would not give thee leiſure to repent:
But let thy ſins all in one Throng Combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou haſt Tortur'd mine.

Qu. Glut then your Eyes, your Tyrant Fury feed,
And Triumph; but remember when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying pillows, you
May feel thoſe Tortures, which you give me now.
Go on, your worſt reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all, you ſhall not force a Tear.

King. Thus *Auſtria* my loſt freedom I obtain,
And once more ſhall appear my ſelf again.
Love held me faſt whilſt like a fooliſh Boy
I of the thing was fond becauſe 'twas gay,
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

Eboli *within.*

Eb. Help, Murder, help.——

King. ——See *Auſtria* whence that Cry,
Call up our Guards, there may be danger nigh. [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Eboli *in her night-dreſs wounded and bleeding,*
Rui-Gomez *purſuing her.*

Eb. Oh Guard me from that Cruel Murderer!
But 'tis in vain, the ſteel has gone too far:
Turn Wretched King, I've ſomething to unfold,
Nor can I die till the ſad Secret's Told.

King. The Woman's mad! to ſome Apartment by
Remove her, where ſhe may grow tame and dye.
Fate came abroad to night reſolv'd to range;
I Love a kind Companion in revenge. [*huggs* R. Go.

Ebol. If in your heart truth any favour wins;
If e're you would repent of ſecret ſins,
Here me a word.

King. ——What would'ſt thou ſay? be brief.

Ebol. Do what you can to ſave that pretious life:
Try every art that may her death prevent;
You are abus'd, and ſhe is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my hopes of you were vain,
Led by my luſt I practis'd all my Charms,
To gain the Prince *Don Carlos* to my Arms:
But there too croſs't, I did the purpoſe change,
And pride made him my Engine for Revenge: [*To R. Go.*
Taught him to raiſe your growing Jealouſie,
Then my wild paſſion at this Prince did fly, } *To D. J.*
And that was done for which I now muſt die.

King. Ha *Gomez*, ſpeak and Quickly, is it ſo?

R. Go. I'm ſorry you ſhould doubt if't be or no:
She by whoſe luſt my honour was betray'd,
Cannot want malice now to take my head,
And therefore does this penitence pretend.

Eb. Oh *Auſtria* take away that Ugly Fiend,
He ſmiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl.

R. Go. Thus is her fancy tortur'd by her guilt;
But ſince you'l have my blood, let it be ſpilt.

King. No more—— [*To R. Go.*
Speak on I charge thee by the reſt [*To Eb.*
Thou hope'ſt the truth, and as thou ſhalt be bleſt.

Eb. As what I've ſaid is ſo:
There may I find, where I muſt anſwer all,
What moſt I need, heav'ns mercy on my Soul. [*Dyes.*
King. Heav'n! ſhe was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould dye,
And durſt not in the minute tell a lye.
D. J. His guilt's too plain, ſee his wild ſtaring Eye.
By unconcern he would ſhow innocence,
But Harden'd Guilt ne're wanted the pretence
Of great ſubmiſſion when't had no defence.
Thus whilſt of life you ſhew this little Care,
You ſeem not guiltleſs, but betray deſpair.
King. His life! what ſatisfaction can that give?
But oh in doubt I muſt for ever live,
And looſe my peace—Yet I the truth will find:
I'l rack him for't; go in this minute bind
Him to the wheel——
R. Go. How have I this deſerv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and ſerv'd?
What would you have me do?
King. ——I'd have thee tell
The truth; do *Gomez*, all ſhall then be well.
R. Go. Alas! like you Sir, in a Cloud I'm loſt,
And can but tell you what I think at moſt:
You ſet me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I ſtill brought the beſt Intelligence
I could, till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer meaſures took by her:
Which if I after a falſe Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as you.
King. And this is all thou haſt for life to ſhew?
R. Go. Dear Sir your pardon, it is all I know.
King. Then Villain I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n where is now thy ſleeping providence,
That took ſo little care of Innocence?
Oh *Auſtria*, had I to thy truth inclind:
Had I been half ſo good as thou wer't kind.
But I'm too tame, ſecure that Traytor; Oh [*Guards ſeize him.*
Earth open to thy Center, let me Go
And there for ever hide my Impious head.
Thou faireſt pureſt Creature Heav'n e're made,
Thy Injur'd truth too late I've underſtood:
Yet live and be Immortal as Th'art good.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not Credit mine:
The poiſon's very buſie at my heart,
Methinks I ſee Death ſhake his Threat'ning dart:
Why are you kind and make it hard to die?
Perſiſt, Continue on the Injury.
Call me ſtill vile, inceſtuous, all that's foul.
King. Oh pity, pity my deſpairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raiſe my Phyſitians ſtrait;
Haſten 'em quickly e're it be too late.
Propoſe rewards may ſet their skill at ſtrife,
I'l give my Crown to him that ſaves her life.
Curſtt Dog!—— [*To Gomez.*
D. J. Vile proſtitute!
King. ——Revengeful Fiend!
But I've forgotten half, to *Carlos* ſend;
Prevent what his deſpair may make him do:

Enter Henrietta.

Henr. Oh Horror, Horror, everlaſting Woe.
The Prince, the Prince!
King. Hah! ſpeak.——
Hen. ——He dyes, he dyes.
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lyes:
Juſt taken from a Bath, his Veins all Cut,
From which the ſpringing blood flowes ſwiftly out.
He threatens death on all that ſhall oppoſe
His fate, to ſave that life which he will looſe.
King. Dear *Auſtria* haſten, all thy int'reſt uſe.
Tell him it is to Friendſhip an Offence,
And let him know his Father's penitence:
Beg him to live.——
R. Go. Since yo've decreed my death, know 'twill be hard,
The Bath by me was poiſon'd when prepar'd.
I Ow'd him that for his late pride and ſcorn:
King. There never was ſo curs't a Villain born.
But by revenge ſuch pains he ſhall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne're knew.
Rack him! I'l broyl him, burn him by degrees;
Freſh Torments for him ev'ry hour deviſe,
Till he Curſe heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.
Queen. My faithful *Henrietta* art thou come
To wait th'unhappy Miſtreſs to her Tomb?

I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now muſt leave thee, to heav'n knowes what wrong.
But Heav'n to its protection will receive
Such goodneſs, let it then thy Queen forgive.
Hen. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis Unſpeakable, I lov'd ſo well.
A proof of it the World ſhall quickly find:
For when You dye, I'l ſcorn to ſtay behind.

Enter D. Carlos *ſupported between two, and bleeding.*

D. John. See Sir, your Son.
King. My Son! but oh how dare
I uſe that name when this ſad Object's near.
See Injur'd Prince who 'tis thy pardon Craves;
No more thy Father, but the worſt of ſlaves:
Behold the tears that from theſe fountains flow.
D. Carl. I come to take my farewel, e're I go
To that bright dwelling, where there is no room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never Come.
King. I know there is not; therefore muſt deſpair:
Oh heav'n his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Doſt thou not hear thy wretched Father ſue?
D. Car. My Father, ſpeak the word once more, is't you?
And may I think the dear Converſion true?
Oh that I could!
King. By heav'n thou muſt——it is.
Let me Embrace and kiſs thy Trembling knees.
Why wilt thou dye? no, live my *Carlos* live,
And all the wrongs that I have done, forgive.
D. Car. Life was my Curſe, and giv'n me ſure in ſpight:
Oh had I periſht when I firſt ſaw light,
I never then theſe miſeries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: apace I feel my life decay.
The little time on Earth I have to ſtay,
Grant I without Offence may here beſtow: [*Pointing to the Queen.*
You cannot certainly be Jealous now.
King. Break, break my heart—— [*Leads* D. Carlos *to the Chair.*
D. Car. Y'ave thus more kindneſs ſhown,
Then if y'ad Crown'd and plac't me on your Throne.
Methinks ſo highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to ſee You there:

Take me away again, You are too good.
Queen. Carlos is't you? Oh ſtop that Royal flood;
Live, and poſſeſs your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.
D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher pride
Thus on you fixt, and dying by your ſide,
How much a Life and Empire I diſdain;
No, we'l together mount, where both ſhall raign
Above all Wrongs, and never more Complain.
Queen. Oh matchleſs Youth! oh Conſtancy Divine!
Sure there was never Love that Equall'd thine;
Nor any ſo Unfortunate as mine.——
Henceforth forſaken Virgins ſhall in Songs,
When they would eaſe their own, repeat thy wrongs:
And in remembrance of thee, for thy ſake,
A ſolemn Annual Proceſſion make:
In Chaſt devotion as fair Pilgrims Come,
With Hyacinths, and Lillies, deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then Vain World adieu!
It is to reconcile my Lord, and You.
D. Carl. H'as done no wrong to me, I am poſſeſt
Of all, beyond my expectation bleſt.
But yet methinks there's ſomething in my heart,
Tells me I muſt not too Unkindly part:
Father draw nearer, raiſe me with your hand,
Before I dye, what is't you would Command?
King. The Grant thoul't find too difficult a Task;
I want forgiveneſs if I durſt but ask.
How Curs't! and yet how might I have been bleſt!
D. Carl. Oh all my wrongs and my misfortunes paſt,
As they ne're were let your Remembrance ſhun,
And quite forget e'm all as I ha' done.
Alas! 'tis fate has been to blame, not You,
Who only Honours dictates did purſue.
I was a wicked Son, Indeed I was;
Rebel to Yours as well as Duties Laws.
By head-ſtrong will too proud to be confin'd;
Scorn'd your Commands, and at your Joyes repin'd.
When to my love your Royal Claim was layd,
I ſhould have born my Inj'ries and obeyd;
But I was hot, and would my right maintain,
Which you forgave; yet I rebell'd again,
And nought but death can now waſh off the ſtain.

King. Why wert thou made ſo excellently good;
And why was it no ſooner Underſtood?
But I was Curs't, and blindly led aſtray;
Oh for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'ſt ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by deſpair.
D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of life we [D. Carl. *and the* (kneel, *Queen ſink out*
May you be ever free from all that's ill. *of the Chairs, and*
Queen. And everlaſting peace upon you dwell. *kneel.*
King. No more; this Virtue's too divinely bright,
My Darken'd Soul too Converſant with Night,
Grows blind, and Overcome with too much light.
Here raiſe e'm up: Gently ye ſlaves, down, down,
Ye Glorious Toyles a Scepter and a Crown
For ever be forgotten, in your ſtead
Only Eternal darkneſs wrap my head.
Qu. Where are you? oh Farewel, I muſt be gone.
King. Bleſt happy Soul, take not thy flight ſo ſoon:
Stay till I dye, then bear mine with thee too,
And Guard it up, which elſe muſt ſink below.
Qu. From all my Injuries and all my fears;
From Jealouſie Love's bane; the worſt of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that ſtranger reſt,
Carlos thy hand ſupport me on thy breaſt,
Within this minute how ſhall we be bleſt.
D. Car. Oh far above
What ever wiſhes fram'd, or hopes deſign'd;
Thus where we go we ſhall the Angels find,
For ever preſſing, and for ever kind.
Qu. Make haſt, in the firſt Sphear I'l for you ſtay;
Thence we'l riſe both to Everlaſting day.
Farewel—— [*Dyes.*
D. Car. I follow you, now Cloſe my eyes;
Thus all o're bliſs the Happy *Carlos* dyes. [*Leans on her boſome.*
King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I muſt n'ere aſpire,
Run, ſally out, and ſet the World on fire.
Alarum Nature, let looſe all the winds;
Set free thoſe ſpirits whom ſtrong Magick binds.
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends ſtart from their Hell and ſhake their Chains,
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confuſion be as great as mine.

Here I'l lye down, and never more ariſe;
Howl out my life, and rend the Ayr with Cryes.
D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring heart ſome eaſe.
King. Oh! name it not: there's no ſuch thing as Peace.
From theſe warm Lips yet one ſoft kiſs I'le take,
How my heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, ſpeak.
Oh he regards not now my miſeries,
But deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's juſt deſcending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The Sluggard's Lazy, but I'le ſpur him on.
Hey! how he flyes! [*Stabs* R. Gomez.
R. Gom. 'Twas aym'd well at my heart;
That I had ſtrength enough but to retort.
Dull Life ſo tamely muſt I from thee part!
Curſes and plagues; Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark houſe below. [*Dyes.*
King. He's gone, and now there's not ſo vile a thing
As I.
D. John. Remember, Sir, You are a King.
King. A King! it is too little; I'le be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperour;
He kill'd his Mother, but I have that out-done,
Murder'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltleſs Son.
Yet, *Auſtria*, why ſhould I grow mad for that?
Is it my fault I was unfortunate?
D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind?
King. Look too't; ſtrange things I tell thee are deſign'd.
Thou *Auſtria* ſhal't grow old, and in thy age
Doat, Doat, my Heroe! Oh a long gray Beard,
With Eyes diſtilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be ſuch charms thou canſt not want ſucceſs.
But above all beware of Jealouſie.
It was the dreadful Curſe that ruin'd me.
D. John. Dread Sir, no more.
King. Oh Heart! Oh Heaven! but ſtay,
Nam'd I not heav'n? I did, and at the word
(Methought I ſaw't) the Azure fabrick ſtir'd.
Oh for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare!
But I'le purſue and Overtake e'm there:
Whirle, ſtop the Sun, arreſt his Charioteer;

I'le ride in that away; pull, pull him down.
On, now I'le hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount——— [*Runs off raving.*

D. John. Look to the King.
See of this fair one too ſtrict care be had. [*Pointing to Henrietta.*
Deſpair, how vaſt a Triumph haſt thou made?
No more in Loves Enervate charms I'le lye;
Shaking off ſoftneſs, to the Camp I'le fly,
Where Thirſt of Fame the Active Hero warms;
And what I've loſt in Peace, regain in Arms.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by a Girle.

NOW what d'ye think my Meſſage hither means?
Yonder's the Poet ſick behind the Scenes:
He told me there was pity in my face,
And therefore ſent me here to make his peace.
Let me for once perſwade ye to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to ſtand my Friend.
And if this time I can your kindneſs move,
He'l write for me, he ſwears by all above,
When I am bigg enough to be in love.
Now won't ye be goodnatur'd, ye fine men?
Indeed I'le grow as faſt as e'n I can,
And try if to his promiſe he'l be true,
Think on't, when that time comes; ye do not know
But I may grow in love with ſome of you.
Or at the worſt I'm certain I ſhall ſee
Amongſt you thoſe who'l ſwear they're ſo with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'l not be won,
You know what your unkindneſs oft has done;
I'le e'n forſake the Play-Houſe, and turn Nun.

THE END.

TITUS

AND BERENICE

A TRAGEDY

With a FARCE

call'd

The CHEATS of *Scapin*.

Grandis Oratio non eſt turgida,
Sed naturali pulchritudine exſurgit. Pe. Arb.

Source

RACINE'S *Titus et Bérénice*, produced at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, Friday, 21 November, 1671, is the source of Otway's tragedy. The English poet has wisely compressed the five acts of the original into three. He is something more than a translator, and he has given us, it must (I think) be allowed, a very spirited, and indeed a beautiful adaptation.

Otway's version of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, produced at the Palais Royal on 24 May, 1671, turns the witty original by a racy English idiom. The farce is excellent fun, provocative of loud laughter rather than to be rewarded with a courtly smile.

Racine's tragedy and Molière's humorous scenes have already been examined at some length in the Introduction.

It should perhaps be remarked that the *Bérénice* of Thomas Corneille has no connexion whatsoever with the story of Titus and Berenice. The scene is laid in Apamea Cibotus, a great city of Phrygia, and Berenice, suppos'd to be the daughter of Araxe, proves in reality the child of Learque, King of Phrygia.

Les Fourberies de Scapin was produced at the Palais-Royal, Paris, on the 24 May, 1671, and Robinet in a *Lettre en vers à Monsieur* on the 30 of this month speaks at length of the success it achieved:

A Paris . . . . . .
On ne parle que d'un Scapin.

He goes on to relate those tricks which delighted the audience:

Qui boit certain bon vin qu'il a
Puis accuse de ce fait-là
La pauvre et malheureuse ancelle
Que, pour lui, le maître querelle;
Qui sait deux pères attraper
Et par des contes bleus duper,
Si qu'il en escroque la bourse,
Qui de leurs fils et la resource.

The most interesting lines are those which give us the original cast:

. . . Cet étrange Scapin-là
Est Molière en propre personne,
Qui dans une pièce qu'il donne
Depuis dimanche seulement,
Fait ce rôle admirablement;
Tout ainsi que la Torrillière
Un furieux porte-rapière,
Et la grande actrice Beauval,
Un autre rôle jovial,
Qui vous feroit pâmer de rire.

Molière himself then played Scapin; la Thorillière, Silvestre who gasconades as a *matamor;* and Mlle Beauval, Zerbinette. Aimé-Martin completes the cast as follows: Hyacinthe, Mlle Molière; Nérine, Mlle de Brie; Argante, Hubert; Géronte, du Croisy; Léandre, la Grange. The rôles in 1685 were filled thus: Argante, la Grange; Géronte, du Croisy; Octave, Dauvilliers; Léandre, Hubert; Scapin, Rosimont; Silvestre, Guerin; Carle, Brecourt; Zerbinette, Mlle Dupin; Hyacinthe, Mlle de Brie; Nérine, Mlle la Grange. It is only fair to point out that considerable doubt has been cast upon Aimé-Martin's allotment of the parts in this place, and certainly the cast of 1685 does not seem to agree with his statement.

Theatrical History

TITUS and *Berenice*. A Tragedy, Acted at the Duke's Theatre. With a Farce, called, The Cheats of *Scapin*, is entered in *The Term Catalogues*, Hilary (12 February), 1677, licensed (for printing) by Roger L'Estrange, 19 February, 1676–7, and therefore was probably produced at Dorset Garden early in the preceding January. Downes, having just spoken of *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserv'd*, mentions: "*Titus and Berenice.* Wrote by the same Author consisting of 3 *Acts:* With the *Farce* of the *Cheats* of *Scapin* at the end: This Play, with the Farce, being perfectly well *Acted;* had good Success."

An outline of the long record in the theatre of *The Cheats of Scapin* is given before the farce, but *Titus and Berenice* seems to have kept the stage only a few years. Possibly the form of the play, being in three acts, had something to do with this. It was necessary always to perform an after-piece to complete the full entertainment.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of *Rocheſter*

One of the Gentlemen of his *Majeſties* Bed-Chamber, &c.

My LORD,

DEDICATIONS are grown things of ſo nice a Nature, That it is almoſt impoſſible for me to pay your Lordſhip thoſe Acknowledgments I owe you, And not (from thoſe who cannot Judge of the Sentiments I have of your Lordſhips Favours) incurre the Cenſure either of a fawner or a flatterer. Both which ought to be as hateful to an Ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of theſe would I be guilty of, and yet in letting the World know how Good and how Generous a Patron I have, (in ſpight of Malice) I am ſure I am honeſt.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under ſo great an oppreſſion as now, as full of Phanaticiſm's as Religion; where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, ſets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worſe then a Quaker does a Prieſt.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of thoſe dreadful things that reſolve our diſſolution. It is for the moſt part, a very little French *breeding, much aſſurance, with a great deal of talk, and no ſence.*

Thus he comes to a New Play, Enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his perſonal misfortunes the ſubject of his malice to ſome of his Companions, who have as little Wit, and as much ill Nature as himſelf; and ſo to be ſure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At night he never fails to Appear in the With-drawing room, where he picks out ſome that have as little to do there as himſelf; who muſtring up all their puny Forces, damn as poſſitively as if, like Muggleton, *it were their gift; when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey man Taylor can have to Prophecy.*

Wit, which was the miſtreſs of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours: Either the Old Satyr, to let us underſtand what he has known, Damns and decryes all Poetry but the old; or elſe the young affected Fool, that is impudent

beyond Correction, and ignorant above inſtruction, will be Cenſuring the preſent; tho he miſplace his wit, as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes uſe of it on the wrong occaſion.

How great a Hazzard then does your Lordſhip run, in ſo ſtedfaſtly protecting a poor Exil'd thing that has ſo many Enemies! But that your Wit is more Eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodneſs greater than any Malice or Ill-Nature can be. I am ſure (and I muſt own it with gratitude) I have taſted of it much above my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect; Though in doing this, I ſhall at beſt but appear an humble debtor, who acknowledges honeſtly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he muſt be forc'd to borrow more: For my Genius alwayes led me to ſeek an intereſt in your Lordſhip; and I never ſee you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour: for all I have receiv'd, the higheſt return I am able to make, is my acknowledgment; in which I can hardly diſtinguiſh whether my Thankfulneſs or my Pride be the greater, when I ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your Lordſhips

Moſt Obliged and moſt

Devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Underhill*

GAllants, our Author met me here to Day,
And begg'd that I'd ſay ſomething for his Play.
You Waggs that judge by Roat, and damn by Rule,
Taking your meaſures from ſome Neighbour fool,
Who has Impudence a Coxcombs uſeful Tool;
That always are ſevere you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the By;
With very much ill-Nature, and no Wit,
Juſt as you are, we humbly beg you'd Sit,
And with your Silly ſelves divert the Pit.
You Men of Sence, who heretofore allow'd
Our Author's Follies, make him once more proud.
But for the Youths that newl'are come from France,
Who's Heads want Sence, though heels abound with Dance:
Our Authour to their Judgment won't ſubmit,
But ſwears that they, who ſo infeſt the Pit
With their own Follies, ne're can judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he Chiefly favour would implore;
[to the Boxes.
And Fair Ones pray oblige him on my Score:
Confine his Foes, the Fops within their Rules;
For Ladies you know how to manage Fools.

Perſons Repreſented in the *TRAGEDY*

	By
Titus Veſpatian, Emperour of *Rome*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Antiochus, King of *Comagene*.	Mr. *Smith*.
Paulinus, the *Emperors* Confident.	Mr. *Medbourn*.
Arſaces, *Antiochus* his Confident.	Mr. *Croſby*.
Rutilius, a Tribune.	Mr. *Gillow*.
Berenice, Queen of *Paleſtine*.	Mrs. *Lee*.
Phœnice, Her Confident.	Mrs. *Barry*.

The SCENE, *ROME*.

Perſons Repreſented in the *FARCE*

		By
Thrifty, *Gripe*,	Two old Merchants.	Mr. *Sandford*. Mr. *Noakes*.
Octavian, *Leander*,	Their Sons.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Percivall*.
Scapin, A Cheat.		Mr. *Anth. Leigh*.
Shift, *Sly*,	*Scapins* Inſtruments.	Mr. *Richar*[illegible]. Mr. ——[illegible]
Lucia, *Thifty*'s Daughter.		Mrs. *Barry*.
Clara, *Gripe*'s Daughter.		Mrs. *Gibbs*.

The SCENE, *DOVER*.

TITUS AND BERENICE

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter Antiochus *and* Arſaces.

Antiochus.

THOU my *Arſaces* art a Stranger here:
This is th' Apartment of the Charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* ſo adores;
The Univerſe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himſelf he oft conceals;
And in her Ears his charming ſtory tells;
Whilſt I a Vaſſal for admittance wait,
And am at beſt but thought importunate.

Arſac. You want admittance! who with generous care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes every-where,
Whoſe Fame throghout the World ſo loudly rings,
One of the greateſt of our Eaſtern-Kings.
As once you ſeem'd the Monarch of her Breaſt,
Too firmly ſeated to be diſpoſſeſt;
Nor can the Pride ſhe doth in *Titus* take,
Already ſo ſevere a diſtance make.

Antio. Yes! ſtill that Wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! Oh how I tremble at the name;
And my diſtracted Soul at that doth ſtart,
Which once was all the pleaſure of my heart;
Since *Berenice* has all my Hopes deſtroi'd,
And an Eternal ſilence on me laid.

Arſac. That you reſent her pride, I ſee with Joy;
'Tis that which does her gratitude deſtroy:
But Friendſhip wrong'd ſhould into hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to ſcorn.

Anti. Arſaces, how falſe Meaſures doſt thou take!
Remove the *Poles*, and bid the *Sun* go back;

Invert all Natures Orders, Fates Decrees;
Then bid me hate the Charming *Berenice.*

Arſac. Well, love her ſtill; but let her know your pain;
Reſolve it you ſhall ſee, and ſpeak again;
Urge to her Face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as ſhe is proud.

Ant. Arſaces, No; ſhe's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes ſo little for the Vowes I've made,
That if ſhe pity me, I'm more than paid. [*Enter* Rutilius.
But ſee, the Man I ſent at laſt returns;
Oh how my heart with Expectation burns!
Rutilius, have you *Berenice* ſeen?

Rut. I have.

Antio. O ſpeak! what ſays the Charming Queen?

Rut. I preſs'd with difficulty, through the Croud,
A throng of Court-Attendants round her ſtood.
The time now paſs'd of his ſevere retreat,
Titus laments no more his Fathers fate.
Love takes up all his thoughts, and all his cares,
Whilſt he to meet thoſe mighty Joys prepares,
Which may in *Berenices* Arms be found;
For ſhe this day will be *Romes* Empreſs crown'd.

Anti. What do I hear? Confuſion on thy tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy ſpeech ſo long
Why didſt not Ruine with more ſpeed afford?
Thou mightſt have ſpoke, and kill'd me in a word.
But may I not one Moment with her ſpeak,
And my poor heart diſcloſe before it break?

Rut. You ſhall: for when I told what you deſign'd,
She ſweetly ſmil'd, and her fair head inclin'd:
Titus ne'r from her had a look more kind.
[*Enter* Berenice *and* Phænicia.
She's here.

Berenice. At laſt from the rude Joy I'm freed
Of thoſe new Friends, whom my new fortunes breed.
The tedious form of their reſpect I ſhun,
To find out him whoſe words and heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no flattery uſe,
Since your neglect, I juſtly may accuſe.
How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *Eaſt*, and *Rome* it ſelf have ſeen.

In my worſt Fate I did your friendſhip find,
But now I grow more Great, you grow leſs kind.
Antio. Now durſt I hope, I would forget my ſmart;
So well ſhe underſtands to ſooth my heart.
But, Madam, it's a truth by Rumour ſpread,
That *Titus* ſhall this night poſſeſs your Bed.
Ber. Sir, All my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Though half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell;
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almoſt doubted Love would ne'r return:
He had not for me that Aſſiduous Heat,
As when whole Days fix'd on my Eyes he ſat:
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brows did dwell;
Oft came, and lookt; ſaid nothing, but farewell.
Ant. But now his kindneſs he renews again.
Ber. Oh! he will doubly recompence his pain
For that, if any Faith may be allow'd
Two thouſand Oaths, two thouſand times renew'd;
Or any Juſtice in the Pow'rs Divine,
Antiochus, He'll be for ever mine.
Antio. How ſhe inſults and triumphs in my ill!
Sh'as with long practice learnt to ſmile and kill.
Oh, *Berenice*, Eternally Farewel.
Ber. Farewel! good Heav'n! what Language do I hear!
Stay! I conjure you, Sir——by all that's dear.
Antiochus, what is it I have done?
Why don't you ſpeak?
Antio. Madam, I muſt be gone.
Ber. How Cruelly you uſe me! I implore
The Reaſon——
Ant. I muſt never ſee you more.
Ber. For Heav'ns ſake tell, you wound me with delay.
Ant. At leaſt remember I your Laws obey.
Why ſhould I here wretched and hopeleſs ſtay?
If the remembrance ben't Extinguiſht quite
Of that bleſt place, where firſt you ſaw the light;
'Twas there, oh there began my Endleſs ſmart,
When thoſe dear Eyes prevail'd upon my heart:
Then *Berenice* too my Vowes approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.

Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
Firſt felt his weight, and found my ſelf undone.
Ber. Hah!
Antio. You too, then t'encreaſe the pains I bore,
Commanded me to ſpeak of Love no more.
So on your hand I ſwore at laſt t'obey;
And for that taſte of Bliſs gave all away.
Ber. Why do you ſtudy ways t'afflict my mind?
You believe Sir, I am not unkind.
Alas I'm ſenſible how well y'have ſerv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deſerv'd.
Antio. Why in this Empire ſhould I longer ſtay,
My Paſſion and its weakneſs to betray?
Others, though I retire, will bring their Joys
To Crown that Happineſs which mine deſtroys.
Ber. You triumph thus becauſe your pow'r you know;
Or if you did not, you'd not uſe me ſo.
Though Crown'd *Romes* Empreſs, I the Throne aſcend;
What pleaſure in my Greatneſs can I find,
When I ſhall want my beſt and trueſt Friend?
Antio. I reach your purpoſe, you would have me there,
That you might ſee the worſt of my deſpair;
I know it, the Ambition of your Soul.
'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool:
Yet came this time but to new freight my heart,
And with more Love poſſeſt than ever part.
Ber. Though it could never enter in my mind,
Since *Cæſar*'s Fortunes muſt with mine be join'd,
That any Mortal durſt ſo hardy prove
T'invade his Right, and talk to me of Love;
I bear th' unpleaſing Narrative of yours,
And Friendſhip, what my Honour ſhuns, endures.
Nay more; Your parting I with trouble hear,
For you next him, are to my Soul moſt dear.
Antio. In Juſtice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name:
A name, which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilſt my poor heart lies bleeding at your feet.
Farewel: Oh, be not at my Ravings griev'd:
When of my death the news ſhall be receiv'd,
Remember why I dy'd, and what I liv'd.—— [*Ex.* Antioch.
Phæn. I grieve for him; a Love ſo true as this,
Deſerv'd, methinks, more fortunate ſucceſs.

Are you not troubled, Madam?
Ber. Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quel.
Phæn. You ſhould have ſtaid him.
Ber. Who, I ſtay him? no.
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Diſtraction rove,
Which thy raw ignorance interprets Love.
Phæn. Titus his Thought, yet to unfold, denies;
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous eyes.
Its rigorous Laws create my Fears for you;
Romans no Forrain Marriages allow;
To Kingly Power ſtill Enemies th'ave been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.
Ber. Phænicia, no; my time of fear is paſt;
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the reſt.
The ſplendor of this night thou haſt beheld;
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
Theſe Eagles faſces, marching all in ſtate,
And crowds of Kings that with their Tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and Bleſſings from Above,
Seem all at ſtrife to grace this Man of Love.
Away, *Phænicia*, let's go meet him ſtrait,
I can no longer for his coming wait.
My Eager wiſhes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Titus, Paulinus, *Attendants.*

Titus. To th' *Syrian* King did you my Meſſage bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?
Paul. Sir, in the Queens Apartment, He alone
Was ſeen, but e'r I there arriv'd, was gone.
Tit. 'Tis well *Paulinus* for theſe ten days paſt
I have to *Berenice* a ſtranger been;
But you can tell me all——how does the Queen?
Paul. She does, what ſpeaks how much ſhe values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, ſhe mourn'd too.

So juſt a Sorrow in her face was ſhown,
It ſeem'd as if the Loſs had been her own.
Tit. Oh lovely fair one, little doſt thou know
How hard a Trial thou muſt undergo. [*aſide.*
Heav'n! oh my heart!
Paul. What is't your Grief ſhould raiſe
For her whom almoſt all the *Eaſt* obeys?
Tit. Command, *Paulinus*, that theſe all retreat;
[Paul. *moves his hand, and all the reſt exit.*
Rome of my purpoſes uncertain yet,
Expects to know the Fortune of the Queen:
Their Murmurings I have heard, and Troubles ſeen.
The buſineſs of our Love is the Diſcourſe
And expectation of the Univerſe.
And by the face of my affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I reſolve and fix my mind.
Tell me, *Paulinus*, juſtly, and be free,
What ſays the World of *Berenice* and me?
Paul. In every heart you Admiration raiſe:
All, Your high Vertues, and her Beauty praiſe.
Tit. Alas! Thou anſwerſt wide of my deſire:
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my ſighs and vows approve?
Or what expect they from ſo true a love?
Paul. Love, or not love, Sir, all is in your power;
The Court will ſecond ſtill the Emperour.
Tit. Courtiers *Paulinus* ſeldom are ſincere;
To pleaſe their Maſter they have too much care.
The Court did *Nero*'s horrid Acts applaud,
To all his luſts ſubſcrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' idolatrous Court ſhall never judg for me,
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee.
What then muſt *Berenice* expect? declare;
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or ſevere?
My happineſs is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to the Imperial Throne,
Where on my head continual cares muſt fall,
Will they deny me what may ſweeten all?
Paul. Her vertues they acknowledge, and deſert,
Proclaim indeed ſhe has a *Roman* heart:
But ſhe's a Queen, and that alone withſtands
All which her beauty and her worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd ſtood,

Never to mix its race with ſtrangers Blood.
Tit. It is a ſign they are capricious grown,
When they deſpiſe all vertues but their own.
Paul. *Julius*, who firſt ſubdu'd her to his Arms,
And quite had ſilenc'd Laws with Wars alarms,
Burning for *Cleopatra*'s love; to Fame
More juſt fled from her eyes, and hid his flame.
Tit. But which way from my heart ſhall I remove
So long eſtabliſht and deep-rooted love?
Paul. The Conflict will be difficult, I gueſs;
But you your riſing ſorrows will ſuppreſs.
Tit. Who can a heart that's not his own controul?
Her preſence was the comfort of my Soul.
After a thouſand Oaths confirm'd in Tears,
By which I vow'd my ſelf for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love, and all her charms,
At laſt to have her in my longing Arms.
But now I can ſuch rare perfections crown;
And that my love's more great than ever grown.
When in one hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five years vows the tribute pay;
I go, *Paulinus*——how my heart does riſe!
Paul. Whither?
Tit. To part for ever from her eyes.
Tho I requir'd th'aſſiſtance of thy zeal,
To cruſh a paſſion that's ſo hard to quell;
My heart had of it's doom reſolv'd before:
Yet *Berenice* does ſtill diſpute the war.
The conqueſt of ſo great a Flame muſt coſt
Conflicts, in which my ſoul will oft be toſt.
Paul. You in your birth for Empire were deſign'd,
And to that purpoſe Heav'n did frame your mind;
Fate in that day wiſe providence did ſhew,
Fixing the deſtiny of *Rome* in you.
Tit. My Youth rejoyc'd in love and glorious wars,
But my Remains of life muſt waſte in cares.
Rome my new Conduct, now obſerves 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of power, to clear my way
To happineſs, I ſhould her Laws deſtroy:
No, I've reſolv'd on't, Love and all ſhall go;
Alas! it muſt, ſince *Rome* will have it ſo.
But how ſhall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

Paul. You muſt reſolve to go and viſit her;
Sooth her ſad heart, and on her patience win:
Then by degrees——
Tit. ——But how ſhall I begin?
Oh, my *Paulinus*, I have oft deſign'd
To ſpeak my thoughts, but ſtill they ſtay'd behind.
I hop'd, as ſhe diſcern'd my troubled Breſt,
She might a little at the cauſe have gueſt;
But nought ſuſpecting, as I weeping lay,
With her fair hand ſhe'd wipe the tears away,
And in that miſt never the loſs perceiv'd
Of the ſad Heart, ſhe had too much believ'd.
But now a firmer conſtancy I take,
Either my heart ſhall vent its grief, or break.
I thought to have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e're lov'd ſurrender'd to his care.
To morrow he conducts her to the Eaſt,
And now I go to ſigh, and look my laſt.
Paul. I ne're expected leſs from that Renown,
Which all your Actions muſt with glory crown.
Tit. How lovely's glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were ſhe now,
If through eternal dangers to be won!
So I might ſtill call *Berenice* my own.
In *Nero*'s Court where I was bred, my Mind
By that example to all ills inclin'd;
The looſe wild paths of pleaſures I purſu'd,
Till *Berenice* firſt taught me to be good.
She taught me Vertue; but oh! curſed *Rome!*
The good I owe her, muſt her wrong become.
For ſo much Vertue, and Renown ſo great;
For all the Honour I did ever get.
Her for whoſe ſake alone, I fame purſu'd,
I muſt forgo to pleaſe the Multitude!
Paul. You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the Bounds of *Paleſtine* enlarg'd.
Ev'n t' *Euphrates*, her wide power extends;
So many Kingdomes *Berenice* commands.
Tit. Weak Comforts, for the Griefs muſt on her dwell.
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well
To greatneſs ſhe ſo little did incline,
Her heart ask'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

Paul. Why?
Tit. The thought of her but ſhakes my Conſtancy:
Yet in my heart if Doubts already riſe,
What will it do when I behold her Eyes?

Enter Rutilius.

Rut. Sir, *Berenice* deſires admittance here——
Tit. Paulinus——Oh!
Paul. Can you already fear?
So ſoon are all your reſolutions ſhook?
Now, Sir's the time—— [*Ex.* Rut.

Enter Berenice, Phænicia, *and Attendants.*

Tit. I have no power to look.
Ber. Sir, ben't diſpleas'd, that I thus far preſume:
It is to pay my gratitude I come.
Whilſt all the Court aſſembled in my view,
Admire the Favours you on me beſtow,
It were unjuſt, ſhould I remain alone
Silent, as though I had a ſenſe of none.
Your mourning's done, and you from griefs are free
Are now your own, and yet not viſit me?
Your preſent of new Diadems I wait,
Oh! give me more content and leſs of ſtate:
Give me a word, a ſigh, a look at leaſt,
In thoſe th'Ambition of my Soul is plac't.
Was your diſcourſe of me when I arriv'd?
Was I ſo happy may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* ſo bleſt;
Or was I preſent to your thoughts at leaſt?
Tit. Doubt it not, Madam: by the Gods I ſwear't,
That *Berenice* is always in my heart:
Nor time, nor abſence can you thence remove:
My heart's all yours, and you alone I love.
Ber. You vow your Love perpetual and ſincere,
But 'tis with a ſtrange coldneſs that you ſwear.
Why the juſt Gods to witneſs did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your faith at all,
In you I truſt, would onely for you live,
And what you ſay, I ever muſt believe.
Tit. Madam!
Ber. Proceed. Alas, whence this ſurpriſe!
You ſeem'd confus'd, and turn away your eyes,

Nothing but trouble in your face I find:
Does ſtill a Fathers Death afflict your Mind?
Tit. Oh! did my Father, good *Veſpaſian*, live,
How happy ſhould I be.
Ber. Ah, ceaſe to grieve!
Your tears have reverenc't his mem'ry now.
Cares are to *Rome* and your own glory due.
A Father you lament, a feeble grief,
Whilſt for your abſence I find no relief.
But in your preſence onely take delight,
I, who ſhall dye, if but debarr'd your ſight.
Tit. Madam, what is it that your griefs declare?
What time d'you chooſe? For pitty's ſake forbear,
Your Bounties my ingratitude proclaim.
Ber. You can do nothing that deſerves that name;
No Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.
Tit. No, Madam, no; my heart (ſince I muſt ſpeak)
Was ne're more full of Love, or half ſo like to break!
But——
Ber. What?
Tit. Alas!
Ber. Proceed.
Tit. The Empire *Rome*——
Ber. Well.
Tit. Oh, the diſmal ſecret will not come——
Away *Paulinus*, e're I'm quite undone.
My Speech forſakes me, and my heart's all ſtone. [*Ex.* Tit. Paul.
Ber. So ſoon to leave me, and in trouble too?
Titus how have I this deſerv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phænicia?* tell me, ſpeak.
Phæn. Does nothing to your memory appear
That might provoke him?——
Ber. By all that's to me dear,
Since the firſt hour I ſaw his face, till now,
Too much of Love is all the guilt I know.
This ſilence is too rude, and racks my breaſt,
In the uncertainty I cannot reſt;
He knows, *Phænicia*, all my moments paſt.
Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the Root whence all this change muſt ſpring.
Titus, this Victory I ſhall not boaſt.
I wiſh the Gods would try me to the moſt,

With a more potent Rival, tempt my heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art:
Then my dear *Titus*, ſhouldſt thou ſoon diſcern,
How much for thee I all mankind would ſcorn.
Let's go, *Phænicia*, with one gentle word
He will be ſatisfied, and I reſtor'd.
" My Injur'd truth by my complyance find,
" And if he has a heart he, muſt be kind. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Ends the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Titus, Antiochus, *and* Arſaces.

Tit. *Antiochus!* y've done your Friendſhip wrong,
In that y'have kept this Secret hid ſo long.
What is't that your departure does incite,
Which, not unjuſtly, I may call a Flight?
Tho on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly ſeem with Fortune's favour grac'd;
As if ſhe nothing further had to grant;
I more than ever do your friendſhip want.
Ant. Sir, your great Kindneſs I ſo well did know,
I durſt not ſtay where I ſo much did owe.
When firſt *Judea* heard your loud alarms,
You made me your Companion in your arms.
Nay, nearer to you did with friendſhip joyn
And lodg'd the ſecrets of your Breſt in mine.
Yet all this goodneſs but augments my ſin,
For I have falſe and moſt ungrateful been.
Tit. I can't forget that to your arms alone
I owe the half of all I ever won:
Witneſs thoſe precious Spoils you hither brought,
Won from the *Jews* when on my ſide you fought.
To all thoſe Purchaſes I lay no claim;
Your heart and friendſhip are my only aim.
Ant. My Heart! my Friendſhip! Heav'n, how you miſtake!
On my deceipt how weak a gloſs you make!

When firſt you thought your ſelf of me poſſeſt,
You took a very Serpent to your breſt.
Tit. Antiochus, I find where thou art ſtung:
Tell me th'officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some baſe Detractor has my Honour ſtain'd,
And in your eaſie heart a Credit gain'd;
Abus'd and told you *Titus* is unjuſt:
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I muſt.
Tho you unkindly from your friend would run,
And own th' injuſtice which you think I've done.
Ant. Oh *Titus*, if I durſt but ſpeak my heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part:
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Diſeaſe in't I muſt ſhun or dye.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When moſt your friend, I ſhall appear your Foe.
Tit. I either to your heart a ſtranger am,
Or ſure *Antiochus* is not the ſame:
What elſe ſhould make you not your mind declare?
What is't that you dare ſay, I dare not hear?
Ant. If then, what e'er I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your heart with Temper: Well, 'tis this:
Tit. Go on.
Anti. I love the charming *Berenice*.
Tit. Hah!
Ant. Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you come on, and robb'd me of the Prize.
When at your Armies head you did appear,
You ſackt *Jeruſalem* and conquer'd her.
Tit. A braver Rival I'd not wiſh to find,
Than him that dares be juſt, and tell his mind.
So far's Reſentment from my heart remov'd,
That *Berenice* is by my friend belov'd,
That I, *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For ſhe was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that ſhall poſſeſs her;
Ant. True;
But 'tis fit none ſhould be ſo bleſt but you:
And *Berenice* for none could be deſign'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this cauſe to *Syria* I repair:
For when you're bleſt, no envy ſhould be near.

Tit. O my *Antiochus*, when thou ſhalt ſee
How ſmall's the happineſs in ſtore for me,
Thou needſt not fear thy Envy; let me have
Thy pitty and thy aid, 'tis that I crave.
My beſt and trueſt friend, you muſt be ſo,
For there's none fit for't in the World but you:
None but a King, my Rival, and my friend,
Is fit to ſpeak the torments of my mind.
In my behalf you *Berenice* muſt ſee.
Anti. Is that an office, *Titus*, fit for me?
Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you muſt too ſolicite my deſpair?
I ſwore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not truſt again my heart.
Your paſſion by another may be ſhown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.
Tit. He that ſo well his own misfortunes bears,
Can beſt inſtruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you muſt not ſtart;
I know by mine your news will ſhake her heart,
For I muſt too for ever from her part.
Antio. You part?
Tit. Yes! curſt neceſſity! 'tis true.
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I ſum'd up all Delight,
Muſt be for ever baniſh'd from my ſight.
Antio. It cannot be: No Slave that wears her Chains,
Upon ſo eaſie terms his Freedom gains.
Tit. Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depoſe 'em too:
The ſtubborn'ſt hearts muſt to my power bow down,
And yet I am not Maſter of my own.
Rome that to Kings ſo long a foe has been,
Will not admit my marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outragious tongues ſhe'll hear
The news I dread to tell, and you to bear.
Antio. Now if my heart was to Revenge alli'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!
To ſee her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with them all her tortur'd ſoul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more juſt, and rather mov'd,

That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I've lov'd.
Tit. When I th' Imperial Power did firſt aſſume,
I firmly ſwore t' uphold the Rights of *Rome*.
Should I to follow Love from Glory fly,
Forſake my Throne, in every Vaſſal's Eye,
How mean and deſpicable muſt I prove;
An Emperor led about the World by love!
No, Prince, the fatal ſtory you muſt tell,
And bid from me, poor *Berenice* farewel.
But if the hopes of reigning in my heart
May any eaſe to her ſad mind impart,
Swear, friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preſerve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than ſhe,
My Reign but a long Baniſhment ſhall be.
From all thoſe Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
To morrow ſhe her journey hence muſt take,
And ſo I all, that e'r I lov'd forſake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend;
For tho my Rival as a King and Friend,
The deareſt Treaſure I dare with you truſt.
Antio. Sir, do not tempt me, leſt I prove unjuſt:
Her charms that made me my own Fame forgo,
Will be too apt to make me falſe to you.
Tit. No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm ſtill in Dangers found thee by my ſide.
Thou knew'ſt my Love, whilſt thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy hopes by my ſucceſs were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didſt no falſhood ſhow,
And wilt not wrong me on advantage now. [*Exit* Titus.
Antio. No, I'le not ſee her, neither dare I go:
Too ſoon from others her hard lot ſhe'l know.
Doſt thou not think her Fate's enough ſevere,
Unleſs that I th' unwelcome Meſſage bear?
I, who'm her hate, enough have felt before,
And need not ſeek new ways to purchaſe more.
Arſa. See, ſhe approaches; now the Coward play,
And, when you might have Conquer'd, run away.

Enter Berenice, *and* Phænicia.

Antio. Oh Heav'n!
Ber. My Lord, I ſee you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would ſhun.

Antio. You come not here *Antiochus* to find,
The viſit to another was deſign'd.
Cæſar, And 'tis on him the blame muſt light,
If now my preſence here offend your ſight.
Th'are his Commands, are guilty of the ſin;
It may be elſe I had at *Oſtia* been.
Ber. His Friends are always with his preſence Grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be ſo bleſt.
Antio. Too much his prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your ſake alone I was detain'd.
Ber. For mine? away.
Antio. Tyrannick Fair, 'tis true
He kept me here only to talk of you.
Ber. Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly art,
Y'are brave, and ſhould not mock an eaſie heart.
In my diſtreſs what pleaſure could you ſee?
Alas! or what could *Titus* ſay of me?
Antio. Better a thouſand times than I can tell.
So firm a paſſion in his heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd he's from himſelf transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his face does like a Tyrant riſe,
And Majeſty's no longer in his eyes.
But there are things behind, I dare not ſpeak:
For at the news your tender heart would break.
Ber. How, Sir?
Antio. Ere Night the truth of what I've ſaid you'l know,
And then, I doubt not, juſtify me too.
Farewell.
Ber. Oh Heaven! what can this Language mean?
You ſee before your eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my quiet if you have ſuch care,
Or if my ſelf your eyes held ever dear,
Diſpel this miſt of trouble from my Soul.
Antio. Madam, your ſelf excuſe,
For your own ſake it is that I refuſe.
'Twill not be long before the doubt's remov'd.
Ber. You told me once, *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But ſure 'twas only that you might betray;
Or elſe you more would fear to diſobey.
Antio. I diſobey you! ask my life, and try
How glorioufly I for your ſake can dye.

It would by far be the more welcome fate.
Then now to ſpeak, and ever gain your hate.
Ber. No, Sir, you never ſhall my hatred find,
'Tis my deſire, and you muſt be ſo kind.
Will you?——
Antio. Heaven this conſtraint is worſe than death,
You drive, and will not give me time to breath.
Oh, Madam! put me to no further pain.
Ber. Muſt I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence froward Prince, either the Truth relate,
Forbear, or be aſſur'd for ever of my hate.
Antio. My heart was always yours, and is ſo ſtill,
For ever muſt depend upon your Will.
I wiſh another way your pow'r you'd try'd;
But you're reſolv'd, and muſt be ſatisfi'd:
Yet flatter not your ſelf, I ſhall declare
Thoſe horrors which perhaps you dare not hear,
You cannot but believe I know your heart,
Look then to feel me ſtrike its tender'ſt part.
Titus has told me——
Ber. What? fear no Surprize.
Antio. That he muſt part for ever from your eyes.
Ber. We part! Can things another nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forſake?
Antio. Perhaps 'tis ſtrange that I ſhould tell you ſo:
But you ſhall find I'll do him Juſtice too.
Whatever in a heart both kind and great,
Love with deſpair moſt dreadful could create,
I ſaw in his he weep's, laments, and more
Then ever does fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it that ſuch love he ſhows?
A Queen ſuſpected to *Rome*'s Empire grows,
And *Titus* cannot with her laws diſpenſe;
For therefore 'tis you muſt be baniſht hence.
Ber. What do I hear, alas, *Phænicia!*
Antio. Nay, to morrow is your laſt and utmoſt day:
In bearing this the Courage well you'l prove
Of that great haughty Soul which ſcorn'd my Love.
Ber. Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who ſo many Oaths, ſo oft hath ſworn!
I'le not believe't; his love and faith's more ſtrong,
I'm ſure he's guiltleſs and you do him wrong.
This is a ſnare to diſunite us laid:

Titus, thou lov'ſt me, doſt not wiſh me dead.
No, ſtrait I'le ſee him, and ſecure all fear.
Let's go.
Antio. Too well you may behold him here.
Ber. Too well you wiſh it, to perſwade it; No;
In this your baſe degenerate Soul you ſhow;
When you no other ſtratagem could find
T'abuſe my heart, you would betray your friend.
How e're he prove, Know I your ſight abhor,
And from this minute never ſee me more.
Antio. Oh *Berenice!* remorſeleſs cruel Fair!
Born only for my torment and deſpair.
Was it for this ſo faithfully I ſerv'd?
Is this the recompence I have deſerv'd?
I, who for you did all Ambition wave,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave!
Curſe on my Fate!
Ber. If e're my Heart you priz'd,
You never had this cruelty devis'd;
Never to work my Torment, been thus bold,
And ſo Triumphantly the ſtory told.
Away, *Phænicia;* no more I'le hear him ſpeak. [*Ex.* Ber. Phæ.
Antio. Now, my *Arſaces*, would my heart but break
But yet I hope in part I've freedom won,
And what love would not, by her hate ſh'as done.
The pain I lately endur'd thou haſt beheld;
I left her all Enamour'd, Jealous, Wild:
But now performing this Ignoble part,
Perhaps, I'le ever baniſh her my heart.
She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My honour and Repoſe command it too:
For ever to my eyes a ſtranger be,
Till I have learn't to ſcorn as well as ſhe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Berenice *in Diſorder.*

Ber. I Of my Wrong too well am ſatisfied;
To ſee the perjur'd *Titus* twice I try'd;
Twice for admittance to him begg'd in vain,
Nor is *Phænicia* yet return'd again.
Phænicia has no anſwer to bring back,
Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her ſpeak:
But hides himſelf, and from my fury flyes;
Nor will have ſenſe tho *Berenice* dies. [*Enter* Phænice.
Phænice, Well, my *Titus* haſt thou ſeen?
What will he come and make me live again?
Phæ. Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;
And ſaw in his the trouble of your mind;
I ſaw the tears he would have hid, run down.
Ber. But was he not aſham'd they ſhou'd be ſhown?
Lookt he not as he thought his Love diſgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his face?
Phæ. Doubt it not, Madam, he will ſoon be here.
But wherefore will you this diſorder wear?
Your rifl'd dreſs let me in order place,
And theſe diſhevel'd locks that hide your Face.
Ber. Forbear *Phænice*, let it all alone:
No, he ſhall ſee the triumph he has won;
How vain thoſe fooliſh ornaments muſt prove,
If neither faith, nor tears, nor means can move!

Enter Antiochus *and* Arſaces.

Oh, my unruly ſorrows! Oh, my Fears!
Who's here?
Ant. Arſaces, *Berenice* in tears;
Ber. Antiochus! Phænice, let's away;
To let him ſee my torments I'le not ſtay. [*Ex.*
Antio. Now whither's all my reſolutions gone?
Arſaces, who could ſee't and be his own!
I ſaid I'd never ſee her face again:
But come and find my boaſtings all were vain;
Seeing her ſufferings, all her ſcorn forget,

And loſe at once my vengeance and my hate.
VVretched *Antiochus!* with how much care
And labours my own miſchiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my injuries have born!
Hopeleſs, undone, and to my ſelf a ſcorn.
Leave me alone unhappy as I am;
I would not have a witneſs of my ſhame.

Enter Titus Attended.

Tit. 'Twas cruel not to ſee her, Oh my heart!
And now I go to ſee her, but to part.
Rutilius fly, and ſooth the Queens deſpair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.
Antio. What have you done, Sir, *Berenice* will dye;
I ſaw her hence with hair diſhevel'd fly.
'Tis only you her fury can ſurceaſe;
When e're you're nam'd, ſhe's inſtantly at peace.
Her eyes ſtill bent to your apartment were,
And every moment ſeem'd to wiſh you near.
Tit. Antiochus, aſſiſt me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd, for the ſad Interview:
I have not yet conſulted well my heart,
And doubt it is not ſtrong enought to part.
Since firſt I took poſſeſſion of the Throne,
What is it for my honour I have done?
My love and folly only I've diſclos'd,
And nothing but my weakneſſes expos'd.
The golden days where are they to be found,
So much expected, when this head was crown'd?
Whoſe tears have I dry'd up? or in what face
Can I the fruits of any good act trace?
Know I what Years Heaven has for me decreed?
And of theſe few, how few are to ſucceed?
And yet how many have I ſpent in waſt!
But now to honor I'll make greater haſte:
Alas! 'tis but one blow, and all is paſt.

Enter Berenice *preſſing from* Rut. *and* Paul.

Ber. Let me alone, your counſels all are weak;
See him I muſt, he's here, and I will ſpeak.
Has *Titus* then forſook me? is it true?
Muſt we two part, does he command it too?

Tit. O! ſtop the deluge, which ſo fiercely flows:
This is no Time t'allay each others woes:
Enough I feel my own afflictions ſmart,
And need not thoſe dear tears to damp my heart.
But if we neither can our griefs command,
Yet with ſuch honour let 'em be ſuſtain'd,
As the whole World to hear it told ſhall ſmart;
For deareſt *Berenice* we muſt part.
And now I would not a diſpute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I muſt Reign.
Ber. Reign (Cruel) then, and ſatisfie your pride.
And for your Cruelties be deifi'd.
I'le ne'r diſpute it farther, I but ſtay'd
Till *Titus*, who ſo many vows had made
Of ſuch a Love as nothing could impair,
Should come himſelf and tell how falſe they were,
Now I believe't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone——eternally farewell,
Eternally——Ah, Sir, conſider now
How harſh that word is, and how dreadful too.
Conſider, Oh the Miſeries they bear,
That are for ever rob'd of all that's dear;
From this ſad Moment never more to meet:
Is it for day to dawn, and day to ſet,
In which I muſt not find my hopes ſtill young,
Nor yet once ſee my *Titus* all day long?
Heav'ns! how I wildly rave——to loſe my Pains
On him ungrateful that my tears diſdains!
Of all thoſe days of abſence I ſhall count
With him, the number will to nothing mount.
Tit. Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
To count the days that ſhall your loſs ſucceed:
I hope e're long that you will hear from fame,
How very wretched and how juſt I am.
My heart bleeds now, I feel the drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when your gone.
Ber. Ah why, Sir, muſt we part, if this be true?
My claims to Marriage I'le no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my death?
Or why d'ye envy me the air I breath?
Tit. Madam, you are too pow'rful every way:
Shall I withſtand it? no, for ever ſtay.
Then I from bliſs muſt always be debarr'd.

And on my heart for ever keep a guard:
With fears through all my courſe of Glory move,
Leſt ere aware I loſe my ſelf and Love.
Ev'n now my heart is from my boſom ſtray'd,
And all its ſwellings on a ſudden laid,
Bent thus to you by all Loves ſofteſt pow'rs,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.
Ber. O *Titus*, whilſt this charming tale you tell,
D'ye ſee the *Romans* ready to rebel?
Tit. How they will look on the affront, who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to Blows?
Muſt I in Battel juſtifie my Cauſe?
Or if they ſhould ſubmit and ſet their Laws,
How muſt I be expos'd another day;
And for their Patience too how largely pay!
With Grievances and wild Demands ſtill curſt,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break them firſt?
Ber. How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unſteady anxious mind.
You weigh your People's Rights to your own fears,
But never value *Berenices* tears?
Tit. Not value 'em! Why are you ſo unjuſt?
Now, by the honour of my Father's duſt,
By Heav'n and all the gods that govern there,
If any thing to me be half ſo dear;
May I be as a Slave, depos'd and ſerve,
Or elſe forlorn in ſome wild Deſart ſtarve,
Till I'm as wretched as my ills deſerve.
Ber. Laws you may change; why will you for their ſake
Into your breſt eternal ſorrows take?
Rome has her Priviledges; have not you
Your Int'reſts, your Rights as ſacred too?
Say, ſpeak.
Tit. Alas! how do you rend my breſt!
I know indeed I never can have reſt;
And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change.
Do, break my heart, and take your full Revenge.
Ber. How weak a Guard does now your Honor keep!
You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!
Tit. I grant it. I am ſenſible I do,
I weep, alas! I ſigh and tremble too.
For when to Empire firſt I did attain,
Rome made me ſwear I would her Rights maintain.

I did, and muſt perform what I then vow'd;
Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their Honor: yet in leaving you,
All their Auſtereſt Laws I ſhall out-do:
And an Example leave ſo brave and great,
As none ſhall ever after imitate.
Ber. To your Barbarity there's nothing hard:
Go on, and Infamy be your reward.
Long ſince my fears your falſhood had diſplay'd;
Nor would I at your Sute have longer ſtay'd.
Would I the baſe Indignities have borne
Of a rude People, publick Hate and Scorn?
No, to this breach I would have ſpur'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done.
No longer ſhall the fear of me prevail;
Alas! you muſt not think to hear me rail,
Or Heav'n invoke, its vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchſafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no memory may there remain,
Of either your Injuſtice, or my Pain. [*Kneels.*
But the ſad *Berenice* before ſhe dies,
Is ſure to have Revenge if you have Eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that heart, I have it there. [*Points to his breſt.*
Within your ſelf ſhall riſe your dreadfull'ſt foe;
My paſt Integrities, my Torments now,
VVhich you, ungrateful, perjur'd Man, have bred,
My blood, which in your Palace I ſhall ſhed,
Sufficient terrors to your Soul ſhall give,
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave. [*Ex. furiouſly.*
Paul. Thus, Sir, at leaſt the Conqueſt you have won,
The Queen you ſee's contented to be gone.
Tit. Curſe on thy *Roman* Rudeneſs that canſt ſee
Such tears unmov'd, and mock ſuch Miſery!
Oh! I am loſt, and 'tis in vain to ſtrive;
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.
Fly and prevent that Fate to which ſhe's gone;
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [*Exit* Rut.
Paul. Sir, if I might adviſe, you ſhould not ſend,
Rather command her Women to attend;
They better can their Melancholy chear;
The worſt is paſt, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I ſaw your melting Pity when ſhe wept,

And my rough heart but very hardly ſcap'd.
Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
That ſpite of all your fortune yet is kind.
What triumphs the whole VVorld prepares, you'll ſee,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.
Tit. VVho for Barbarity would be ador'd?
I hate my ſelf, *Nero* ſo much abhor'd,
That bloody Tyrant, whom I bluſh to name,
VVas never half ſo cruel as I am.
No, I'll purſue the Queen, ſhe loves me ſtill,
VVill pardon me when at her feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* ſay what it will.
Paul. How, Sir?
Tit. By Heav'n I know not what I ſay:
Exceſs of Sorrow drives my mind aſtray.
Paul. O follow where you full Renown does lead,
Your laſt adieus Report abroad has ſpread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your name:
The people wild in the applauſe y' have won,
With Laurel Wreaths to crown your Statues run.
Tit. By that their Salvage natures they betray:
For ſo wild beaſts roar o'r their murder'd prey.
VVho would have ſenſe the ſweets of power to prize?
Since moſt in danger when we higheſt riſe:
For who by Greatneſs e'r did happy grow?
None but the heavy Slave is truly ſo,
VVho travels all his life in one dull road,
And drudging on in quiet loves his load;
Seeking no farther than the needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and ſo exempt from ſtrife,
And cheriſhes his homely cruel wife,
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, becauſe he cannot much deſire.
Had I been born ſo low, I had been bleſt;
Of what I love, without controul, poſſeſt:
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
Nor ever to be Great had been undone. [*Shout within.*
Paul. The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their ſtate,
I'th' Name of all the Empire for you wait;
They'are follow'd too by an impatient throng,
VVho ſeem to murmur, you delay ſo long.
Tit. Toyle me no more, diſperſe that clamorous Rout;

Tell 'em they ſhall no more have cauſe to doubt:
The Queen's departure they'll to morrow ſee,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this, *Paulinus;* bear it to the Queen; [*Writes on a Tablet.*
For ſhould we meet, I muſt relapſe again;
Ih've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while ſhe reads it, and her troubles view,
And bring me faithful word, as thou art true.
Hold! oh my Heart! yet go, it muſt be done,
For what's neceſſity we cannot ſhun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new Being to my ſelf could give;
Some monſtrous and unheard of Shape now find,
As Savage and as Barbarous as my Mind.
Antiochus!

Enter Antiochus, *Attendants*, Arſaces.

Ant. My laſt Adieu to pay
I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer ſtay.
My griefs and my afflictions grow ſo high,
If not by abſence ſlacken'd I muſt dye.
Tit. What reaſon have the happy to repine?
Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
VVith all her charms receive her to thy breſt,
And be of all I ever lov'd, poſſeſt.
Ant. It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my Pain:
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
No, ſhould I ſtay to ſee you when you part,
Tho I am ſure the ſight would break my heart,
Yet ſhe, as ſtill my prayers have been deny'd,
Tho I but begg'd one bleſſing ere I dy'd,
Even then with ſcorn would throw me from her ſide.
Tit. Oh Heav'n! ſhe's entring, from her Charms let's fly.
(I know my weakneſs; if I ſtay, I dye.)
Meet, and prevent her—— [*Ex.* Titus.

Enter Berenice, *&c.*

Ber. How he haſts away!
Ingrateful! Deareſt Perjur'd *Titus*, ſtay. [*kneels.*
Afflictions catch him, great as thoſe I bear.
My Lord, at laſt I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis ſeal'd: but ere I part from you and *Rome*,
I ask, and I your pardon would receive,

Can you the wrongs which I have done forgive?
Ant. I never any Injuries did find:
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one ſoft word, how ſuddenly I'm loſt,
And have no ſenſe of my diſgraces paſt!
But muſt I then for ever loſe you ſo?
I am no *Roman*, nor was e're your foe.
No, rather here continue and be great,
Whilſt I lie ever hopeleſs at your feet.
Ber. Should I ſtay here, and my wrongs tamely bear
For him that ſhuns, and flies me eve'ry where?
I have a nobler mind, and you ſhall ſee
I can diſdain and ſcorn as much as he:
For tho 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my heart this hour abjures.
Ant. To baniſh him your heart whilſt you prepare,
VVhat will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deſerve it all,
And ſure a little to my ſhare might fall.
Ber. Oh of that killing Subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I could before.
Love for another ſtruck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my power to force my heart.
Ant. When firſt my Paſſion was diſdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your eſteem.
But now at laſt his breach of faith you ſee,
And bear it nobly too: How can you be
T'your ſelf ſo Juſt, and yet ſo hard to me?
Ber. What cruel ſtorms and fierce aſſaults you make,
To batter down a heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'r?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.
Ant. O ſtay, ſince of the Victory you're ſecure;
Pity the pains and anguiſh I endure, [*Kneels.*
In Wounds, which you and none but you can cure.
Look back, whilſt at your feet my ſelf I caſt,
And think the ſigh that's coming is my laſt.
My heart it's ſad eternal farewell takes;
Be but ſo kind to ſee me when it breaks.
Ber. Riſe, riſe, my Lord. The Emperor's return'd,
Conduct me hence, let me no more be ſcorn'd.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Now am I loſt! reſolve on what I will,
Spite of my ſelf I wander this way ſtill.
Why would you *Berenice* my preſence ſhun?
Ber. No! I'le hear nothing, I've reſolv'd on flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my ſight?
Why come you thus t'exaſperate my deſpair?
Are you not yet content? I know you are.
Tit. If ever yet my heart was dear to yours,
By all our plighted vows, thoſe ſofteſt hours,
In which for ever to be true I ſwore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.
Ber. I till to morrow had your leave to ſtay;
But my reſolves are to be gone to day,
And I depart.
Tit. No journey muſt you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his griefs forſake?
No! Stay——
Ber. I ſtay! Ungrateful as you are;
For what! a Peoples rude affronts to bear;
That which the ſound of my misfortunes rend
The Clouds, and Shouts to Heaven in Vollys ſend?
Does not their cruel joy yet reach your ears,
Whilſt I alone Torment my ſelf in tears?
By what offence or crime are they thus mov'd!
Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?
Tit. D'you mind the Voice of an outragious throng?
I ever thought your conſtancy more ſtrong:
Never believ'd your heart ſo weak could be,
Whoſe powerful charms had captivated me.
Ber. All that I ſee diſtraction does create:
Theſe rich Apartments, and this Pompous State,
Theſe Places where I ſpent my happieſt hours,
And plighted all my Vows, falſe Man, to yours;
All, as moſt vile Impoſtors I deteſt.
How ſtrangely, *Titus*, might we have been bleſt!
Tit. This art to torture ſouls where did you learn?
Or was it in your nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice!* how you deſtroy me!
Attendants, bring your Chair nearer.
Ber. No,
Return, and to your famous Senate go,
That for your cruelties applaud you ſo.
Have you not honour to your full delight?

Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in expiation can you do?
Have you not ever ſworn to hate me too?
Tit. Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
This hard ſuſpition was unjuſtly urg'd
'Gainſt a poor heart, too much before ſurcharg'd.
Oh, Madam! know me better, and recal
The wrong, ſince firſt I at your feet did fall:
Count all the ſingle days and minutes paſt,
Wherein my vows and my deſires I preſt,
And at this time your greateſt Conqueſt know:
For you were never ſo belov'd as now;
Nor ever——
Ber. Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you your ſelf command me to be gone.
Is my deſpair ſo charming to your view?
D'you think the tears I ſhed are all too few?
Of ſuch a heart a vain return you make;
No, never call thoſe dear Idea's back;
But ſuffer me in this belief to reſt,
That ſecretly long ſince exil'd your breaſt:
I only from a faithleſs wretch depart,
And one that never lays the loſs to heart.
If you had lov'd me, this had nere been ſent:
Here you've commanded me to baniſhment, [*Opens the Tablets.*
What wond'rous Love you bear me this doth ſhow:
Read, read, ungrateful, read, and let me go. [*Gives him the Tablets.*
Tit. You ſhall not go, I have not given conſent,
Nor will I ever to your baniſhment:
Your cruel reſolution I deſcry,
To be reveng'd of me you ſeek to dye.
And then of all I love, except the pain,
Nought but the ſad remembrance will remain.
Antiochus! be thou a Witneſs here. [Ber. *ſinks down in a Chair.*
Of all my miſery and my deſpair.
Antio. Deſpair's a Theam I only underſtand:
You, if you will, your wiſhes may command.
Such Beauty ready for poſſeſſion ſee,
And leave that ugly hag Deſpair to me.
Tit. Behold thoſe eyes, how dull and dark they grow!
Madam, when at your feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*
Vouchſafe my ſad afflictions to believe,

Alas! 'tis all the eaſe I'm like to have.
When firſt the dreadful minute I beheld,
That by my duty and the Laws compel'd,
I found it forc'd that you muſt hence depart,
Though nothing e're can baniſh you my heart.
'Twas then my ſoul had firſt a ſenſe of fears,
Foreſeeing your reproaches and your tears.
I then expected Madam, all the weight
Of woes that can on worſe misfortunes light.
But whatſoever fears oppreſs'd my heart,
I find I but foreſaw the leſſer part.
I thought my vertue not ſo apt to bow;
And am aſham'd 'tis thus intangled now.
Ber. Let me alone, and vex my ſoul no more;
You of your vertue talkt enough before:
Urge it not ſtill to aggravate my ſhame.
VVhen crown'd with conqueſt from the wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your ſtate;
For elſe the triumph had not been compleat.
Tit. Since you have then reſolv'd it ſhall be ſo;
And judg by this if y'are belov'd or no.
No longer Torments on my ſoul ſhall prey,
Since you to freedom ſee ſo brave a way;
A way by more than one great Roman ſhown,
Who when their Miſery's had preſt 'em down,
Propt from within, ſhook off with life, the weight.
And thus fell nobly grapling with their Fate. [*Offers to ſtab himſelf.*
Ber. Oh ſtay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take?
Would *Titus* die for *Berenices* ſake?
I ſee the blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that breaſt, where I, you ſay, have ſhare.
To hurt what's mine would be unjuſtly done;
No, rather ſtrike this heart that's all your own.
Tit. Beſt of thy ſex! and deareſt! now I ſee
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee?
Hence ye, perplexing Cares, that clog a brain,
Whilſt ſtruck with xſtaſie, I here fall down. [*Kneels.*
Thus at your feet a happy proſtrate laid,
I'm much more bleſt than if the world I ſway'd.
Ber. Now the bleſt *Berenice* enough has ſeen; [*Kneels.*
I thought your Love had quite extinquiſht been:
But 'twas my error; for you ſtill are true,
Your heart is troubled, and your tears I view.

Ev'n my worſt ſufferings much o're paid I ſee,
Nor ſhall th' unhappy world be curſt for me.
Nothing ſince firſt 'twas yours, my love would ſhake,
So abſolute a Conqueſt did you make:
But now I'le bring it to the utmoſt teſt,
And with one Fucal Act crown all the reſt.
Tit. Hah! tell me, *Berenice*, what will you do?
Ber. Far from your ſight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have reſolv'd on't, and it ſhall be ſo.
Tit. *Antiochus!* I'm born to be undone;
When I the greateſt conqueſt thought t'have won,
Ev'n in my nobleſt race I am out-run.
But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind:
Your inlarg'd Kingdom ſhall to her's be joyn'd.
And now how much you are my faithful friend;
In being ſo to her, you'l beſt expreſs. [*Falling on his Neck.*
Never forſake her in her ſad diſtreſs.
Where e're ſhe goes, for ever with her be;
And ſometimes in my abſence ſigh for me.
Antio. *Arſaces!* on thy boſome let me lie,
VVhilſt I but take one laſt dear look, and die.
Ber. No live, and by a generous ſtrife out-do
Us both, and of your ſelf be conqu'rour too.
Farewel.
Let us all three a rare example prove,
Of a moſt tender though unhappy love.
Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I reſtore;
Farewel, and reign, I'le never ſee you more. [*Ex.* Ber.
Antio. Oh Heav'n!
Tit. She's gone, and all I valu'd loſt:
Now Friend, let *Rome* of her great Emp'ror boaſt.
Since they themſelves firſt taught me cruelty,
I'le try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all thoughts of pitty I'll diſown,
And with my arms the Univerſe o're-run.
Rob'd of my Love, through ruins purchaſe fame,
And make the world's wretched as I am. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN

Theatrical History

THIS capital farce long kept the stage; and especially was it popular during the eighteenth century, when after-pieces were so much in vogue. We find that the deplorable and inane custom of taking the lighter scenes of some tragi-comedy to act them separately as a short and complete play—the drolls performed during the suppression of the theatres belong, of course, to a special category—has begun at the theatres as early as 1703, when a grand Concert was given on 1 February, followed by the comic scenes of *Marriage A-la-Mode*, and on the 3 December, 1705, there was produced at the Haymarket the " Comical part " of *The Spanish Fryar*, followed by *The Cheats of Scapin*, with loud-lunged Jemmy Bowen in the title-rôle of the farce. It was this mauling, maiming, and mammocking of fine dramas that encouraged Colley Cibber to mangle and muddle the lighter episodes of *Marriage A-la-Mode* and to weld them into some sort of shape with the Celadon and Florimel underplot of *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*, which *Mélange* he called *The Comical Lovers*, and brought it on the boards at the Haymarket, 4 February, 1707. It is brilliant and sparkling because it is Dryden's, and nothing of Dryden's could conceivably be anything but the best.

At Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21 May, 1724, we have *The Cheats of Scapin* " Not acted 10 years," which I take leave to doubt. Hippisley was the Scapin, and proved so admirable in the part that he was associated therewith as long as he lived. Hippisley was a great *farceur*, and mightily addicted to gag. His Gardiner in *Henry VIII* was marred by " some strokes of humour, which approached to grimace; and this caused a mirth unsuitable to the character." In his hands Polonius was a merry old grig; as Pandarus he was the delight of the upper galleries; and his Antonio in *Venice Preserv'd* vastly entertained the house by floods of ridiculous eloquence. Davies tells us: " I have seen Hippisley act the first Murderer in *Macbeth:* his face was made pale with chalk, distinguished with large whiskers, and a long black wig. This custom, of dressing so preposterously the hateful implements of the tragic scene, is now almost worn out."

On 13 November, 1724, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hippisley was playing Scapin, with Spiller and Bullock, two famous low comedians, as Shift and Thrifty; Hall, Gripe; Walker, Octavian; Diggs, Leander; Mrs. Brett, Lucia; and Mrs. Vincent, Clara. Bullock's *The Cobler of Preston*, a favourite farce, was also in the bill.

In 1736 songs were introduced and *The Cheats of Scapin* became a ballad-opera. At Covent Garden, 12 November, 1738, Hippisley acted Scapin with Tom Chapman, admirable in Shakespearean clowns, and Mrs. Centlivre's Marplot, but with an incurable itch for tragedy, as Shift; Rosco, Thrifty; and Arthur, Gripe. 1740 saw a popular pantomime in which Hippisley and Chapman took part, *Harlequin Scapin; or, The Old One Caught in a Trick.*

At Covent Garden, again, 15 January, 1776, Otway's farce was played with Wilson as Scapin, and Quick, the original Tony Lumpkin, and Bob Acres, " with his squeak like a Bart'lemew fiddle," Gripe. It formed the after-piece to *Douglas*, when Webster

made "his first appearance upon any stage" and won the warm approbation of a crowded house as Douglas to the Lady Randolph of Mrs. Barry.

At Covent Garden, 18 May, 1789, Ryder acted Scapin. The same evening was performed *The Beggar's Opera*, with Jack Bannister as Macheath; Mrs. Billington, whose "transcendent talents were not only the boast of the country, but the whole of Europe did her homage," Polly; and Mrs. Abington, Lucy.

On 13 July, 1808, at the Haymarket, Lillo's sombre tragedy *The Fatal Curiosity* was revived after an interval of twenty years. It was only acted once, whilst *The Cheats of Scapin*, which followed, with Mathews as Scapin, was played several times during the season. The farce, however, was performed with alterations and additions from *Trick upon Trick; or, The Vinter in the Suds*. This slight play, first seen on 22 December, 1789, is an adaptation of Bullock's *Woman's Revenge; or, a Match in Newgate*, produced in 1715, which is itself a version of *The Revenge; or, A Match in Newgate*, attributed to Betterton, and produced at Dorset Garden in 1680, a comedy conveyed almost wholesale from Marston's *The Dutch Courtesan*.

At Covent Garden, 6 November, 1812, *The Cheats of Scapin*, "Not acted many years," was given once only during the season. Mathews appeared as Scapin; Simmons, Gripe; and William Blanchard, "unrivalled in old men," Thrifty.

The Cheats of Scapin continued to amuse the audiences at London's minor theatres and in the provinces for another twenty years; but the performances of after-pieces, the smaller plays, and farces is very often not recorded, since they merely helped to conclude the evening's bill.

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN

ACT FIRST. SCENE FIRST.

Enter *Octavian*, *Shift.*

Oct. THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you ſay he is return'd already.

Sh. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Sh. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a reſolution to Marry me?

Sh. Yes, Sir, To Marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee adviſe me.

Sh. Adviſe you?

Oct. Yes, adviſe me. Thou art as ſurly, as if thou really couldſt do me no good. Speak: Has Neceſſity taught thee no Wit? Haſt thou no Shift?

Sh. Lord, Sir, I am at preſent very buſie in contriving ſome Trick to ſave my ſelf; I am firſt prudent, and then good-natur'd.

Oct. How will my Father rage and ſtorm, when he underſtands what things have happen'd in his Abſence? I dread his anger and reproaches.

Sh. Reproaches! Wou'd I could be quit of him ſo eaſily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Oct. Diſ-inheriting is the leaſt I can expect.

Sh. You ſhould have thought of this before, and not have fallen in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover*-Coach: She is indeed a good ſmug Laſs, but God knows what ſhe is beſides; perhaps ſome——

Oct. Villain.

Sh. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Oct. I have no Friend that can appeaſe my Father's anger, and now I ſhall be betray'd to want and miſery.

Sh. For my part I know but one Remedy in our Misfortunes.

Oct. Prithee what is it?

Sh. You know that Rogue and arch-Cheat, *Scapin.*

Oct. Well; What of him?

Sh. There is not a more ſubtle Fellow breathing; ſo cunning, he can cheat one newly Cheated; 'tis ſuch a Wheadling Rogue, I'll undertake in two Hours he ſhall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Money for your neceſſary Debauches: I ſaw him in three days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymiſt and Projector.

Oct. He is the fitteſt perſon in the World for my Buſineſs; the Impudent

Varlet can do any thing with the peeviſh old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll ſet him a work immediately.

Sh. See where he comes——Monſieur *Scapin.*

Enter Scapin.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Sh. I have been giving my Maſter a brief Account of thy moſt Noble Qualities: I told him thou wert as Valiant as a ridden Cuckold, Sincere as Whores, honeſt as Pimps in Want.

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but Copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you ſcorn the Gibbets, Halters and Priſons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Oct. Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy aſſiſtance.

Scap. Why, what's the matter good Mr. *Octavian?*

Oct. My Father is this day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a reſolution to Marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Oct. Thou knoweſt I am already Married: How will my Father reſent my Diſobedience? I am for ever loſt, unleſs thou canſt find ſome means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of your Marriage?

Oct. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all ſhall be well; I am publick-ſpirited: I love to help diſtreſſed young Gentlemen; and thank Heav'n I have had good Succeſs enough.

Oct. Beſides, my preſent want muſt be conſider'd; I am in rebellion without any Money.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occaſion; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority ruin ſuch little Undertraders as I am.

Oct. Well, get thee ſtraight about thy Bus'neſs: Canſt thou make no uſe of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I ſhall want his aſſiſtance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be uſeful.

Sh. Ay Sir; But like other wife Men, I am not over-valiant: Pray leave me out of this Bus'neſs: my Fears will betray you; you ſhall execute, I'll ſit at home and adviſe.

Scap. I ſtand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou haſt enough of that: Come, come, thou ſhalt along: What Man, ſtand out for a Beating? that's the worſt can happen.

Sh. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Oct. Here comes my deareſt *Clara.*

Cla. Ah me, *Octavian!* I hear ſad News: They ſay, your Father is return'd.

Oct. Alas! 'Tis true, and I am the moſt unfortunate perſon in the World; but 'tis not my own miſery that I conſider, but yours: How can you bear thoſe wants to which we muſt be both reduc'd?

Cla. Love ſhall teach me, that can make all things eaſie to us; which is a ſign it is the chiefeſt good: But I have other Cares. Will you be ever conſtant? Shall not your Father's Severity conſtrain you to be falſe?

Oct. Never, my deareſt, never.

Cla. They that love much, may be allow'd ſome fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you ſpeak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cla. I tremble at the thoughts of it.

Scap. You muſt appear reſolute at firſt: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Souldier; or, what will frighten him worſe, ſay, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Compoſition.

Oct. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practiſe a little what you are to do. Suppoſe me your Father, very grave, and very angry.

Oct. Well.

Scap. Do you look very careleſly, like a ſmall Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more ſurlily:——Very well:——Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority——

Octavian, Thou makeſt me weep to ſee thee; but alas they are not tears of Joy, but tears of ſorrow. Did ever ſo good a Father beget ſo lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother Vertuous, I ſhould pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate*-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick haſt thou play'd me in my Abſence? Marry'd? Yes: But to whom? Nay, that thou knoweſt not. I'l warrant you ſome Waiting-Woman corrupted in a Civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houſes, remov'd from thence by ſome Keeping Coxcomb, or——

Cla. Hold, *Scapin*, hold——

Scap. No offence, Lady, I ſpeak but another's words. Thou abominable Raſcal, thou ſhalt not have a groat, not a groat. Beſides, I will break all thy bones ten times over; get thee out of my houſe——Why, Sir, you reply not a word, but ſtand as baſhfully as a Girl that's examin'd by a Bawdy Judge about a Rape.

Oct. Look yonder comes my Father.

Scap. Stay, *Shift*, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [*Ex. Oct.* and *Clara.*

Enter Thrifty.

Th. Was there ever ſuch a raſh action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Buſineſs, and is now ſo full of it that he vents it to himſelf.

Th. I would fain hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a Diſtance.*

Th. Will they be ſo Impudent to deny the thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Th. Or will they endeavour to excuſe it?

Scap. That perhaps we may doe.

Th. But all ſhall be in vain.

Scap. We'l try that.

Th. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son faſt.

Scap. That we muſt prevent.

Th. And for the Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'le thraſh him to death; I will be three Years a Cudgelling him.

Sh. I wondre'd he had forgot me ſo long.

Th. Oh, oh! Yonder the Raſcal is, that brave Governour! he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your ſafe return.

Th. Good morrow, *Scapin*——indeed you have follow'd my Inſtructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himſelf very prudently in my abſence, has he not, Raſcal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Th. Very well——Thou ſay'ſt not a word Varlet, thou ſay'ſt not a word.

Scap. Had you a good Voyage, Mr. *Thrifty?*

Th. Lord Sir! a very good Voyage; pray give a Man a little Leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler, Sir?

Th. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Th. With that confounded Rogue there.

Scap. Upon what reaſon?

Th. Upon what reaſon! Haſt thou not heard what hath happen'd in my abſence?

Scap. I heard a little Idle ſtory.

Th. A little Idle ſtory, quoth-a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, things have not been well carried; but I would adviſe you to make no more of it.

Th. I'm not of your opinion, I'le make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord Sir, I have ſtorm'd about this buſineſs as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him indeed,

Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well to wrong ſo good a Father: I preached him three or four times aſleep, but all would not do; till at laſt, when I had well examined the Buſineſs, I found you had not ſo much wrong done you as you Imagine.

Th. How, not wrong done me, to have my Son married without my conſent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

Th. That's fine indeed; we ſhall ſteal, cheat, murder, and ſo be hang'd, then ſay we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly I did not think you ſo ſubtile a Phyloſopher, I mean, he was fatally engag'd in this affair.

Th. Why did he Engage himſelf?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but fie upon you now, would you have him as wife as your ſelf? young men will have their follies, witneſs my charge *Leander*; who has gone and thrown away himſelf at a ſtranger rate then your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your ſelf; yes I warrant you, and had your frailties.

Th. Yes, but they never coſt me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he pleaſe, if it coſt him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was ſo in Love with the young wench, that if he had not had her, he muſt have certainly hang'd himſelf.

Sh. Muſt! why he had already done it, But that I came very ſeaſonably and cut the rope.

Th. Didſt thou cut the rope, Dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou ſhouldſt have let him hang.

Scap. Beſides, her Kindred ſurprized him with her, and forc't him to marry her.

Th. Then ſhould he have preſently gone, and proteſted againſt the Violence at a Notaries.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he ſcorn'd that.

Th. Then might I eaſily have diſanulled the Marriage.

Scap. Diſannul the marriage?

Th. Yes.

Scap. You ſhall not break the marriage.

Th. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Th. What, ſhall not I claim the priviledge of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a thing he will never conſent to.

Th. He will not conſent to!

Scap. No: Would you have him confeſs he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himſelf a Coward: Oh fie, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do ſuch a thing.

Th. Piſh, talk not to me of Honour; he ſhall do it, or be diſ-inherited.
Scap. Who ſhall diſ-inherit him?
Th. That will I, Sir.
Scap. You diſ-inherit him! very good.
Th. How very good?
Scap. You ſhall not diſ-inherit him.
Th. Shall not I diſ-inherit him?
Scap. No.
Th. No!
Scap. No.
Th. Sir, you are very merry; I ſhall not diſinherit my Son?
Scap. No, I tell you.
Th. Pray who ſhall hinder me?
Scap. Alas, Sir, your own ſelf, Sir; your own ſelf.
Th. I my ſelf.
Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.
Th. You ſhall find I can, Sir.
Scap. Come, you deceive your ſelf; Fatherly affection muſt ſhow it ſelf, it muſt, it muſt: do not I know you were ever tender hearted?
Th. Y'are miſtaken, Sir; y'are miſtaken:——Piſh, why do I ſpend my time in tittle-tattle with this Idle fellow?——Hang-dog, go find out my rake-hell—— [*to Shift.*] whil'ſt I go to my Brother *Gripe*, and Inform him of my misfortune.
Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any ſervice——
Th. O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you—— [*Ex.* Thrift.
Shift. I muſt confeſs, thou art a brave Fellow, and our affairs begin to be in a better poſture——but the money, the money——we are abominable poor, and my Maſter has the lean Vigilant dunns, that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when ſhe ſollicits a maintenance for her diſcarded Daughter.
Scap. Your Money ſhall be my next care——let me ſee, I want a fellow to——canſt thou not counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alſatia?*——Stalk——look big—very well. Follow me, I have ways to diſguiſe thy voice and countenance.
Sh. Pray take a little care, and lay your plot ſo that I may not act the Bully allwayes; I would not be beaten like a Bully.
Scap. We'l ſhare the Danger, we'l ſhare the Danger. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND. SCENE FIRST.

Enter *Thrifty* and *Gripe*.

Gr. SIR, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath ſtrangely frustrated our Deſigns.

Thr. Sir, trouble not your ſelf about my Son; I have undertaken to remove all Obſtacles, which is the buſineſs I am ſo vigorouſly in purſuit of.

Gr. In troth, Sir, I'l tell you what I ſay to you: The Education of Children, after the getting of e'm, ought to be the neareſt Concern of a Father. And had you tutor'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could ſo ſlightly have forfeited his.

Thr. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence: Thoſe that are ſo quick to Cenſure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought firſt to take Care that all be well at home.

Gr. Why, Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thr. It may be I have; and it may be worſe than of my own.

Gr. What is't I pray? My Son?

Thr. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or ſome body elſe: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Meſſenger of ill news to one that I think ſo to me. Your Servant: I muſt haſten to my Councel, and adviſe what's to be done in this Caſe. God-bu'y till I ſee you again. [*Exit Thrifty.*

Gr. Worſe than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Conſent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my Dear Father, how Joyful am I to ſee you ſafely return'd! Welcome, as the Bleſſing which I am now craving will be.

Gr. Not ſo faſt Friend a'mine; ſoft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ee mean, Sir?

Gr. Stand ſtill, and let me look yee in the Face.

Leand. How muſt I ſtand, Sir?

Gr. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well Sir I do.

Gr. What's the meaning of this Report?

Leand. Report, Sir?

Gr. Yes, Report, Sir, I ſpeak Engliſh, as I take it: What is't that you have done in my abſence?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done?

Gr. I do not ask you what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

Leand. Who I, Sir? Why, I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Gr. Nothing at all? *Leand.* No, Sir.

Gr. You have no Impudence to ſpeak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man, and my Innocence.

Gr. Very well, But *Scapin*, d'ye mark me, young man, *Scapin* has told me ſome tales of your Behaviour?

Leand. Scapin!

Gr. Oh, have I caught you? That name makes ye bluſh do's it? 'Tis well you have ſome Grace left.

Leand. Has he ſaid any thing concerning me?

Gr. That ſhall be examin'd anon: In the mean while get you home, d'ye hear, And ſtay till my return; but look to't, if thou haſt done any thing to diſhonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or ſee my Face more; but expect to be as miſerable as thy folly and poverty can make thee. [*Exit* Gr.

Leand. Very fine; I am in a hopeful Condition. This Raſcal has betray'd my marriage, and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by rapine; and to ſet my hand in, the firſt thing ſhall be to Cut the throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter Oct. *and* Scapin.

Oct. Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to ſee you, good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir, your moſt humble Servant, You honour me too far.

Leand. You act an ill fool's part. But I ſhall teach you.

Scap. Sir.

Oct. Hold *Leander.*

Leand. No, *Octavian*, I'le make him confeſs the Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet Dog, I know the trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps no body would have told me. But i'le make you confeſs it, or I'le run my Sword into your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the heart to do ſuch a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, Raſcal, that you have, and I'le make you own it too, or I'le ſwing it out of your already tann'd thick hide. [*Beats him.*]

Scap. The Devil's in't, Lord, Sir, what d'yee mean? Nay, good Mr. *Leander*, pray, Mr. *Leander*; Squire *Leander*——As I hope to be ſav'ed——

Oct. Prithee be quiet; for ſhame enough—— [*Interpoſeth.*

Scap. Well Sir, I confeſs indeed that——

Leand. What! ſpeak, Rogue.

Scap. About two Months agoe you may remember, a Maid-Servant dyed in the Houſe.——

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay Sir, if I confeſs you muſt not be angry.

Leand. Well go on.

Scap. 'Twas ſaid ſhe dyed for love of me Sir: But let that paſs.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon;

Scap. About a week after her death, I dreſt up my ſelf like her Ghoſt, and went into Madam *Lucia*, your Miſtreſſes Chamber, where ſhe lay half in half out of bed, with her woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-book.

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. They both believe it was a Ghoſt to this hour. But it was my ſelf played the Goblin, to frighten her from the Scurvy Cuſtome of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable hours, hearing filthy Plays, when ſhe had never ſaid her Prayers.

Leand. I ſhall remember you for all in time and place; But come to the Point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my Father.

Scap. To your Father; I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his return, and if you'd ask him, he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

Leand. Yes, he told me himſelf, and told me all that thou haſt ſaid to him.

Scap. With your good Leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your pardon, I mean he was miſtaken. [*Enter* Sly.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the moſt unhappy news.

Leand. Whats the Matter?

Sly. Your Miſtreſs Sir, is yonder arreſted in an Action of 200 *l.* They ſay 'tis a debt ſhe left unpaid at *London*, in the haſt of her eſcape hither to *Dover;* and if you do not raiſe money within this two hours to diſcharge her, She'l be hurried to priſon.

Leand. Within this two hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within this two hours.

Leand. Ah my poor *Scapin*, I want thy Aſſiſtance.

[Scapin *walks about Surlily.*

Scap. Ah my poor *Scapin!* Now I'm your poor *Scapin* now you've need of me.

Leand. No more: I pardon thee all that thou haſt done, and worſe if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword in my Guts, you'l do better to Murder me.

Leand. For Heavens ſake, think no more upon that, but ſtudy now to aſſiſt me.

Oct. You muſt do ſomething for him.

Scap. Yes to have my Bones broken for my pains.

Leand. Would you leave me *Scapin* in this ſevere extremity?

Scap. To put ſuch an Affront upon me as you did;

Leand. I wrong'd thee I confeſs.

Scap. To uſe me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Raſcal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my ſelf at thy Feet, I'le doo't.

Oct. Faith *Scapin* you muſt, you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then: But d'yee mark me Sir, another time better words, and gentler blows.

Leand. Will you promiſe to mind my Buſineſs?

Scap. As I ſee convenient, Care ſhall be taken.

Leand. But the time you know is ſhort.

Scap. Pray Sir, don't be ſo troubleſome: How much money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred pounds. *Scap.* And you? *Oct.* As much.

Scap. to Leander.] No more to be ſaid It ſhall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, tho he be covetous to the laſt degree, Yet, thanks be to Heaven, hee's but a ſhallow perſon, his parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill Sir, for you have no reſemblance of him, But that y'are very like him. Begon; I ſee *Octavians* Father coming, I'le begin with him. [*Exeunt Oct.* and *Leand.*

[*Enter* Thrifty.]

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himſelf a clean Beaſt.

Thr. Oh, audacious Boy, to commit ſo inſolent a Crime, and plunge himſelf in ſuch a miſchief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thr. How do you *Scapin?*

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Sons raſh Actions?

Thr. Have I not reaſon to be troubled?

Scap. The life of man is full of troubles, that's the truth on't: But your Philoſopher is alwaies prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Caſe.

Thr. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

Thr. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why; When the Maſter of a Family ſhall be abſent any conſiderable time from his home or Manſion, he ought rationally, gravely, wiſely, and Philoſophically, to revolve within his mind all the concurrent Circumſtances, that may, during the Interval, conſpire to the Conjunction of thoſe misfortunes and troubleſome accidents that may intervene upon the ſaid abſence, and the interruption of his Oeconomical inſpection into the remiſſneſs, negligences, frailties, and huge and perillous Errours, which his Subſtitutes, Servants, or Truſtees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may ariſe from the imperfection and corruptneſs of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Diſpoſition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Converſation run conſequently defiled, and impure: Theſe things premiſed, and fore-conſider'd, arm the ſaid prudent Philoſophical *Pater Familias*, to find his Houſe laid waſte, his Wife murdered, his Daughters deflowered, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt,

and to thank Heaven 'tis no worſe too. D'ye mark, Sir?

Thr. S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap. Ay, and the beſt Proverb, and the wiſeſt in the World. Good Sir, get it by heart: 'Twill do ye the greateſt good imaginable; and don't trouble your ſelf: I'le repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thr. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'l like it better next time; hear it once more, I ſay ——When the Maſter of a——

Thr. Hold, hold, I have better Thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your ſelf among Lawyers? Do ye not ſee every day how the Spunges ſuck poor Clyents, and with a company of fooliſh, non-ſenſical terms, and knaviſh tricks, undo the Nation: No, you ſhall take another Way.

Thr. You have reaſon, if there were any other Way.

Scap. Come, I have found one. The truth is, I have a great compaſſion for your grief; I cannot, when I ſee tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons miſcarriages, but have bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thr. Truly my Caſe is ſad, very ſad.

Scap. So it is; tears will burſt out; I have a great reſpect for your perſon. [*Counterfeits weeping.*

Thr. Thank you with all my heart; in troth we ſhould have a fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, ſo we ſhould; I aſſure you there is not a perſon in the World whom I reſpect more than the Noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thr. Thou art honeſt, *Scapin*. Ha'done, ha'done.

Scap. Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

Thr. But what is your way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has Married.

Thr. What is he?

Scap. A moſt outragious roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a ſwell'd red Face enflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curſes enough in a Day to ſerve a Gariſon a Week; bred up in blood and rapine, uſed to ſlaughter from his youth upwards; one that makes no more conſcience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Lowſe; he has killed ſixteen, four for taking the Wall of him, five for looking too big upon him, two he ſhot piſſing againſt the Wall: In ſhort, he is the moſt dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thr. Heav'n! how do I tremble at the Deſcription? But what's this to my Buſineſs?

Scap. Why, He (as moſt Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courſes of Law, all the aſſiſtance of your Friends, and your great Purſe, (in which I ventur'd my life ten times, for ſo often he drew and run at me) yet, I ſay, at laſt I have made him hearken to a Compoſition, and to null the Marriage for a ſum of Money.

Thr. Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what ſum?

Scap. Faith, He was damnably unreaſonable at firſt, and gad I told him ſo very roundly.

Thr. A Pox on him, what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 *l.*

Thr. 'Ouns and Heart, 500 *l.* Five hundred Devils take him——and fry and frigaſſee the Dog; does he take me for a mad-Man?

Scap. Why, ſo I ſaid; and after much argument, I brought him to this: Damme, ſays he, I am going to the Army, and I muſt have Two good Horſes for my ſelf, for fear one ſhould die; and thoſe will coſt at leaſt Three-ſcore Guinea's.

Thr. Hang him Rogue! why ſhould he have two Horſes? But I care not if I give Threeſcore Guinea's to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, ſays he, my Piſtols, Saddle, Hoſe, Cloth, and all, will coſt Twenty more

Thr. Why, That's Fourſcore.

Scap. Well reckon'd; 'Faith this Arithmetick is a fine Art. Then I muſt have one for my Boy will coſt twenty more.

Thr. Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir.

Thr. Not a Sous, damn'd Raſcal, let him turn Foot-Souldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man beſides; would you have him go a-Foot?

Thr. Ay, and his Maſter too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, You are reſolv'd to ſpend twice as much at *Doctors-Commons*, you are; you will ſtand out for ſuch a Sum as this; do.

Thr. Hah! Oh damn'd unconſcionable Raſcal! well, if it muſt be ſo, Let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thr. No, I'le have nothing to do in it. Oh, a Covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not aſham'd to be ſo Covetous.

Scap. Why, this is nothing to the Charge at Doctors Commons; and though her Brother has no Money, ſhe has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thr. O Eternal Rogue! well I muſt do't, the Divils in him I think!

Scap. Then, ſaies he, I muſt carry into *France* money to buy a Mule, to carry——

Thr. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, I'le appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thr. No, I'le do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thr. No not ſo much as an Aſs!

Scap. Conſider.

Thr. I will not conſider, I'le go to Law.

Scap. I am ſure if you go to Law, you do not conſider the Appeals, Degrees of Juriſdiction, the intricate proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of ſo many Ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, Villanous Harpies! Promoters, Tipſtaves, and the like; None of which but will puff away the cleareſt Right in the World for a Bribe; on the other ſide, the Proctor ſhall ſide with your Adverſary, And ſell your Cauſe for ready Money: Your Advocate ſhall be gain'd the ſame Way, And ſhall not be found when your Cauſe is to be heard. Law is a torment of all torments.

Thr. That's true: Why, what does the damn'd Rogue——reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why, for Horſes, Furniture, Mule, and to pay ſome Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred Pounds.

Thr. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[Thr. *walks up and down in a great heat.*

Scap. Do but reflect upon——

Thr. I'le go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge your ſelf.

Thr. To Law, I'le tell you.

Scap. Why there's for Procuration, Preſentation, Council, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and ſcribling vaſt Volumes of Interrogatories,

Depoſitions, and Articles, Conſultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Regiſter, Subſtitute, Judgments, Signings————Expedition Fees, beſides the vaſt Preſents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the money, give him it, I ſay.

Thr. What, two hundred pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why, you'l gain 150 *l.* by it, I have ſumm'd it up; I ſay, give it him, I'faith do.

Thr. What, 200 *l.*

Scap. Ay; beſides, you ne're think how they'll rail at you in pleading, tell all your Fornications, Baſtardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thr. I defie 'em; let 'em tell of my whoring, 'tis the faſhion.

Scap. Peace; Here's the Brother.

Thrif. O Heaven! what ſhall I do?

Enter Shift *diſguiſed like a Bully.*

Sh. Damme, where is this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian?* Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Anceſtors I'le chine the Villalin.

Thr. Oh, oh! [*Hides himſelf behind* Scapin.]

Scap. He cares not, Sir, He'l not give the 200 *l.*

Sh. By Heav'n he ſhall be Worms-meat within theſe two Hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thr. You lye, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Sh. He! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Diſhonour my Siſter! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? hah!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Sh. Nor none of his Friends?

Thrif. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Sh. Art thou the Enemy of that Raſcal?

Thrif. Oh! ay, hang him—Oh damn'd Bully! [*Aſide.*

Sh. Give me thy Hand, old Boy, the next Sun ſhall not ſee the impudent Raſcal alive.

Scap. He'll muſter up all his Relations againſt you.

Th. Do not provoke him, *Scapin.*

Sh. Would they were all here: Ha! hah! hah!

[*He foyns everyway with his Sword.*

Here I had one through the Lungs, there another into the Heart: Hah! there another into the Guts: Ah, Rogues! there I was with you: Hah! ——hah!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Sh. No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will deſtroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,——hah! [*Ex.* Shift.

Th. Here, *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guinea's about me, take 'em. No more to be ſaid. Let me never ſee his face again; take 'em, I ſay: This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him your ſelf?

Th. No, no! I will never ſee him more: I ſhall not recover this theſe three Months. See the buſineſs done; I truſt in thee, Honeſt *Scapin:* I muſt repoſe ſomewhere: I am mightily out of Order——A Plague on all Bullies I ſay. [*Exit* Thrifty.

Scap. So there's one diſpatcht; I muſt now find out *Gripe:* He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Nets one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heav'n! unlook'd for misfortune; poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do? [*walks about diſtractedly.*

Grip. What's that he ſays of me?

Scap. Is there no Body can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe?*

Grip. Who's there *Scapin!*

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no purpoſe! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. *Gripe?*

Grip. Art thou blind? I have been juſt under thy Noſe this hour.

Scap. Sir———

Grip. What's the Matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir your Son——

Grip. Hah, my Son——

Scap. Is fallen into the ſtrangeſt misfortune in the World.

Grip. What is't?

Scap. I met him a while ago, diſordered for ſomething you had ſaid to him, wherein you very idly made uſe of my Name. And ſeeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier, amongſt other things, he took particular Notice of a New Caper in her full Trim: the Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handſomeſt Collation I ever met with.

Grip. Well, and where's the diſaſter of all this?

Scap. While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good diſtance from the Shoar, he diſcover'd himſelf to be an *Engliſh* Renegade that was entertained in the *Dutch* Service, and ſent me off in his Long-Boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith ſend him two hundred pounds, he'll carry away your Son Priſoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to *Algier.*

Gr. How, in the Devil's name? 200 *l.*

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more then that, he has allow'd me but an hours time; you muſt adviſe quickly what courſe to take to ſave an only Son.

Gr. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?——Run quickly, *Scapin*, and tell the Villain, I'le ſend my Lord Chief Juſtices Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open Sea, d'ye think Pyrates are Fools?

Gr. I'th' Devil's Name, what buſineſs had he a Shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to miſchief, Sir.

Gr. *Scapin*, thou muſt now act the Part of a faithful Servant.

Scap. As how, Sir?

Gr. Thou muſt go bid the Pyrate ſend me my Son, and ſtay as a pledge in his Room, till I can raiſe the Money.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has ſo little wit as to accept of ſuch a poor Raſcally fellow as I am, inſtead of your Son?

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two hours Time?

Gr. Thou ſay'ſt he demands——

Scap. 200 *l.*

Gr. 200 *l.* Has the fellow no Conſcience?

Scap. O law! the Conſcience of a Pyrate! why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gr. Has he no reaſon neither? Do's he know what the Sum of 200 *l.* is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a ſort of People that underſtand Money, though they have no great acquaintance with Sence. But for Heav'ns ſake diſpatch.

Gr. Here take the Key of my Compting Houſe.

Scap. So.

Gr. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. In the left hand Window lyes the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Cheſt, and ſell 'em to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, Y'are mad; I ſhan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am ſtreightned for time.

Gr. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?

Scap. Let Ship-board alone, and conſider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n is my Witneſs, I ha' done for him as much as was poſſible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his Father's Kindneſs.

Gr. Well, Sir, I'll go ſee if I can raiſe the Money. Was it not nine-ſcore Pounds you ſpoke of?

Scap. No, 200 *l.*

Gr. What, 200 *l. Dutch*, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean *Engliſh* Money, 200 *l.* ſterling.

Gr. I'th' Devil's Name, what Buſineſs had he a Ship-board? Confounded Ship-board!

Scap. This Ship-board ſticks in his Stomach.

Gr. Hold, *Scapin*, I remember I receiv'd the very Sum juſt now in Gold, but did not think I ſhould have parted with it ſo ſoon.

[*He preſents* Scapin *his Purſe, but will not let it go; and in his tranſportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilſt* Scapin *reaches at it.*

Scap. Ay, Sir,

Gr. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore,

Scap. Yes, Sir.

Gr. A Dogbolt.

Scap. I ſhall, Sir.

Gr. A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200 *l.* contray to all Law or equity.

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gr. That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gr. And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him. [*He puts up his Purſe, and is going away.*

Scap. Right, Sir,

Gr. Now make haſt, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

Gr. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir; you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

Gr. Ha——my griefs and fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I ſee it does indeed.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Ship-board?——Damn'd Pyrate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell purſue thee.

Scap. How eaſily a Miſer ſwallows a Load, and how difficultly he diſgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him ſo; he's like to pay in other Coyn, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Oct. *and* Leander.

Scap. Well, Sir, I have ſucceeded in your Buſineſs, there's 200 *l.* which I have ſqueez'd out of your Father. [*To* Octavian.

Oct. Triumphant *Scapin.*

Scap. But for you I can do nothing—— [*To* Leander.

Lea. Then may I go hang my ſelf. Friends both Adieu.

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the Devil has no ſuch Neceſſity for you yet, that you need ride Poſt. With much ado I've got your Buſineſs done too.

Lea. Is't poſſible?

Scap. But on condition that you permit me to revenge my ſelf on your Father, for the Trick he has ſerved me.

Lea. With all my heart, at thy own diſcretion, good honeſt *Scapin.*

Scap. Hold your Hand, there's 200 *l.*

Lea. My thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel dear Son of *Mercury*, and be proſperous.

Scap. Gramercy, Pupil: Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT THIRD. SCENE FIRST.

Enter Lucia *and* Clara.

Lucia. WAS ever ſuch a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governeſſes, where our careful Fathers had plac'd us, to follow a couple of young Gentlemen, only becauſe they ſaid they lov'd us, I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the good fortune we ſhall get by it, will very hardly recompenſe the reputation we have loſt by it.

Clar. Our greateſt ſatisfaction is, that they are Men of faſhion and credit, and for my part I long ago reſolv'd not to Marry any other, nor ſuch a one neither, till I had a perfect confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an aſſurance of *Octavian*'s that brought me hither.

Lucia. I muſt confeſs, I had no leſs a ſence of the Faith and Honour of *Leander*.

Clar. But ſeems it not wonderful, that the Circumſtances of our Fortune ſhould be ſo near ally'd, and our ſelves ſo much Strangers? Beſides, if I miſtake not, I ſee ſomething in *Leander*, ſo much reſembling a Brother of mine of the ſame Name, that did not the time ſince I ſaw him make me fearful, I ſhould be often apt to call him ſo.

Lucia. I have a Brother too, whoſe Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and juſt as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the reaſon I have not ſeen him yet. But if I deceive not my ſelf, there is ſomething in your *Octavian* that extreamly refreſhes my memory of him.

Clar. I wiſh we might be ſo happy as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a ſtrange blind ſide in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we moſt earneſtly deſire.

Lucia. The worſt at laſt, is but to be forſaken by our Fathers: and for my part, I had rather loſe an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with reputation keep him, and ſecure my ſelf againſt the Impoſition of fatherly Authority.

Clar. How inſufferable it is to be ſacrific'd to the Arms of a nauſeous Blockhead, that has no other ſenſe than to eat and drink when 'tis provided for him, riſe in the morning, and go to Bed at night, and with much ado be perſwaded to keep himſelf clean.

Lucia. A thing of meer Fleſh and Blood, and that of the worſt ſort too, with a ſquinting meager hang-Dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Phyſick for the Worms.

Clar. Yet ſuch their ſilly Parents are generally moſt indulgent to, like Apes, never ſo well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Iſſue.

Lucia. Twenty to one, but to ſome ſuch charming Creatures our careful Fathers had deſign'd us.

Clar. Parents think they do their Daughters the greateſt kindneſs in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands; and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right uſe of them.

Lucia. I'de no more be bound to ſpend my days in Marriage to a Fool, becauſe I might rule him, than I would always ride an Aſs, becauſe the Creature was gentle.

Clar. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Deſigns and Affairs, as a Callow Stateſman at a Treaty of Peace.

Scap. Ladies!

Clar. Oh, Monſieur *Scapin!* What's the reaſon you have been ſuch a Stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, Ladies, Buſineſs, Buſineſs has taken up my time; and truly I love an active Life, love my Buſineſs extremely.

Lucia. Methinks tho, this ſhould be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find imployment in?

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never ſhy to my Friends: My Buſineſs is, in ſhort, like that of all other Men of Buſineſs, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat to get an honeſt Livelyhood.

Clar. Certainly, Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courſes?

Scap. Oh, Madam! Wit and Honeſty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Reliſh to a good Fortune, and paſs well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themſelves. No, give me your Knave, your thorow-pac't Knave; hang his Wit, ſo he be but Rogue enough.

Lucia. You're grown very much out of humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope yours has done you no prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, Your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, reſtive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, puſhing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Clar. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like moſt others of the Female Sex, (I ſpeak all this with reſpect to your Ladiſhip) is generally moſt indulgent to the nimble mettled Block-heads; Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they ſhould be Active: Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have ſo much as Courage, No, Ladies, if y'ave any Friends that hope to raiſe themſelves, adviſe them to be as much fools as they can, and they'll ne're want Patrons: And for honeſty, if your Ladiſhips think fit to retire a little further; you ſhall ſee me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Clara. Prithee, *Lucia*, let us Retreat a little, and take this opportunity of ſome divertiſement; which hath been very ſcarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift *with a Sack.*

Scap. Oh *Shift!*

Shift. Speak not too loud my Maſter's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't, I ſhall teach him to betray the ſecrets of his Friend. If any man puts a trick upon me without return, may I looſe this Noſe with the Pox, without the pleaſure of getting it.

Sh. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that body of thine, to the Indignity of bruiſes and indecent Baſtinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in adventures make them pleaſant when accompliſht.

Sh. But your adventures, how Comical ſoever in the beginning, are ſure to be Tragical in the end.

Scap. 'Tis no matter, I hate your puſillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Letchery are never ſo pleaſant as when you venture hard for them; begone: here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh, Sir, Sir, ſhift for your ſelf, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heaven's ſake.

Gr. What's the matter, Man?

Scap. Heaven! is this a time to ask queſtions? Will you be murder'd inſtantly? I am afraid you'l be kill'd within theſe two Minutes.

Gr. Mercy on me! killed for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gr. Who? Who?

Scap. The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; he's a Captain of a Privatere, who has all ſorts of Rogues, *Engliſh*, *Scotch*, *Welch*, *Iriſh*, *French*, under his command, and all lying in wait now, or ſearching for you to kill you, becauſe you would Null the Marriage; they run up and down, crying, where is the Rogue *Gripe?* Where is the Dog, where is the Slave *Gripe;* they watch for you ſo narrowly, that there's no getting home to your Houſe.

Gr. Oh, *Scapin!* what ſhall I do? what will become of me?

Scap. Nay Heaven knows; but if you come within their Reach, they'l De-Wit you, they'l tear you in pieces; heark.

Gr. Oh Lord!

Scap. Hum 'tis none of them?

Gr. Canſt thou find no way for my Eſcape, dear *Scapin?*

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gr. Good *Scapin*, ſhew thy ſelf a man now.

Scap. I ſhall venture being moſt immoderately beaten.

Gr. Dear *Scapin*, do; I will Reward thee bounteouſly: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it 8 or 9 Months longer.

Scap. Liſten! who are theſe?

Gr. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'l ſave your life go into this Sack preſently.

Gr. Oh! who's there?

Scap. No body: Get into the Sack, and ſtir not, whatever happens: I'l carry you as a Bundle of Goods thro' all your Enemies to the Major's Houſe or the Caſtle.

Gr. An Admirable Invention, Oh Lord! quick. [*Gets into the Sack.*

Scap. Yes, 'tis an Excellent Invention, if you knew all; keep in your Head. Oh, here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin *counterfeits a* Welſhman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander*'s Father, look you.*

In his own Voice.

How ſhould I know? what would you have with him—Lie cloſe.

Have with him, look you! her has no creat pus'neſs, but her would have ſatisfactions and reparations, look you for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy *he ſhall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.*

In his own Voyce.

He affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and hur will give you beatings and chaſtiſements for your Contradictions, when hur Welſe plood's up, look you, and hur will Cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it; take you that, pray you now.

[Beats the Sack.

His own Voyce.

Hold, hold, will you Murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach ſawcy Jacks how they profook Hur Welſe ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue, hur will have his Guts and his plood, look you, Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Taffyes *day more, look you.*

His own Voice.

Oh! He has mawl'd me, a damn'd *Welſh* Rogue.

Gr. You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders. Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main ſubſtantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gr. Why did you not ſtand further off?

Scap. Peace——Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancaſhire *Dialect.*

Yaw Fellee, wi'th Sack there, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Raſcatt Graip *is?*

Not I; but here is no Raſcal.

Yaw Leen, yaw Dogue, yaw knaw weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a ſoo Raſcatt as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By th' Meſs, an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle th' bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to ſome Tune.

Me, Sir? I don't underſtand ye.

Why, Th'wrt his Mon, thaw Hobble, I'll ſnite th' Naſe o' thee.

Hold, hold Sir, What would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the firſt bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him aw to pap by th' Meſs, and after Ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and Ay wot, he'll be a pratty ſwatley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, ſayn ye? Ays find him by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd *Lancaſhire* Raſcal.

Gr. Oh good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

Scap. Hold, here's another. [Gr. *pops in his Head.*

In an Iriſh *Tone.*

Doſt thou hear, Sack-man? I pridee ſare is de dam Dog, Gripe?

His own Voice.

Why, What's that to you? What know I?

Fat's dat to me, Joy? by my Soul Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know ſare he is indeed, or I'l beat upon till thou doſt know, by my ſalvation indeed.

Scap. I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I ſwear by him that made me, if thou doſt not tell ſare is Gripe, *but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I cann't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my ſoul, if I do ſee him, I will make Murther upon him for my Captain's ſake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat haſt dow in dat Sack? Joy by my ſalvation I will look into it.

But you ſhall not. What have you to do with it?

By my ſoul, Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gr. Oh! Oh.

Scap. *Fatt it does grunt, by my ſalvation de Devil take me, I will ſee it indeed.* You ſhall not ſee my Sack; I will defend it with my life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my ſoul, and ſo I do take my leave Joy. [Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almoſt kill'd me.

Gr. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders!

Scap. You cann't tell me; they fell on mine: Oh my Shoulders!

Gr. Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are coming.

In a hoarſe Sea-man's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, ſwinge him with a Cat o'nine tails, Keel-hale, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In broken French-Engliſh.

If dere be no more Men in England, *I vill kille him, I vill put my Rapire in his Body, I vill give him two tree puſhe in de gutte.*

Here Scapin *acts a Number of 'em together.*

*We mun go this way——o' the right hand, no to th' left hand——*lye cloſe *——ſearch ev'ry where——by my ſalvation I will kill the damn Dog——and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way——no, ſtreight forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Maſter——Dam me, where? in Hell? ſpeak——*hold, not ſo furiouſly——*and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee——*

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him ſoundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne're betray my Maſter.

Knock 'en down, beat 'en zoundly, to'en, at'en at'en at——

[*As he is going to ſtrike,* Gripe *peeps out, and* Scapin *takes to his Heels.*

Gr. Oh, Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence. [*Enter* Thrifty.] Oh, Brother *Thrifty!* You come to ſee me loaden with diſgrace; the Villain. *Scapin* has, as I am ſenſible now, cheated me of 200 *l.* this beating brings all into my Memory. [*Aſide.*

Th. The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the ſame Sum.

Gr. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate, that I am aſham'd to tell it; but he ſhall pay for it ſeverely.

Th. But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the forerunner of another: Juſt now I receiv'd Letters from *London*, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governeſſes, with two wild debaucht young Fellows, that they fell in love with.

Enter Lucia *and* Clara.

Luc. Was ever ſo malicious Impudence ſeen——hah—— Surely, if I miſtake not, that ſhould be my Father.

Cla. And the other mine, whom *Scapin* has us'd thus.

Luc. Bleſs us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

Cla. What will they ſay to find us here?

Luc. My deareſt Father, welcome to *England.*

Th. My Daughter *Luce?*

Luc. The ſame, Sir.

Gripe. My *Clara* here too?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to ſee your ſafe Arrival.

Thrif. What ſtrange Deſtiny has directed this Happineſs to us?

Enter Octavian.

Gr. Hey day!

Th. Oh, Son! I have a Wife for you.

Oct. Good Father, all your Propoſitions are vain; I muſt needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

Th. Look you now; is not this very fine! Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you, you'l not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter here——

Oct. I'le never marry Mr. *Gripe*'s daughter, Sir, as long as I Live: No, yonder's ſhe that I muſt Love, and can never Entertain the thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes, *Octavian*, I have at laſt met with my Father, and all our fears and troubles are at an end.

Thr. Law ye now, you would be wiſer than the Father that begot you, would you? Did not I always ſay you ſhould marry Mr. *Gripe*'s daughter? But you do not know your Sifter *Luce.*

Oct. Unlook'd for Bleſſing! why ſhe's my friend *Leander*'s Wife!

Thr. How *Leander*'s Wife!

Gr. What my Son *Leander!*

Oct. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander.*

Gr. Indeed! well Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well now I am ſo over-joy'd, that I could laugh till I ſhook my ſhoulders, but that I dare not, they are ſo ſore. But look here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Lean. Sir, I beg your pardon, I find my marriage is diſcovered; nor would I indeed, have longer conceal'd it; this is my Wife, I muſt own her.

Gr. Brother *Thrifty*, did you ever ſee the like, did you ever ſee the like? Ha!

Thr. Own her, quoth a! why kiſs her, kiſs her, Man; oddsboddikins,

when I was a young fellow, and was firſt married, I did nothing elſe for three months. O my conſcience I got my Boy *Octi* there, the first night, before the Curtains were quite drawn.

Gr. Well, 'tis his Fathers nowne Child. Juſt ſo, Brother, was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my dear without bluſhing; but when we were a Bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us——but I'le no more.

Lean. Is then my Father Reconcil'd to me?

Gr. Reconcil'd to thee! why I love thee at my heart man, at my heart; why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty*'s Daughter, Mrs. *Luce*, whom I always deſign'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Siſter *Clara* marry'd to Mr. *Octa*, there.

Lean. Octavian, are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wiſht after the Compleating of my happineſs with my charming *Lucia.*

Thr. Come Sir, hang up your complements in the Hall at home, they are old and out of faſhion. *Shift*, go to the Inn, and beſpeak a Supper may coſt more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am reſolv'd to run in debt to night.

Sh. I ſhall obey your commands, Sir.

Thr. Then d'you hear, ſend out and muſter up all the Fidlers (Blind or not Blind, Drunk or Sober) in the Town; let not ſo much as the Roaſter of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Caſe, eſcape ye.

Gr. Well what would I give now for the fellow that ſings the Song at my Lord Mayors Feaſt: I my ſelf would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he ſhould ſet a Tune to it; 'twas the pretty'ſt he had laſt time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the ſtrangeſt accident fallen out.

Thr. What's the matter?

Sly. Poor *Scapin.*

Gr. Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'le hang him my ſelf.

Sly. Oh, Sir, that trouble you may ſpare; for paſſing by a place where they were building, a great ſtone fell upon his head, and broke his Scull ſo, you may ſee his Braines.

Thr. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter Scapin *between two, his Head wrap'd up in Linnen as if he had been wounded.*

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, you ſee me, you ſee me in a ſad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the prime of my years: But yet I could not dye without the pardon of thoſe I have wrong'd; yes Gentlemen I

beſeech you to forgive me all the injuries that I have done; but more eſpecially, I beg of you Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Maſter Mr. *Gripe*.

Thr. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and dye in peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have moſt offended, by the inhumane Baſtinadoes which——

Gr. Prithee ſpeak no more of that, I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a moſt wicked Inſolence in me, that I ſhould with vile Crab-tree cudgel———

Gr. Piſh, no more, I ſay I am Satisfied.

Scap. And now ſo near my Death, 'tis an unſpeakable grief that I ſhould dare to lift my hand againſt——

Gr. Hold thy Peace, or dye quickly, I tell thee I have forgot All——

Scap. Alas! how good a man you are! But, Sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the bottom of your Heart, thoſe mercyleſs drubs that——

Gr. Prithee ſpeak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodneſs Revives me!

[*Pulls off his Cap.*

Gr. How's that! Friend take Notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are ſure to dye.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thr. Come, fie Brother never let Revenge employ your thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gr. A dewce on't, Brother, as I hope to be ſav'd, he beat me baſely and ſcurvily, never ſtir he did: But ſince you will have it ſo, I do forgive him.

Th. Now then let's to ſupper, and in our mirth drown and forget all troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the Lower End of the Table.

Where in my Chair of State I'l ſit at eaſe,
And eat and drink, that I may dye in Peace. *A Dance.*

The End.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee*, when ſhe was out of Humour.

HOW little do you gueſs what I'm to ſay!
I'm not to ask how you like Farce or Play:
For you muſt know, I've other bus'neſs now;
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble guiſe
You came with honeſt Hearts and harmleſs Eyes;
State without Noiſe and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a pretious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho now 'tis grown ſo common, let me dye,
Gentlemen ſcorn to keep it Company.
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now y'are proud,
Did not in curſt Cabals of Criticks croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to ſee the Follies you would ſhun;
Tho now ſo fondly Antick here you're grown;
T' invert the Stages purpoſe, and its Rules;
Make us Spectators, whilſt you play the Fools.
Equally witty as ſome valiant are;
The ſad Defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll Cenſure, who diſdain to write,
As ſome make Quarrels here, that ſcorn to fight.
The rugged Souldier that from War returns,
And ſtill wi' th' heat of former Action burns;
Let him but hither come to ſee a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a day:
Shall ſteal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent chat with Tawdry Maux:
Till e're aware the Bluſt'rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmleſs as a Dove.
With us the kind remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Though now alas we muſt your abſence mourn,
Whilſt nought but Quality will ſerve your turn.

Damn'd Quality! that uſes poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis ſaid) comes maſk'd to prey on hearts.
The proper uſe of Vizors once was made,
When only worn by ſuch as own'd the Trade:
Tho now all mingle with 'em ſo together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter, on, purſue your Game,
Till wearied you return at laſt and tame:
Know then 'twill be our turn to be ſevere;
For when y'ave left your Sting behind you there,
You lazy Drones, ye ſhan't have harbour here.

Alcibiades

THE quarto of 1675, *editio princeps*, which I have collated from a copy in the library of Mr. Thorn-Drury, on the verso of the Epilogue gives many errata. All of these have been duly included here in their order.

p. 5, l. 11. *the jartheſt proſpect I take.* 4to 1675 reads (erratum), "proſpect I look to,"

p. 5, l. 14. *ſhould I be concern'd.* 4to 1675, "Should be concern'd."

p. 5, l. 23. *with it all my beſt endeavours.* 4to 1675, "with all my beſt endeavours."

p. 14, l. 16. *diſadvantageous peace.* 4to 1675, "diſadvantigious peace."

p. 15, l. 6. *Exhal'd by th' Sun.* 4to 1675, "Exhail'd by th' Sun." The erratum misprints "exhaild."

p. 15, l. 19. *to your influence owe.* 4to 1675, "to your Vertue owe"; 12mo 1728, "to your Virtue owe."

p. 19, l. 3. *a hollow ſigh.* 4to 1675, "a hallow ſigh."

p. 19, l. 19. *You might have damn'd me.* 4to 1675, "You might have plagu'd me."

p. 19, l. 30 *Alci. Ye Gods!* 4to 1675, "Oh Heavens!"; 12mo 1728, "Oh Heav'ns!"

p. 20, l. 13. *Nearer united.* 4to 1675, "Firmier united"; 12mo 1728, "Firmer united."

p. 21, l. 10. *His Brow darts Majesty.* 4to 1675, "His Brows dart Majesty." And so 12mo 1728; Thornton, 1813, "His brows dart majesty."

p. 22, l. 5. *It is our cuſtome.* 4to 1675, "It is the cuſtom." Erratum misreads, "the cuſtome."

p. 23, l. 1. *no pantings but of bliſs.* 4to 1675, "no paintings but of bliss."

p. 23, l. 3. *glorys of a Deity.* 4to 1675, "Diety."

p. 23, l. 13. *Priest. Agreed.* 4to 1675, here and int he second line following prints "*Prest.*"

p. 25, l. 17. *But vaniſh at the Suns more Potent light.* 4to 1675, "But Vanquiſh."

p. 25, l. 20. *It may tumultuous.* 4to 1675, "It may tumultious."

p. 25, l. 23. *Of private int'reſt.* 12mo 1678, "Their private Int'rest."

p. 26, l. 13. *Their totter'd Troops.* 12mo 1728, "Their tatter'd Troops."

p. 26, l. 28. *Though ſo their fate.* 4to 1675, "Though to their fate."

p. 26, l. 33. *Then fair Timandra.* 4to 1675, "Thus fair *Timandra.*"

p. 28, l. 6. *Be his Bounds narrow.* 12mo 1728, "Be his Bonds narrow."

p. 28, l. 18. *to obleige him.* This reproduces the pronunciation, 12mo 1728, "to oblige."

p. 28, l. 33. *No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lie.* 12mo 1728, "No, Sir, if ere your Life . . ."

p. 29, l. 6. *they were approv'd by you.* 4to 1675, "they are approv'd."

p. 31, l. 36. *But I'l ſmooth all in time.* 12mo 1728 and later editions introduce [*Aside*].
p. 32, l. 8. *'Tis a refreſhment to this hoary head.* 4to 1675, " this heavy head."
p. 32, l. 37. *Becoming both my glory.* 4to 1675, " Becoming both my courage."
p. 32, l. 39. *Is that old feind.* 4to 1675, " Is that old friend "; 12mo 1728, " Is that old Fiend."
p. 34, l. 22. *their quarry looſe.* 12mo 1728, " their Quarry lose."
p. 36, l. 19. *Enter Queen.* 12mo 1728 and later editions with propriety add " *and* Ardella."
p. 37, l. 11. *Their loves were bleſt.* 12mo 1728, " *Their Doves were bleſt.*"
p. 38, l. 4. [*angerly.* Changed by later editions to [*Angrily.*
p. 41, l. 35. *Courage my friend.* 4to 1675, " Courage my freind."
p. 42, l. 10. *my Soul dares boldly fly.* 4to 1675, " my Souls dares boldly fly."
p. 45, l. 24. *I in revealing honour ſhould offend.* 4to 1675, " I in reviling honour."
p. 47, l. 12. *Alci. But Sir what meaning.* 4to 1675 gives this line to Timandra, but Tissaphernes replies to Alcibiades.
p. 49, l. 12. *who leave this life.* 12mo 1728, " who leave this world."
p. 49, l. 21. *You duties beyond your own Omnipotence enjoyn.* 12mo 1728 reads, " Duties beyond Omnipotence you enjoin."
p. 51, l. 1. *where howling fiends lye chain'd.* 4to 1675, " be chain'd."
p. 53, l. 28. *Sorrowes the gloryes do allay.* 4to 1675, " Sorrowes thee gloryes."
p. 54, l. 35. *My ſelf will in his heart the dagger ſheath.* 4to 1675, " that Dagger."
p. 57, l. 29. *ſigh my own life away.* 12mo 1728 and several editions insert, "[*Ex. Lords.*"
p. 58, l. 33. *Your lover too.* 4to 1675, " Your lovers too."
p. 60, l. 32. *Qu. Yet yield, and live*—— 4to 1675, " *Qu. Yet yield and live*——"
p. 61, l. 17. *Alci. It makes me wonder.* 4to 1675, " *It makes me wonder.*"
p. 64, l. 25. *Alci.—Thy uſeleſs grief refrain.* 4to 1675, " Thy useless greif."
p. 64, l. 38. *Think you that I will dye.* 12mo 1728, " Think ye that I will die."
p. 65, l. 4. *hoyſe up Sayl.* 12mo 1728, " hoiſt up Sail."
p. 65, l. 30. *be wretched to be great.* Most later editions omit FINIS, inserting [*Exeunt omnes.*

Don Carlos

The first quarto, 1676, notes the following errata which have been duly corrected:

p. 84, l. 33. *Till to their Strength:* Till ſo their Strength.
p. 86, l. 33. *by him paſt:* by him paſs.
p. 87, l. 27. *Till he's too far:* Till so too far. But the alteration is incorrect.
p. 89, l. 18. *On ſlaves that gaze:* On ſlaves that gape.
p. 112, l. 33. *Think you.* The first quarto gives this line to Don John. I follow the later editions, which are obviously correct, and assign it to Eboli.

p. 136, l. 24. *receive me:* support me.

12mo, 1728, retains the errata, "Till he's too far"; "On slaves that gaze"; and "receive me." Thornton also gives these inaccuracies. What is more serious most later editions and Thornton omit several passages from the text.

The first quarto, 1676, prints beneath *Errata* the following: "Advertiſement. The Reader is deſired to take Notice, That in the Third and Fourth Acts particularly the ſence is frequently miſtopped; which I know not whether they are the fault of the Preſs, or of him that Tranſcribed it from the Author's Copy: The falſe ſtops are generally Interrogation points, or Notes of Exclamation; when indeed they might as properly have made True-love-knots, and they would have ſerv'd as well to the purpoſe." I have not ventured to attempt any emendations in this respect.

Titus and Berenice

p. 151, l. 10. *he oft conceals.* 4to 1677, "of't."
p. 152, l. 35. *Berenice. At laſt.* 4to 1677, "*Berenice*, At last."
p. 152, l. 40. *Since your neglect.* 1728, "Since you neglect."
p. 152, l. 42. *Rome it ſelf have ſeen.* 1728, "has seen."
p. 153, l. 11. *He had not for me.* 1728, "from me."
p. 153, l. 16. *recompence his pain.* 1728, "recompense my Pain."
p. 154, l. 9. *You believe Sir.* Later editions, "You may believe."
p. 154, l. 36. *I fly from Titus.* 4to 1677, "form."
p. 155, l. 29. *My Meſſage bear?* Later editions, "the Message."
p. 156, l. 8. *theſe all.* Later editions, "all these."
p. 157, l. 12. *Tit. Who can.* 4to 1677 gives this couplet to Paulinus.
p. 158, l. 19. *Paul. I ne're expected.* 4to 1677 omits this line.
p. 159, l. 2. *Tit. The Thought.* 4to 1677 omits these three lines.
p. 159, l. 37. *onely for you live.* Later editions, "only from you live."
p. 159, l. 41. *and turn away.* 1728, "to turn away."
p. 161, l. 15. *a Flight.* 4to 1677, "Fright."
p. 161, l. 16. *Tho on.* Later editions, "For tho."
p. 162, l. 7. *Titus is unjuſt.* Later edition, "was."
p. 162, l. 38. *bleſt but you.* 1728, "save you."
p. 164, l. 7. *World by love.* Later edition, "World with Love."
p. 164, l. 30. *Advantage now.* [*Exit* Titus. 4to 1677 puts the Exit after "falſhood ſhow."
p. 164, l. 35. *who'm.* 1728, "who."
p. 168, l. 21. *riſt'd.* Later editions, "ruffl'd."
p. 174, l. 33. *I know my weakneſs.* 1728 omits.
p. 176, l. 39. *Attendants, bring your Chair.* 4to 1677 prints this as part of the speech. Later editions have "[*Attendants bring a Chair.*"
p. 179, l. 6. *one Fucal Act.* Later editions, "Funereal Act."

Cheats of Scapin

p. 185, l. 35. *I'll undertake.* Later editions, " I'd undertake."
p. 188, l. 16. *Sh. I wondre'd.* 4to 1677, " *Th.*"
p. 197, l. 7. *Thr. Hah! oh damn'd.* Later editions omit "*Hah.*"
p. 203, l. 20. *Scap. Ladies!* Later editions insert " Enter Scapin."
p. 205, l. 32. *Hur Welſe plood.* 4to 1677, "*Wells.*"
p. 206, l. 25. *Scap. Hold, here's another.* 4to 1677 gives this to Gripe.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

Alcibiades

p. 1. *Laudetur ab his, culpetur ab illis.* Horace. *Sermonum*, I, II, l. 11. The line should read: Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

p. 5. *Charles, Earl of Middlesex.* The famous Charles Sackville, Sixth Earl of Dorset and Earl of Middlesex, 1638–1706, "the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles II." His munificence to men of letters won him golden opinions, and he himself was a poet of no mean order. He was recognized as the *arbiter literarum* of the day.

p. 7. *Mr. Harris.* Henry Harris, the famous actor and a friend of Pepys. There are very many references to him in the "Diary." He played a large number of leading parts, which include Romeo; Henry V (Orrery); Ferdinand, *The Tempest* (Davenant and Dryden); Ferdinand, *The Duchess of Malfi;* Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Cardinal Wolsey, in which rôle there is a well-known portrait existing; and created Sir Frederick Frollick in Etherege's *Love in a Tub*, 1664; Mustapha in Orrery's *Mustapha*, 1665; Warner in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all*, 1667; Sir Joslin Jolley in *She Would if She Could*, February, 1667–8; Sir Positive At-all in *The Sullen Lovers*, 1668; Muley Labas in Settle's *The Empress of Morocco*, 1673; Apemantus in Shadwell's *Timon of Athens*, 1677; with many other important rôles. He seems to have retired from the stage about the time of the Union of the two Companies in 1682.

Henry Harris must be carefully distinguished from William Harris, an actor of the Theatre Royal, who never attained any particular eminence. We find William Harris cast for Charinus in *Tyrannick Love: or, The Royal Martyr*, 1669; Zulema in *The Conquest of Granada*, 1670 and 1671; Flavius in Lee's *The Tragedy of Nero*, 1674; Araspes in the same author's *Gloriana*, 1676; and he also appeared as the First Witch in the extraordinary pantomimic Epilogue to Duffett's burlesque *The Empress of Morocco*, 1674.

Joseph Harris, who joined the theatre in 1691, played Lanoo in D'Urfey's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1691; the Music Master in Southerne's *The Wives Excuse*, December, 1691; Bellford in *The Fatal Marriage*, 1694; Nicholas in *Don Quixote*, Part I, 1694; and Diego in *Don Quixote*, Part II, 1694. He is also the author of *The Mistakes; or, The False Report*, a tragi-comedy, 4to, 1691; a comedy, *The City Bride; or, The Merry Cuckold*, 4to, 1696; and *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize*, 4to, 1699.

p. 7. *his Garniture then puts, In order.* In Shadwell's *The Humourists*, 4to, 1671, V, Briske says: "I was amaz'd to think she should leave me, and betray herself to *Raymund*, a Fellow, that never wore a noble and polite Garniture, or a white Perriwig."

p. 7. *Cocks*, i.e. his hat. Settles his hat with a jaunty air. Cf. The *Spectator*, No. 319 (Budgell), Thursday, 6 March, 1712: "I observed afterwards that the Variety of Cocks into which he moulded his Hat had not a little contributed to his Impositions on me." Also Colley Cibber's Epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Cibber) to Lillo's *The London Merchant* (*George Barnwell*) produced at Drury Lane, 22 June, 1731 (8vo, 1731):

> The cit's ashamed whene'er his duck he traps;
> But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
> Cock up your hats, and take no blame at all.

p. 7. *To th' Coffee-houſe.* The great rendezvous after the production of a new play, where the wits would assemble in judgment upon it. Mrs. Behn in the Preface to *The Luckey Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain*, 4to, 1687, has a spirited account of the cabal against her comedy, and commences: "I cannot omit to tell you that a Wit of the Town, a Friend of mine at *Wills* Coffee House, the first Night of the Play, cry'd it down as much as in him lay, who before had read it and assured me he never saw a prettier Comedy."

p. 8. *Ardella . . . Mrs. Gillow.* Probably the wife, perhaps some other relative, of Gillow, who is spoken of in 1687 as one of the younger actors. I can only trace Mrs. Gillow in two other printed castes. She played Garcia in *Don Carlos*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1676, probably in June, and Lucetta, "a jilting Wench," in Mrs. Behn's *The Rover*, produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677; 4to, 1677. If she were Gillow's sister, and later married, she would, of course, subsequently appear under another name.

p. 9. *Orgia.* In the spring of B.C. 415 the Athenians were making preparations for the Sicilian expedition. "Ἐν δε τούτῳ, ὅσοι Ἑρμαῖ ἦσαν λίθινοι ἐν τῇ πόλει τῇ Ἀθηναίων (εἰσὶ δε κατὰ τὸ ἐπιχώριον, ἡ τετράγωνος ἐργασία, πολλοὶ καὶ ἐν ἰδίοις προθύροις καὶ ἐν ἱεροῖς), μιᾷ νυκτὶ οἱ πλεῖστοι περιεκόπησαν τὰ πρόσωπα. καὶ τοὺς δράσαντας ᾗδει οὐδείς . . . καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα μειζόνως ἐλάμβανον· . . . μηνύεται οὖν ἀπὸ ματοίκων τε τινων καὶ ἀκολούθων περὶ μὲν τῶν Ἑρμῶν οὐδέν, ἄλλων δε ἀγαλμάτων περικοπαί τινες πρότερον ὑπὸ νεωτέρων μετὰ παιδιᾶς καὶ οἴνου γεγενημέναι, και τὰ μυστήρια ἅμα ὡς ποιεῖται ἔν οἰκίαις ἐφ' ὕβρει. ὧν καὶ τὸν Ἀλκιβιάδην ἐπητιῶντο. καὶ αὐτὰ ὑπολαμβάνοντες οἱ μάλιστα τῷ Ἀλκιβιάδῃ ἀχθόμενοι ἐμποδὼν ὄντι σφίσι μὴ αὐτοῖς τοῦ δήμου βεβαίως προεστάναι, καὶ νομίσαντες, εἰ αὐτὸν ἐξελάσειαν, πρῶτοι ἂν εἶναι, ἐμεγάλυνον καὶ ἐβόων ὡς ἔπι δήμου καταλύσει τὰ τε μυστικά καὶ ἡ τῶν Ἑρμῶν περικοπὴ γένοιτο καὶ οὐδὲν εἴη αὐτῶν ὅτι οὐ μετ' ἐκείνου ἐπράχθη, ἐπιλέγοντες τεκμήρια τὴν ἄλλην αὐτοῦ ἐς τὰ ἐπιτηδεύματα οὐ δημοτικὴν παρανομίαν." Such is the simple account given by Thucydides (vi, 27 and 28). Plutarch, in his *Alcibiades*, adds some vivid details. The sensation was certainly unparalleled. "Ἡμέντοι τῶν Ἑρμῶν περικοπὴ μιᾷ νυκτὶ τῶν πλείστων ἀκρωτηριασθέντων τὰ πρόσωπα πολλοὺς καὶ τῶν περιφρονούντων τὰ τοιαῦτα διατάραξεν." *Alcibiades* 18. The affair was most carefully inquired into, and "During this Examination, *Androcles*, one of the *Demagogues*, produc'd certain Slaves and Strangers before them, who accus'd *Alcibiades* and some of his friends for defacing other Images

in the same manner, and for having prophanely acted the sacred Mysteries at a drunken Meeting. Wherein one *Theodorus* represented the Herald, *Polytion* the Torch bearer, and *Alcibiades* the Chief Priest, and that the rest of his Companions were present, as persons initiated in the holy Mysteries, and acting the Part of Priests. These were the Matters contain'd in the Accusation, which *Thersalus*, the Son of *Cimon*, exhibited against *Alcibiades*, for his impious Mockery of the Goddesses, *Ceres* and *Proserpina*. The People were highly exasperated and enrag'd against *Alcibiades* upon this Accusation which being aggravated by *Androcles*, the most malicious of all his Enemies, at first disorder'd him exceedingly." (*The Second Volume of Plutarch's Lives. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands.* Tonsen, 1684, pp. 33–34.)

The Orgia, or, the Eleusinian Mysteries, had become the chief festival of the Athenians, nay, they were Pan-Hellenic, and sacrosanct in the highest degree. To reveal any sacred rite to the uninitiated was accounted highly criminal; the actual mimicry of the ceremonies for the amusement of a convivial party was the blackest enormity. Perrin says that this burlesque "was as serious a sacrilege at Athens as the parody of the rite of the Holy Communion by a student of Hertford College, Oxford." However, George Selwyn, who at a meeting of a Wine Club in the house of one Deverelle, "an unlicensed seller of wines," passed round white Rhenish in a chalice and "did ludicrously and profanely apply the words used by our Saviour at the said Institution to the intemperate purposes of the said Club," when haled before the Vice Chancellor and Proctors was but sentenced "to be utterly expelled and banished from our said University, and never henceforward to be permitted to enter and reside within the precincts of our said University." Ordinarily the Athenians would have visited a proven violation of the Eleusinian Mysteries with death.

According to Andocides, *On the Mysteries*, XI–XVII, no less than four informations were laid before the Assembly of profane travesties of the Mysteries, at two of which Alcibiades was present. But these contain no specifications of the part taken by the different revellers. When Diocleides told his story to the Council, he said he recognized the faces of most of the three hundred *Hermæ*-defacers by the light of the full moon. It was afterwards proven that at the time (early morning) when Diocleides professed to have seen them, the moon had set. It was, in fact, the time of the new moon, not a full moon at all. Twenty-two persons were denounced by Teucer, of these four at once took to flight, eighteen were arrested and executed. (*Andocides*, LII, LIX, LXVII.)

p. 11. *the Door.* One of the permanent proscenium doors which were so prominent a feature of the Restoration stage, and which were constantly employed by the dramatists. There are innumerable references, e.g. in Etherege's *She Wou'd if she Cou'd*, produced 6 February, 1668, Act II, 1, Courtal and Freeman are seen following up Ariana and Gatty in the Mulberry Garden. Presently "*The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door,*" then "*Enter the Women, and after 'em* Courtal *at the lower Door,*

and Freeman *at the upper on the contrary side.*" Mr. W. J. Lawrence informs me that he has found in the Bodleian a prompt copy of a play of 1714 with references not only to upper and lower doors of entrance on each side, but also to middle doors. In Sir Christopher Wren's designs for the second Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (1674), there are four doors, two on each side, beside the proscenium on the apron.

p. 14. *heavy Gown-men.* A Gownman is a member of a municipal corporation. So *The London Gazette*, No. 1656–2, 1681: "The Mayor and Aldermen . . . together with the Common Council, and all the Gown-men of that Corporation, to the number of about fourscore."

p. 14. *proſpects.* A prospect-glass. Cf. R. Baillie, *Letter to W. Spang*, 28 September, 1639: "The King himself beholding us through a prospect, conjectured us to be about 16, or 18,000 men."

p. 17. *Scene, A Grove adjoyning to the Spartan Camp.* So in Mrs. Behn's *The Young King*, acted 1683, we have I, 1, *A Grove near the Camp*, whilst Scene 2 is *A Grove of Trees;* III, 3, *A Grove;* III, 2, *A Grove near the Camp;* 5, *Changes to the Wood;* IV, 1, is *A Flat Wood;* V, 2, *The Grove.* No doubt the scene of the Grove near the Camp was used both for *Alcibiades* and *The Young King*, as well as in many other plays, particularly in Settle's *The Conquest of China*, IV, 2; and V, 3; and in Shadwell's *The Libertine*, IV, both acted in the same year as *Alcibiades.* In Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer*, acted 1677, we have: IV, 3, *A Grove. Drums and Trumpets afar off, with noise of fighting at a distance;* Scene 4, *A Grove. Enter* Card[inal] *and* Queen; *the noise of a Battel continuing afar off all the Scene;* Scene 5, *The Grove;* Scene 7, *The Grove.* In Orrery's *Guzman*, produced April, 1669, we find in Act IV, *The Scene a Grove of Trees.* Mrs. Behn's *The Amorous Prince*, produced 1671, has Act I, Scene 2, *A Grove*, as also Act V, Scene 2. In *The Dutch Lover*, produced in 1673, Act I, Scene 3, we find *A Grove*, and Act III, Scene 2 is *A flat Grove* which for Scene 3, *Draws off. A Grove.* Act IV, Scene 3 is *A deep Grove.* Dryden and Lee's Œdipus, first given in 1679, presents Act III, Scene 1, *A dark Grove.* But as this was a special production with new decor, and this scene in particular has an elaborate incantation with apparitions, it was almost certainly painted for the occasion. But it is obvious from the above examples, which are all plays acted by the Duke's Company, that there were at least two stock scenes, A Grove, the one a deep set, the other flats.

p. 32. *How ſweet a quietude's in Fetters found!* Cf. *Cymbeline*, V, 4, Posthumus' speech in the prison:

> Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
> I think, to liberty.

p. 36. *And ſet her ills off.* Ills; sins, misdeeds, as later, "Who is't would count thee if he knew thy Ills?"

p. 40. *be not guilty of her ill.* Do not imitate her faults.

p. 41. *turn baſe hell-hound, turn.* Surely an echo of Macduff's, "Turn, hell-hound, turn."

p. 47. *the Sun, Who ſtill looks faireſt at his going down.*

Cf. Longinus: παρεικάσαι τις ἂν καταδυομένῳ ἡλίῳ, οὗ δίχα της σφοδρότητος παραμένει τὸ μέγεθος.

p. 50. *looking back at each other.* Colley Cibber in *The Comical Lovers*, a commixture of the lighter scenes of *Secret Love* and *Marriage A-la-Mode*, produced at the Haymarket in February, 1707, ends his third act with a clever burlesque of the separation of a hero and his mistress in heroic drama. Celadon (Cibber) and Florimel (Mrs. Oldfield) are on the stage. Florimel speaks:

> *So have I seen in Tragick Scenes a Lover,*
> *With dying Eyes his parting Pains discover,*
> *While the ſoft Nymph looks back to view him far,*
> *And ſpeaks her Anguiſh with her Handkercher:*
> *Again they turn, ſtill ogling as before,*
> *Till each gets backward to the diſtant Door,*
> *Then, when the laſt, laſt Look their Grief betrays,*
> *The Act is ended, and the Muſick plays.*
> [Exeunt, mimicking this.

Mrs. Oldfield and Cibber who were standing centre stage gradually backed with appropriate gesture towards the Proscenium doors on either side, through which they darted swift as lightning when the last words were spoken. The remarks of Puff in *The Critic* seventy years later are pertinent. When Tilburnia says the lines:

> Nor William sweet, nor marjoram—nor lark,
> Linnet, nor all the finches of the grove!

he interrupts with "Your white handkerchief, madam!" "I thought, sir," replies the actress, pausing, "I wasn't to use that till *heart-rending woe.*" But the author corrects her with, "O yes, madam, at *the finches of the grove*, if you please.

A little later we have the dialogue:

Whiskerandos. One last embrace.
Tilburina. Now,—farewell, for ever.
Whiskerandos. For ever!
Tilburina. Ay, for ever. [*Going.*
Puff. 'Sdeath and fury!—Gad's life!—sir!—madam! if you go out without the parting look, you might as well dance out. Here, here! . . . Now, ma'am, you see——
Tilburina. We understand you, sir.
Ay, for ever.
Both. Oh! [*Turning back, and exeunt.—Scene closes.*

p. 58. *A darken'd Tent.* This scene of the Spirits may be paralleled in very many plays, e.g. Dryden, *Tyrannick Love*, acted in 1669, IV, 1, the famous Incantation where two genii, "*Nakar* [Mrs. James] and *Damilcar* [Mrs.

Mary Knepp], descend in Clouds, and sing." And presently "*A* Scene *of a Paradise is discovered.*" This met with some scarification in *The Rehearsal*, produced 7 December, 1671, Act V, where *The two right Kings of* Brentford *descend in the Clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in green.* In Lacey's *The Dumb Lady, or, The Farrier Made Physician*, 1669, 4to, 1672, a broadly farcical comedy, a conjurer is introduced, "*He whistles,* Elizium *opens; many Women's Voices sing John, come kiss me now; after that a dance, they draw up Squire* Softhead *with a Devil.*" In an order, 25 January, 1674–5, we have the following items: "To alter all the Cloudes aboue suiteable to the same by heighthening them and adding to them. To make an opening for a Heaven aboue with all the Sceenes of Cloudes & shutter of cloudes necessary. To make a Temple in the Cloudes with Sceenes of Varnished Silks & places for lights for y^e^ same."

p. 60. *buſie gown men.* Priests; divines. Cf. Shirley's *The Cardinal*, licensed November, 1641, II, 3:

> 2 *Lord.* Have you seen the Cardinal?
> *Hernando.* Not yet.
> 1 *Lord.* He wants no plot——
> *Her.* The king I must obey.
> But let the purple gownman place his engines
> I' the dark, that wound me.

Also used in more familiar fashion, Vanburgh's *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*, produced at Drury Lane, December, 1696, V, where old Coupler says: "*Lory*, take care of this Reverend Gownman in the next Room a little. Retire Priest."

p. 65. *hoyſe up Sayl.* Later editions print "hoist" instead of the obsolete form of this nautical term.

p. 66. *Bully Rocks.* A bravo; a hectoring fellow. Cf. Urquhart's *Rabelais* (1653), I, l. iv: "Ye Bully-rocks and rogues."

p. 66. *Kill ye men faster than Domitian flyes.* Suetonius. *T. Flauius Domitianus*, 3. "Inter initia principatus, quotidie secretum sibi horarium sumere solebat: nec quidquam amplius quam muscas captare, ac stilo præacuto configere: ut cuidam interroganti, esset ne quis intus cum Cæsare, non absurde responsum sit a Uibio Crispo, ne musca quidem." Hippocrates says that to catch flies morbidly is a sure symptom of an atrabilious patient.

Don Carlos

p. 67. The first quarto has: Licensed, *June* 15. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

p. 67. *Principibus placuiſſe.* Horace, *Epistularum*, I, xvii, l. 35. The allusion is, of course, to "the good Opinion of the King and his Royal Highness."

p. 75. *Arioſto.* Harrington's translation appeared, London, 1591. There are reprints, and the version is spirited, but it is not Ariosto.

p. 75. *Earl of R.* Earl of Rochester.

p. 76. *French Bernice.* Racine, Préface to *Bérénice:* "Je ne puis croire que le public me sache mauvais gré de lui avoir donné une tragédie qui a été honorée de tant de larmes, et dont la trentième représentation a été aussi suivie que la première."

p. 76. *a certain Writer.* Dryden. *I gad* was Dryden's favourite expression, and it is continually put into the mouth of Mr. Bayes in *The Rehearsal.*

p. 76. *a fine Facetious witty Perſon.* Sir Formal Trifle in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, pouced at Dorset Garden in 1676, Act II, says to Snarl, the grum, cantankerous, old uncle, who has just denounced virtuosi and experiments: "Well, Mr. *Snarl*, you have the prettiest way of drolling. Gentlemen, pray let me recommend him to you, he's a fine facetious witty Person indeed."

p. 97. *Granado.* An obsolete form of "Grenade," an explosive shell.

p. 106. *D. Car. Farewell.* Fielding, *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*, 8vo, 1731, II, viii, has:

Glumdalca. What do I hear?
King. What do I see?
Glum. Oh!
King. Ah!
Glum. Ah Wretched Queen!
King. Oh! Wretched King!
Glum. Ah!
King. Oh!

The following ridiculous note is appended:

To part is Death-
——————— 'Tis Death to part.
——————— Ah.
——————— Oh. Don Carlos.

A sorry blunder. This passage is not, of course, from *Don Carlos*, but is to be found in Gay's *What D'Ye Call It?* I, 2:

Kitty. To part is Death.
Filbert. 'Tis Death to part.
Kitty. Ah!
Filbert. Oh!

p. 139. *Epilogue. Spoken by a Girle.* Probably "little Mrs. *Ariell*," who spoke the Epilogue to Mrs. Behn's *Abdelazer; or, The Moor's Revenge*, commencing:

> *With late Success being blest, I'm come agen;*
> *You see what Kindness can do, Gentlemen.*
> *Which when once shewn, our Sex cannot refrain.*

Don Carlos was produced at Dorset Garden in June, 1676, and *Abdelazer* some three or four months later at the same house. To hear racy Epilogues, spoken by young girls, immensely delighted the Town. Thus Miss Howard "in page's habit" spoke the Epilogue to Dilke's *The Lover's Luck*, given at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1695–6, and acted Kitty in Motteux's *Love's a Jest*, produced at the same house in 1696. The epilogue to Powell's *Bonduca*, produced at Drury Lane, 1696, was "spoken by Miss *Denny Chock*, But Six Years Old." She also delivered the Epilogues to the same author's *The Cornish Comedy*, Dorset Garden, 1696, and *The Revenge ul Queen*, a tragedy by William Philips, Drury Lane, 1698. Miss Bradshaw similarly concluded Mrs. Manley's *The Royal Mischief*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1696, and *The Deceiver Deceiv'd*, by Mrs. Pix, acted at the same house in the following year. Letitia Cross was also famous for her arch delivery of *risqué* verses. We do not know the names of the child actress (or actresses) who sustained Fanny, "a Child of seven Years old," in Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, produced at Dorset Garden in January, 1678 (perhaps Miss Ariell); Cordelio, the Page ("By the little Girl") in *The Orphan*, Dorset Garden, 1680; the "Young Princess *Elizabeth*" in John Banks' *Vertue Betray'd; or, Anna Bullen*, Dorset Garden, 1682. Miss Nanny played Clita, a small part in D'Urfey's *A Common-Wealth of Women*, August, 1685, and probably the prefix "Miss," as meaning a very young girl, occurs here for the first time in a printed cast. Miss Allinson (Betty Allinson) acted Jano, a page-boy, in Southerne's comedy *The Maid's Last Prayer* at Drury Lane, January, 1693, and three years later at the same house she was Hengo, a lad, in *Bonduca*, with Miss Cross as Bonvica, Bonduca's youngest daughter.

"*A Lenten* PROLOGUE *refus'd by the Players*, 1682," satirically commences:

> Our Prologue. Wit grows flat, the Nap's worn off;
> And howsoe'er we turn, and trim the Stuff,
> The Gloss is gone, that look'd at first so gaudy;
> 'Tis now no Jest to hear young Girls talk Baudy.

p. 139. *turn Nun.* In allusion to the retirement from the stage of Anne Reeve, the beautiful actress, commonly reputed to be Dryden's mistress, who had entered a Cloister. But few parts acted by Mrs. Reeve are recorded. Among these we may note Esperanza in *The Conquest of Granada* at the Theatre Royal, (I) 1670 and (II) 1671; Philotis in *Marriage A. la. Mode*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1672. She possibly played Maryllis in *The*

Rehearsal, produced at Drury Lane, 7 December, 1671. Cf. *The Tryal of Poets for the Bays:*

> In the head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
> That Antient Grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,
> But *Apollo* had heard a story i'th' Town,
> Of his quitting the Muses to wear the black Gown;
> And so gave him leave now his Poetry's done,
> To let him turn Priest since *R*—— is turn'd Nun.

Titus and Berenice and Cheats of Scapin

p. 147. *Withdrawing-room.* At Whitehall. So in *Friendship in Fashion*, I, Lady Squeamish claims: "There is not a Person in the World understands the Intrigues of the Court better than my self; I am the general Confident of the Drawing-Room." Eliza in *The Plain-Dealer*, II, laughs at the "*Holborn*-Lady, who cou'd not get into the last Ball, or was out of countenance in the Drawing-room the last Sunday of her appearance there; for none rail at the Court, but those who cannot get into it."

p. 147. *Muggleton.* Lodowick Muggleton, 1609–98, the son of a farrier. From April, 1651, to January, 1652, he feigned to receive inward revelations concerning the true meaning of Holy Writ. His cousin, John Reeve, who also claimed divine communications, declared that he and Muggleton were the "two witnesses" of the *Apocalypse*, XI, 3. These heresiarchs indulged in the wildest fantasies, and before long their blasphemies landed them in jail. They were presently liberated, however, and continued their self-appointed mission. Reeve died in 1658, and Muggleton was left to be sole exponent of these galamatias. Finally, Muggleton's writings caused his arrest and trial in 1677. He was condemned, and his books burned, but on 19 July of that year he was released on surety from Newgate. The rest of his life seems to have been fairly peaceful. Both Muggleton and Reeve hotly asserted their right to curse vehemently all who opposed them, and they were ever very ready to fulminate eternal damnation against their adversaries. Cf. Tom Brown's exquisitely humorous *The Widow's Wedding: or, A True Account of Dr. Oates's Marriage with a Muggletonian Widow* . . . 1693. "Since the saviour of the nation has join'd his saving faculty with a damning talent, (for you are to understand this lady is a *Muggletonian* and these people pretend to have the power of damnation) we may now expect to see a motley race of half saviours and half vampires." A trait to which Otway here, and other writers in their works, make satirical allusion. It may be remembered that of the two mysterious witnesses it is said: "fire proceedeth out of their mouth and devoureth their

enemies . . . these have power . . . to smite the earth with all plagues as often as they will." Muggleton's writings were collected in 1832. Amongst other aberrations he denied the Trinity, and held the most extraordinary anthropomorphic opinions. A few Muggletonians yet lingered in England in the nineteenth century.

p. 158. *The looſe wild paths of pleaſures I purſu'd.* "Præter sæuitiam suspecta in eo [Tito] etiam luxuria erat, quod ad mediam noctem comissationes cum profusissimo quoque familiarium extenderet. Nec minus libido, propter exoletorum et spadonum greges, propterque insignem reginæ Beronices amorem, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur." Suetonius, *Titus Flauius Vespasianus*, VII.

p. 169. *And yet how many have I ſpent in waſt.* "Atque etiam recordatus quondam super cœnam, quod nihil cuiquam toto die præstitisset, memorabilem illam meritoque laudatam uocem edidit: Amici, Diem Perdidi." Suetonius, *Ibid.*, VIII.

p. 179. *one Fucal Act.* Fucal, of the nature of fucus, a cosmetic or colouring. Hence specious, fair-seeming. Cf. M. Hutton, *Follies Anatomy*, 1619:

> Joves constant Daphne, timorous, perplext
> His fucall arguments doth still refute.

For this very rare word editions subsequent to the first quarto print "one Funeral Act."

p. 185. *Projector.* An experimenter; one who concerns himself in hazardous speculations. Cf. Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* (1616), I, vii, where Fitzdottrel asks: "What is a Projector? I would conceive?" And Enjine, the broker, explains:

> Why one, Sir, that projects
> Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great.

See also Wilson's comedy *The Projectors*, 4to, 1665.

p. 187. *as baſhfully as a Girl.* Cf. The Prologue to Porter's tragedy *The Villain*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, October, 1662:

> *the Author is gone home,*
> *To shun your Doom, like some poor Couzen'd Wench*
> *That has not Confidence t'out-face the Bench.*

p. 188. *Tatterdemalion.* Ragamuffin; rascal; very common and in use to-day.

p. 190. *Alſatia.* This cant name had been given to the precinct of Whitefriars before 1623, then and for many years a notorious refuge for persons wishing to avoid arrest. The earliest recorded use of the name seems to be in Thomas Powel's quarto tract *Wheresoever you see mee, Trust unto Yourselfe: or the Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing*, 1623. In the Prologue to Settle's *Pastor Fido; or, The Faithful Shepherd*, acted at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1676, 4to, 1677, we have:

> And when poor Duns, quite weary will not stay;
> The hopeless Squire's into *Alsatia* driven.

In *The Souldiers Fortune*, acted at Dorset Garden in 1680, 4to, 1681, I, Courtine says: "I shall be ere long as greasy as an *Alsatian* Bully." Bredwel in Mrs. Behn's *The Luckey Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain*, acted at Drury Lane in 1686, 4to, 1687, I, is sent to "Mr. *Wasteall*, whose Lodging is in a nasty Place called *Alsatia*, at a Black-Smith's." We then have Shadwell's famous comedy *The Squire of Alsatia*, produced at Drury Lane in 1688, 4to, 1688, with its well-known vocabulary of Alsatian jargon and slang, its scenes in Whitefriars, the *locus classicus*, a veritable mine of information. The particular portions of Whitefriars forming Alsatia were Ram-Alley, Mitre Court, and a lane called in the local cant Lombard Street. No. 50 of Tempest's *Cries of London* (drawn and published in James II's reign) is called "A Squire of Alsatia," and represents a fashionable young gallant. Steele, *Tatler* (No. 66), 10 September, 1709, speaks of Alsatia as "now in ruins."

p. 192. *Pick-thank Dog.* One who "picks a thank," curries favour; a tell-tale. Cooper, *Thesaurus*, 1567–73: "*Delator* . . . a secrete accusour or complayner; a tell-tale; a picke-thanke."

p. 195. *Cum multis aliis.* This line is from the Rules for Gender of the Latin Grammar, beginning:

> Propria, quae maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas.
> Ut sunt diuorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: . . .

Professor Bensly has obliged me with the following note: "*Guilielmi Lilii Grammatici & Poetæ eximii, Paulinę scholæ olim moderatoris, De generibus nominum, Ac uerborum præteritis & supinis Regulæ pueris apprime vtiles.* Opus recognitum & adauctum cum Nominum ac uerborum interpretamentis, per Ioannē Rituissi Scholę Paulinæ præceptoris. No place or date. The British Museum Catalogue gives (?) 1520 for this edition. It is unfortunate that in the title-page of a Latin grammar, the last word should be *præceptoris* instead of *præceptorem.* The line in question occurs on [A III] recto and is part of the rules for the Gender of Nouns ending in *er, os, us:*

A II verso. Mascula in er, ceu uenter, in os uel us, ut logos, annus—
Fœminei generis sunt mater, humus, domus, aluus:
Et colus, & quartæ pro fructu ficus, acus'qz
Porticus, at'qz tribus, socrus, nurus, & manus, idus:

A III recto. His iungas os in us uertentia græca, papirus,
Antidotus, costus, dipthongus, bissus, abissus,
Cristallus, synodus, sapphyrus, eremus et arctus,
Cum multis aliis, quae nunc perscribere longum est.

This is as far back as I have got. But the title shews that there was an earlier edition. Whether Lily originated this particular line or adopted some mediæval grammarian's work I cannot say.

The history of the development of Latin Grammars is not very exciting, but I suppose these "Propria quae maribus" rules were passed on from

book to book and from teacher to teacher, so that Otway would have known them at Winchester.

p. 197. *Not a Sous.* From sol or sou. The smallest coin. Cf. D'Urfey's *Madam Fickle; or, The Witty False One*, 4to, 1677, I, 1: "He has no Money now, not a souse—I know it."

p. 197. *You have reason.* You are right. Vouz avez raison. Cf. Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-All*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Thursday, 15 August, 1667, III:

> *Sir Martin.* . . . in all Companies I pass for a *Vertuoso*.
> *Moody. Vertuoso!* What's that too? is not *Vertue* enough without so?
> *Sir Mart.* You have Reason, Sir.
> *Moody.* There he is again too; the Town Phrase, a great Compliment, I wiss; you have Reason, Sir; that is, you are no Beast, Sir.

p. 198. *He foyns.* To foin is to make a thrust with a sword or pointed weapon. Cf. Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, 1700, II, 194–7:

> Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
> Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
> They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
> Their Corslets, and the thinnest Parts explore.

p. 199. *a New Caper.* A privateer; often, a pirate vessel. Cf. Lamont, *Diary*, 1666, ed. 1810: "Divers persons contributed to the aking out of smaller Vessels or Capers." Colvil, *Whig's Supplication:*

> 23 Capers bringing in their prizes,
> Common cursing new excises.

p. 201. *A Dogbolt.* A contemptible fellow; perhaps as a mere tool to be put to any use. Cf. Fletcher's *Wit without Money*, *circa* 1614, 4to, 1639, III, 1:

> To have your own turn served, and to your friend
> To be a dog-bolt!

Also Shadwell's *The Amorous Bigotte*, produced at Drury Lane in 1690, 4to, 1690, III: "Dogbolt, to blast the Honour of my Mistress!"

p. 205. *they'l De-Wit you.* To De Wit=to lynch, from the murders of John and Cornelius De Witt, opponents of William of Orange (when stadtholder), who were literally torn to pieces by a maddened mob at The Hague in August, 1672. *A Modest Enquiry into Present Disasters*, 1689, has: "It's a wonder the *English* Nation have not in their fury *De-Witted* some of those men." In Mrs. Behn's *The Widdow Ranter*, produced in 1689, 4to, 1690, III, Dullman cries: "I am forced to be guarded to the Court now, the Rabble swore they would *De-Wit* me." Archbishop Sancroft in his *Protestation*, 1690, writes: "Such a fury as may end in *Dewitting* us (a bloody word but too well understood)."

Cf. To Godfrey=to strangle, from the murder of Sir Edmond Bury Godfrey, whose dead body was found on Primrose Hill, 17 October, 1678. Sir Roger L'Estrange and others were inclined to consider that this melancholist committed suicide, but it is now pretty certainly established that he

was done to death by Oates and the Shaftesbury gang in order to give colour to and further their diabolical scheme. In Crowne's *Sir Courtley Nice*, produced in 1685, 4to, 1685, II, Hothead seizes by the throat Testimony, who bawls out: "Nay but don't throttle me, don't *Godfrey* me."

Cf. in more recent times "to burke" from the ruffian Burke, who in 1828 killed many persons by strangulation to sell their bodies as subjects for dissection.

p. 206. *keeble.* More usually "kibble." To bruise or grind coarsely; to crush to small pieces. The word is still in use. A *Sales Catalogue* (1880) has: "Those [corn-crushing machines]... will kibble beans, peas, Indian corn."

p. 209. *Fathers nowne Child.* A proverbial expression. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* was in the seventeenth century commonly known under the title *Father's Own Son.* Pepys, 28 September, 1661, writes: "Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'Father's Own Son,' a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it."

p. 211. *Antick.* Ludicrous; bizarre; absurd, especially in gesture. Cf. De Foe, *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719: "He came running to me . . . making a many antic gesture."

p. 211. *Make us Spectators, whilst you play the Fools.* Cf. Sir Car Scroop's Prologue to Lee's *The Rival Queens; or, The Death of Alexander the Great*, acted at Drury Lane, March, 1677; 4to, 1677:

> *As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day,*
> *To act your own and not to mind our Play;*
> *Rehearse your usual Follies to the Pit,*
> *And with loud Nonsense drown the Stages Wit;*
> *Talk of your Clothes, your last Debauches tell,*
> *And witty Bargains to each other sell;*
> *Glont on the silly She, who for your sake*
> *Can Vanity and Noise for Love mistake.*
> *Till the Coquet sung in the next Lampoon*
> *Is by her jealous Friends sent out of Town.*
> *For in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,*
> *The Love you make is like the War you wage;*
> *Y'are still prevented e're you come t'ingage.*

To "sell Bargains" was a piece of low humour which consisted in answering an innocent question with an obscenity. Cf. Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe:*

> Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stick, kiss my Arse,
> Promised a Play and dwindled to a Farce?

The allusion in the satire is to Sir Samuel Harty, "one that, by the Help of humorous nonsensical By-words, takes himself to be a great Wit," a character in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, produced at Dorset Garden, May, 1676, whose mouth is ever full of pert and lewd repartee, and with whom these phrases are frequent. To glout is to make eyes at; to ogle; slyly to cast amorous glances.

There are numberless descriptions of the Pit and its denizens, the critics and the beaux, in Prologues and Epilogues, satire, scene, and song. Cf. Dryden's Epilogue on the Union of the Two Companies, spoken on 16 November, 1682:

> There are a sort of Pratlers in the Pit,
> Who either have, or who pretend to Wit;
> These noisy Sirs so loud their Parts rehearse,
> That oft the Play is silenc'd by the Farce.

p. 211. *Maux.* A slovenly whore. Lodge, *Wits Miserie*, 1596: "You seeme to be an honest gentleman, go prettie maid and shew him a chamber; now maux you were best be vnmanerly and not vse him well." Phillips, 1706 (ed. Kersey), has: "*Mawks* as A great Mawks, i.e. a dirty slut."

p. 211. *behind our Scenes.* Cf. the Epilogue, spoken by the actress who played Flirt, to Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, produced at Dorset Garden, March, 1672, where the audience are invited behind the scenes:

> *You good men o' th'* Exchange, *on whom alone*
> *We must depend when Sparks to Sea are gone;*
> *Into the Pit already you are come,*
> *'Tis but a step more to our Tyring room;*
> *Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet*
> *Upon an able Lover of* Lumber-*street:*
> *You we had rather see between our Scenes,*
> *Than spend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens.*

Also *A Satyr on both Whigs and Tories* (1683, unpublished MS.), which reflects upon the intrigue between Sir Gilbert Gerrard and Lady Slingsby (Mrs. Mary Lee, who spoke the Epilogue to *The Cheats of Scapin*):

> Thou Thing made up of Buttons, Coach, and Show,
> The Beasts that draw thee have more sense than thou.
> Yet still thou mightst have fool'd behind the Scenes,
> Have Comb'd thy Wig, and set thy Cravat Strings,
> Made love to Slingsby when she played the Queen,
> The Coxcomb in the Crowd had passed unseen.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH